

The BOOK of PHILADELPHIA



ROBERT SHACKLETON



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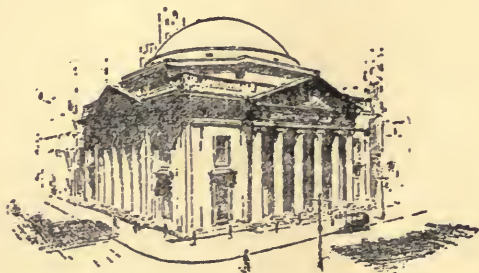
THE SIGNING PLACE OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THE BOOK OF PHILADELPHIA

By

ROBERT SHACKLETON

Author of "The Book of Boston," "The Book of New York,"
"Unvisited Places of Old Europe," etc.



*Illustrated with Photographs
and with drawings by R. L. BOYER
and HERBERT PULLINGER*

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TO
HAMPTON L. CARSON
A PHILADELPHIAN

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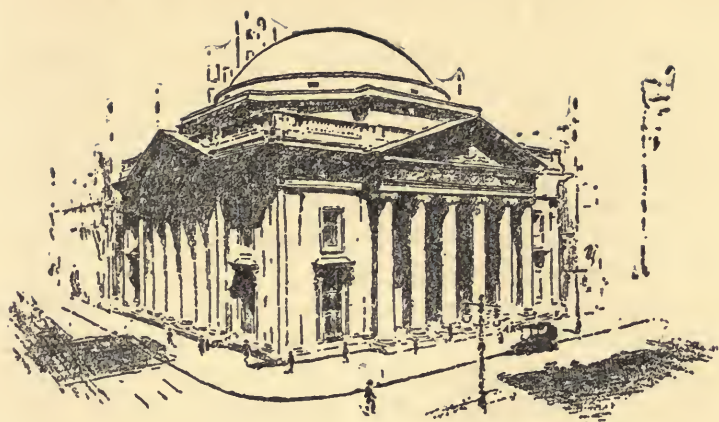
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THE BOOK OF PHILADELPHIA

CHAPTER I

INSIDERS AND OUTSIDERS



PHILADELPHIA is the City of Brotherly Love; but if you hope to receive a share of the brotherly affection it makes a great deal of difference whose brother you happen to be. And, more than that, it is looked upon as of prime importance to know not only whose brother you are, but whose son or daughter, whose grandson or granddaughter you are, who were your great-grandparents, even who were

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your great-great-grandparents. No other American city so coldly cuts its social cleavages; no other has raised and upheld such unbrotherly barriers. There are not only brothers—but others! If one is outside of certain lines and circles of consanguinity, Philadelphia is not the City of Brotherly Love but the City of Unbrotherly Indifference.

All this would have immensely surprised William Penn himself, who hoped so ardently for the growth of an actual Philadelphia as the capital of his Sylvania. The city whose name meant fraternal affection was to be in the midst of a smiling sylvan colony. But the English King gave the first touch of exclusiveness to the new colony by his merry prefixing of Penn's own name to Sylvania, and neither the entreaties of Penn, which were laughed away, nor his offer of a bribe of twenty guineas to the under-secretary who engrossed the charter; a bribe which was refused by the wary clerk, who, though he loved money much, feared the Merry Monarch more; could suffice to take away what Penn deemed the un-Quakerlike use of his own name; he deplored the un-Quakerlike appearance of personal vanity.

In Philadelphia, family is a fetich. And yet, it is far more than a city of families. It is markedly a city of individuality, of individualities, a city of character and of characters; it is a city of a character which comes more from individuals than from families, intense though family worship is. In this frank dependence on individuals for its fame and progress, the city presents an odd contrast in

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the deference which it at the same time so frankly yields to local lineage.

And, strangest of all, for this City of Unbrotherly Indifference to outsiders and love for insiders, is the fact that its accepted leaders, its greatest men, have been frankly outsiders!

Penn himself was the first example. Being the founder, he could not well avoid being an outsider; but instead of making himself an insider, by taking up his permanent home here, or even by living here for many years or making frequent visits, his personal stay in the city and province of his founding was brief.

William Penn had excellent grounds for that family vanity which is so marked a trait of the city he founded. His ancestors were not such as sat upon the remote edges and outskirts of history. One Penn was even so distinguished as to have much to do with that long-established English institution, the Saturday night bath, for, as barber to Henry the Eighth, from whose reign until well into that of Victoria the week-end bath was a fashion firmly fastened, he was expected always to be present and, as the old phrasing has come down, "always useful." And he had his reward, for in a painting by Holbein representing a group of barber-surgeons receiving a charter from King Henry, he is gravely prominent, as befits the barber of a king.

William Penn's own father, who was very much the opposite of a Quaker, found a road to fame by becoming an admiral, gallant and capable, thus quite

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eclipsing, in the opinion of most of the English, his non-fighting son, who merely founded a great commonwealth and a great city.

In the beautiful Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in old Bristol, which Queen Elizabeth declared to be the fairest and goodliest parish church in England, I saw the monument of Admiral Penn, with his coat of arms and his armor set in impressive prominence on the wall, and with a lengthy laudatory inscription, naming title after title that he had won, and quaintly ending, that he had "in much Peace arived and Ancord In his Last and Best Port."

Very different is this proud monument in the beautiful old church from the monument to William Penn himself; yet the sweet austerity of William Penn's last resting place outdoes that of his father in impressiveness. For the founder of Philadelphia rests in an out of the way nook in rural England, a lonely spot called Jordans, where stands a tiny Quaker meeting-house, and his grave is marked only by a low-set stone, and all is peace and restfulness, and the honeysuckle, the fragrant stock, the white roses, grow close about the stone, and in the charming austerity there is immense impressiveness.

The family and the descendants of William Penn followed his example in not staying in Philadelphia, either living or dead, admirable city though from the first it has been. Of the thirteen children of Penn, seven by his first wife, she of the unexpectedly romantic name of Gulielma, often affectionately shortened by him to "Guli," and six by his second,

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Hannah Callowhill, a name retained in Philadelphia by unromantic Callowhill Street, only one was even born in America, his son John, and none was buried here. A later John, a grandson of William, and also governor, died here in 1795 and was buried in the cemetery of Christ Church; but the body was shortly taken up and carried to England.

By accepting perforce the prefix of "Penn" to the name of the colony, and by the effect of his own personality, Penn himself gave the note of individuality which has throughout the passing years marked the city.

Over and over again one notices similitudes between Philadelphia and Boston, and curiously the two old cities are indeed alike, with the likeness dependent in great degree upon the loyalty to family descent. But in comparing the two cities, one may constantly notice the contrast that it was families that made Boston, but individuals who made Philadelphia.

And again and again, once the fact is realized, one comes back to that curious fact that the greatest individuals of Philadelphia were not really of the city. Cold as Philadelphia is and has always been to outsiders, difficult as it is and has always been for outsiders to become affiliated—aphiladelphiated, so to speak—it is to outsiders, and not to insiders, that Philadelphia mainly owes her achievements and her prestige.

Franklin, more than any other individual, represents and characterizes Philadelphia; and Franklin

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dropped in quite casually from Boston, and quite without the backing of proud New England family connection. That his father was a pious and prudent man and his mother a discreet and virtuous woman, as he himself expressed it on the epitaph which he wrote for their monument, covered all that could be said on that score; and this was nothing at all from the viewpoint of family.

Yet Philadelphia, like Boston, stands in extraordinary degree for the sense of respectability which lies in family permanence.

Next to Franklin, no name is so closely associated with Philadelphia as that of Stephen Girard; and Girard was a native of France, whose Philadelphia advent was even more casual than that of Franklin; for with his ship he slipped into Philadelphia in a successful effort to escape English privateers, and, rather than go out to certain capture, stayed on, and became a great Philadelphia merchant.

Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, the great Philadelphian who financially saved the country, was English born, and Jay Cooke, the financier of the nation during the Rebellion, was an Ohio man. It is a curious similarity, in regard to these two outsiders who became so important, that each of them, after saving the nation financially, failed in his own finances and lost everything. And an unhappy dissimilarity is that although Jay Cooke happily rehabilitated himself financially, Morris, the greater man of the two, unhappily did not.

Philadelphia has a university of work, Temple

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University, whose students, coming from all parts of the country, have passed beyond one hundred thousand in number in the few decades of the university's existence; and the man who founded this university, Russell Conwell, founded also a great hospital, and a church which has greater seating capacity than any other Protestant church in the United States, and Sunday by Sunday he fills it; and he has also made himself known as among the most popular of living lecturers, in thousands of lectures throughout the land; and this Philadelphian was born in a little hill town in Massachusetts!

The two editors who have the distinction of winning, with their periodicals, probably the greatest and most widespread circulation, not only of Philadelphia but of the world, Edward Bok and George Horace Lorimer, came to Philadelphia, the one from Holland by way of Brooklyn and the other from Kentucky by way of Chicago.

Side by side with the fact that the greatest Philadelphians, in accomplishment, were not born Philadelphians, there has always gone a curious indifference to distinguished men, both that the city has had and that it might have had. It is curious that Philadelphia had the chance to have Phillips Brooks; that in fact he was for a time a Philadelphian, being rector of Holy Trinity some half century ago; but his qualities were not sufficiently appreciated here, and New England got him back and made him a bishop.

And there was another bishop that the Philadel-

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phians rejected who became the head of a very considerable corner elsewhere, Bishop Potter: for although she kept two Bishop Potters, who by the way, were both of them born in New York State, she let the other and greater Potter, Henry C. Potter, leave here and go to New York City to become a very distinguished bishop indeed.

The indifference has extended to the point of not even claiming greatness that actually belongs to the city, if the city has not sufficiently cared for the man who did the deeds of greatness. The city is so delightfully sufficient unto itself that it has always believed that it could afford to accept or ignore, just as it chanced to decide.

There was Tom Paine. He was a Philadelphian when he did his greatest service for the country. Yet he is never claimed as Philadelphian; and this was not because he was a free-thinker in religion, for Stephen Girard was an avowed free-thinker, and Franklin was known to be essentially one. And, as usual, Paine was not a born Philadelphian.

The way in which Tom Paine won high achievement is in itself a fascinating story.

An Englishman, he came to America late in 1774, armed with a letter of introduction from Franklin, who was then abroad. Within a few months occurred the battles of Lexington and Concord, and all that this meant to Paine at that time was, as he expressed it in a letter, that it was very hard on him to have the country set on fire about his ears just as he was getting settled! But before the end of 1775

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he was flaming with American enthusiasm. "I have always," writes this patriot of a few months' growth, "I have always considered the independency of this continent an event which sooner or later must arrive."

By the time he had been a year in America he was writing the brilliantly patriotic "Common Sense," and it was published in January of 1776; not, however, to Paine's financial advantage, for his publisher even managed to figure up a balance against him of 29 pounds, 12 shillings and one penny—and somehow that penny seems to stand for so much!

Then Paine enlisted and took up his musket and marched and froze and fought and retreated and suffered with the other soldiers and in the intervals of his duty, at night around the scanty camp-fires, wrote the first part of the "Crisis," and it was printed and sent out on the very eve of Washington's attack at Trenton, and had great influence in heartening the handful of soldiers for the desperate attempt. "These are the times that try men's souls!" Such were the ringing opening words.

Paine's own account of the "Crisis" is still preserved. "On the eighth of December, 1776, I came to Philadelphia and, seeing the deplorable and melancholy condition the people were in, afraid to speak and almost to think, the public presses stopped, and nothing in circulation but fears and falsehoods, I sat down, and in what may be called a passion of patriotism wrote the first number."

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What a city of glorified indifference, to be indifferent to such Philadelphia achievements as these of Tom Paine! And it is so typical. One finds it hard to believe, for Philadelphians have forgotten it or never write or speak of it, that General McClellan was born here, and the city is just as silent in regard to the fact that here was the birthplace of General Pemberton. Indeed, I think it likely that few Philadelphians know that either of these famous generals was Philadelphia born. And the case of Pemberton was so positively bizarre. Born in this city, of old-time Quaker stock, educated at West Point and serving in the Mexican War, a Northerner of Northerners, he nevertheless joined the Confederate army and was so trusted as to be given the command at Vicksburg, which place, with his army, he surrendered to Grant. Exchanged, Pemberton once more threw himself into the fighting and was in command of Confederate artillery at Petersburg and Richmond, again facing Grant up to the end. Then, after a while, this curious Philadelphia Quaker so felt the drawing charm of his city, that he yielded to it and crept unobtrusively back, and died at nearby Penllyn.

The similarities, so often insisted upon, between Boston and Philadelphia, are not so noticeable as their differences.

In Boston, not only is every Bostonian who won even a medium fame proudly remembered, but the house where he lived is remembered, and street addresses and descriptions are scattered freely through

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every book which treats of that city. But in Philadelphia all this is different. The city takes a pride in forgetting its own people, except the outsiders who became insiders!—and a perverse pride in forgetting where they lived. No Philadelphia book gives the names, or, if by some rare chance a few names are given, no mention whatever of the home is made.

Did you ever hear of Kate Smith? “Fate sought to conceal her by calling her Smith,” as the poet sang. But nothing could long conceal this particular Kate Smith. She wrote the story of “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.” Yes; that story, with the most charming of young girl heroines, was written by Kate Smith of Philadelphia, though few knew she had been a Philadelphian. After a while she had left Philadelphia, and lived in California and Maine and New York, and incidentally developed a partiality for marrying into names holding within them the odd combination of “igg,” such as Wiggin and Riggs. She was born in Philadelphia on September 28, in the year—but, well, never mind about the year! That is quite immaterial. Some people always stay young.

Where was Henry George born? For, although the fact is forgotten, the great Single Taxer was born at 413 South Tenth Street. Where did Robert Morris live? His unfinished “Folly” is tauntingly remembered, but his home is forgotten.

Nay, you would ask in vain where lived the most famous Philadelphian of all, Benjamin Franklin,

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A few, a very few, could tell where was located the home that he built for himself after he had been for many years a Philadelphian, the home that was his when he died, but no one could tell you, with certainty, where he lived and worked during the most important years of his life, the formative years, when he and his printing press were establishing their permanent place in the history of not only Philadelphia but of the world. Boston honors his birth-site, London his lodging place, Twyford his visiting place, Paris knows where he lived while at the French court, but Philadelphia has forgotten his working-place.

And yet, it is not that Franklin has been neglected. Never was a man more profoundly honored, more deeply and ineradicably kept in mind, by any city. It is only that in this respect, as almost all other respects, Philadelphia is a city apart, a city of individuality, a city that is different, a city that must needs even forget or remember her distinguished ones, or forget or remember facts in regard to her distinguished ones, according to a code and a practice of her own.

Or, take Girard. It would be hard to find his home or the site of his home. But none the less he is honored and remembered. A beautiful old bank building, far down town, the first of the classic pilared fronts and worthy of its leadership, bears his name, and a superb new building planned by that great lover of architectural beauty, Stanford White, and put up within a few years at the busiest corner

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of Philadelphia, bears his name, not through a connection with his estate, but to do honor to his memory.



CHAPTER II

THE HIDDEN CHURCHES



UNLIKE other old cities, Philadelphia hides her old churches. Boston sets her old churches out to be seen of all, in the heart of her busiest section, where business folk and citizens of every kind, and all visitors to the city, see them perforce. New York sets her fine old Trinity and the still more ancient St. Paul's so prominently in the forefront that all must needs see. Thus to the throngs of Broadway, of Tremont Street, of Washington Street, are displayed the fine preciousness of the fine old churches of the fine old time. But in this, as in other matters, Philadelphia is the city that is different!

Those who go down old-time Chestnut Street or Market Street or Walnut Street look in vain for any indication of long-past churchliness. And these are the three old streets along which goes the traffic of the present day. And this in a city which so prides herself on her churches and her churchliness!

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And even when one learns where the old-time churches are to be found, it is a matter of difficulty for most Philadelphians and for all visitors to find them. They are in out of the way corners, with no far-seen upstanding spires that dominate or guide. Christ Church has a low spire that is hidden, and St. Peter's has a tall spire that is hidden, and Old Swedes has no spire at all and is even more hidden. And when it comes to St. Joseph's—but that is still another story!

It is not that there has been any effort to hide the churches. There has never been persecution. The hiding has been unintentional. From the earliest days, Philadelphia has made welcome every kind of belief, and almost every kind of disbelief. Quakers, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Free Thinkers like Girard or Franklin but not quite the Free Thinker of the heedless outspokenness of Tom Paine, have been made free of the city.

Far down town as it is, hidden in a part of the city where there is no longer either business or living; except, broadly speaking, for tenement dwellers who have seized upon old houses for their tenements; in a part of the city that is now as distinct from social life as it is from business, although geographically on the very borders of both, is old St. Peter's, and I mention this church first, because Philadelphia is a city that is still governed, in essentials, by society, and St. Peter's is the society church. To be received as one of themselves by the members of St. Peter's is all that is necessary to show that one's

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standing is established; those who permittedly pass St. Peter's portal here, feel no qualms as to being permitted entrance through St. Peter's hereafter.

There is no obvious reason why this should be a more aristocratic church than the still older Christ Church or the church on Rittenhouse Square which represents, more than any other of the modern churches, social leadership; but "facts is facts and not to be drove," as I think it was Sairy Gamp who observed. The church is especially notable because it stands in its own graveyard; and this is seriously or half seriously given as one cause of its exclusiveness. For it is not the habit of Philadelphia churches to stand in their own graveyards. Taking the general aspect of the city, the churches are graveyardless almost to the extent of new cities of the West.

Here and there is a church with a patch of graves about it, as, so unexpectedly, the Catholic church on 13th Street between Market and Chestnut. But, broadly considered, it is a city without visible graveyard evidences, except in the formal cemeteries. St. Peter's churchyard and that of old Swedes, where the graves are in open evidence, are almost hidden successfully away from the knowledge of all but those locally born. The Philadelphian must always have shared the Louis XIV dislike of seeing the place where he was to be buried. The graveyards and cemeteries, old and new, are mostly in remote places. The largest, Laurel Hill East, West, North and South, are so cleverly perched above park paths

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and drives that they hold to their Schuylkill side without being in the city scene. Broad Street has no Trinity churchyard to point a moral to the busy Philadelphian; no Granary graveyard looks out on happy Chestnut Street. Old Arch Street graveyard would be hidden were it not that the wall is cut for Franklin's grave to show. Is this perhaps an influence of the Friends, whose graveyards are peaceful spots and not for show? Even Woodlands is on a quiet road leading to Darby and is not a daily reminder to many passers by.

It does certainly add to the dignity of a church to be surrounded by rows of gravestones, for the general effect on the general eye and consciousness as well as on the personal pride of people who can walk into church past the gravestones of their ancestors.

Much more effective as St. Peter's Church is on account of its graveyard, that is not the only reason for its exclusiveness. After all, Swedes' Church is surrounded by its own graveyard. Old Christ Church found at an early day that it must secure burying space away from the immediate vicinity of the church, which was becoming hedged about by buildings, and thereupon established its graveyard in the large space at the corner of Arch and Fifth streets.

The possession of a graveyard gives opportunity to add an interest to a church by the interest of the graves; and most interesting in the graveyard of St. Peter's is that of Decatur. When Stephen

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Decatur offered the toast, "My country! May she be always right! But, right or wrong, my country!" he did not know that the words were to become one of the proud possessions of our country. For they express the sentiment of a right good fighting man; his not to reason why, his but to do and die. And it is odd that, after winning fame in the Tripoli fighting and in the War of 1812, and winning, in general belief, like that other hero of the 1812 war, Oliver Hazard Perry, the title of "Commodore," although neither of those gallant men was rewarded by a thankful government with so high a title, Decatur should have died, not in battle but in a duel. Decatur attacked in words the conduct of another navy officer, James Barron, and, although Barron probably deserved to be attacked, he was the better shot, and so the career of the famous toast-maker ended in 1820, when he was but forty-one years of age. His grave is marked by a tall grooved column and on it is the declaration that his "exploits in arms reflected the daring fictions of romance and chivalry." Beside this column is the low flat stone marking the grave of that other Stephen Decatur, likewise a right good fighting man of the navy, his father.

And poor Parson Duché is buried here. He had rapidly arisen to high prominence as rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's, and had uttered such a prayer, before the Continental Congress, at the beginning of the Revolution, as set him high in public love. But when there came the days of

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Valley Forge and it seemed that only a miracle could save America, he gave up the cause for lost, and wrote Washington, advising him to make the best possible terms with Britain, while he was still able to negotiate at the head of an army.

The people turned against him. He fled. And when, the war over, he crept back, his former assistant held the double pastorate and there was no place for Duché. His previous popularity, his prominent connections, his former friends—nothing availed him, and he lingered on till near the close of the century, and died, unhappy and unforgiven.

St. Peter's Church is lengthwise on Pine Street, facing out across a great area of graves, many of them with the old table-top, toward Fourth Street, and backing close up to Third Street. It was built in 1761, and was an offshoot of Christ Church, and for years they were under the same rectorship. Washington, when his home was in Philadelphia, attended sometimes one, sometimes the other, and Pew 41 is here pointed out as his.

It is a brick church, the brick being almost black with age; the building is of narrowish effect, with slim belfry tower, six stories in height, also of brick, surmounted by a narrowish wooden steeple which runs narrowly to a peak. Vines clamber freely up the front of the belfry tower to its very top, and the great graveyard is green with grass and sheltered by the greenery of trees.

Inside, one notices at once how small it is. It is even smaller than Christ Church, which itself is

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small compared with the old churches of New York or Boston, but it is somewhat larger than the toy-like Old Swedes.

The pews are square box-pews, said to be of cedar, and painted white; and the plainness of it all, the simplicity, the simple dignity, give a pleasant impression.

It is notable through having its organ and altar at the eastern end and its pulpit, a lofty, narrow, sounding-boarded pulpit of white-painted cedar at the opposite end, thus compelling the rector to conduct one portion of the service from one end of the church and the other portion from the other end, and consequently compelling the occupants of the square pews to sit facing in one direction during part of the service and to change to the other seat, to face the other way, for the other part of the service.

And Philadelphians love to tell that a young man who in time became one of the most prominent business men, was so attentive to a young woman of the St. Peter's set, whom he afterwards married, that he even dared to go to her church to see her. It was his first visit to the church, and hoping to slip in quietly and unobserved, he tiptoed to the door. He stepped hesitatingly in—only to retreat in panic because every eye was fixed directly upon him, the congregation all facing his way; whereupon he quietly slipped to the other end, and this time entered boldly, when what was his consternation to find that, the rector, preceded by the vergers, having duly

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paced the church's length, the congregation had all turned and again all faced him!

To St. Peter's are ascribed two stories which have spread from Philadelphia and have been applied to exclusive churches here or there throughout the country. But it is a pity to take such tales from their original habitat.

One is of the society leader who, having it pointed out to her by the rector, that she really ought to call upon and thus recognize a newcomer, still demurred. "But you will have to meet her in Heaven!" he exclaimed. To which came the swift retort, "Heaven will be quite soon enough!" And the other tale is of the woman who, dying, was leaving a life throughout every day of which every social duty had been punctiliously performed. "Don't ask my friends to my funeral," she whispered, to her grief-stricken husband, "because I could not return their calls!" And such stories are illustrative.

Between Market and Arch streets, in the heart of a region of three-storied business in buildings of reddish or grayish or brownish brick and where, in a permeative odor of coffee and spice, there is still a good deal of business carried on, is old Christ Church, facing toward Second Street its niched and entablatured front.

It is a church which shows exquisitely what triumphs may be attained in brick work; and the sober red, dulled and darkened by the years, is dotted with black headers. There are many

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windows, all curve-topped. The roof is heavily balustered with white-painted pine, dulled by age to gray, with urns holding torches of carved flame. And fine architectural effects have been obtained around the windows and the doors and in the heavy projective line dividing the two rows of windows. A brick belfry, topped by a spire of white, rises square and sturdy above the level of the roof, and then continues its charming rise in diminishing gradations of wood; rising at first four-sided, then eight-sided, then in a spire narrowing to a point and to a weathervane.

But if you fancy that perhaps there is somewhat of overdone detail, it is possibly not altogether fancy. Not many years ago there was a fire; and the insurance company, under its policy, chose to reconstruct many parts and did it admirably, following original designs. But there were some changes; the urns on the roof, for example, being of concrete-filled metal instead of the perilous-for-fire white pine of the original structure.

In the brick pavement close about the church one notices a few gravestones; and in particular, here is the grave of James Wilson, a Signer of the Declaration, a signer of the Constitution, the first chief justice of the State, a man of great consideration in his day.

And there are a number of flat tombstones in the aisles of the church, indoors, reminding one of the French marquis who at great expense bought the right to be buried upright within one of the pillars



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of the cathedral of his town, so that, as he expressed it, people would not be walking over his stomach for centuries.

Since the time of the Revolution the pews have been torn out and replaced; they are now low, instead of high; therefore there is not such interest as there might have been in knowing that President Washington sat in Pew 58 and Betsey Ross in 12, that Franklin's pew was 70 and that of the author of "Hail Columbia!" was 65; and yet you may at least see in what part of the church these celebrities sat; where George and Martha sat and after them John and Abigail Adams.

Dr. John Kearsley, a vestryman, was the architect, and Philadelphians like to point out, that this church and Independence Hall, the two most distinguished old-time buildings of the city, are to be credited to law and medicine, John Kearsley designing one and a lawyer, Judge Hamilton, also of the same vestry, the other: assuredly a most curious fact.

The general aspect of the interior is simple and admirable; a smallish interior, too; with panel-fronted galleries, with three white fluted pillars on either side, with bow-front organ-loft with square-edged pillars at the corners in front, with brass chandelier pendent in the center—a chandelier for candles, which has hung here since 1749,—a wine-glass pulpit, set so far forward as to give a sense of intimacy between preacher and people, a Palladian window behind the altar (Philadelphia

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loved Palladian windows!); and there is much of new stained glass that in time will take on the precious softening which comes with age.

The chime of eight bells—"Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church"—dates from the middle of the 1700's. These bells echoed the sound when the Liberty Bell rang forth its peal, and when the Liberty Bell was carried from the city to avoid falling into the hands of the British, these bells also were taken, and all remained in Allentown until after the British went away.

The custom has now come in of ringing these church bells at noontime; ringing national anthems; a patriotic sounding forth!—and, with our entry into the great war, a beautifully expressed invitation was set, at the door, to enter and pray for our country, our soldiers, our allies, our churches, the wounded and the dying and those who mourn, and for "a just and lasting peace."

Ancient records of the church are still preserved; with such fascinating items as one which directed a ringing of the bells on the occasion of the passing of Washington through the city. And there are items of expense, of over two centuries ago, still to be picked out of the ancient books, such as, "A poor man's grave, 6 s."; "Mending the minister's fence, 8 s."; "A lock for the church door, 12 s."; "A cord of wood, 10 s." To bury a poor man, one notices, cost only half as much as to put a lock on the church door.

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Among its ancient treasures Christ Church preciously preserves its old silver, flagons and patens, chalices and plates, thin and delicate and light, in accord with the traditions of old-time artisanship; several of them given by Queen Anne, who so interested herself in sending silver to the early churches of these early English colonies, and thus materially tending to give fine remembrance to her name and fame here in America.

Set within a slender stone paved patch on either side, shut in by iron fencing, with shrubs and smallish trees standing close, within the open spaces, there is a pleasantly leafy aspect, in leaf-time, with pleasant tilleul-like surroundings.

Washington used to come out, after service, between the brick pillars, topped by stone balls, underneath the beautiful arching wrought-iron which surmounts the iron gates; the only wrought-iron gate and arch that I remember, in America, of anything like equal beauty, except the gate and arch of ancient Westover, on the James. Washington's coach was generally drawn by two horses, fine Virginia bays with long "switch" tails; but not infrequently there were four horses, and on rare occasions there were six, with postillions and outriders. His coach at Christ Church entrance gate always drew an expectant group. And it is not to be forgotten that he frequently wore, to church, a rich blue Spanish cloak, faced with red silk velvet.

At this gateway I noticed, the other day, a large-lettered invitation which to the literal minded would

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seem to be a request to proselytize among the Quakers, for with a delightfully unconscious humor it read, "Come in and Bring a Friend."

Here, beside the church, lies the body of that unquiet spirit, General Charles Lee, who, passionate and violent as he was, was for once in his impetuous life awed by a passion greater than his own, that of Washington when he met him retreating at Monmouth. Lee died suddenly in Philadelphia just before the war came to its end. He had strongly expressed the wish that his bones should not be placed in any church or churchyard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting house. The Episcopalians were willing to assume charge of his body, and in disregard of his wish, it was buried at the outside edge of the churchyard. It is still told in Scotland, as a pleasant winter evening's tale, that when a husband buried his wife in a graveyard where, so she had solemnly told him, she would not be able to rest, he none the less placed her there, explaining to the neighbors that if she could not rest he would take her away. Such reasoning seems to have influenced those who buried Lee in a churchyard against his will, and for three quarters of a century he quietly rested there. Then the alley beside the church was widened, the coffin of Lee was found and was buried near the south wall of the church.

It was two hundred years ago that Christ Church bought its large plot of ground for burials at the corner of Arch and Fifth streets. The area is

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thick-crowded with gravestones and monuments. Numerous trees and much of grass give restfulness. The graveyard is enclosed within an old brick wall, eight feet in height; and at the northwest corner of the graveyard, close to the junction of the two streets, the wall has been taken down for a little space, and iron pickets set there; and, looking in, there may be seen the grave of Benjamin Franklin, marked by a flat stone. In his will he gave explicit directions as to this. He was to be buried beside his wife, under a marble stone, six feet by four, plain except for a small molding around the upper edge, and with the inscription, "Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, 178-": all of which was followed, except that unexpected longevity necessitated the change to "1790."

This graveyard is notable, too, for the famous men of the navy who are buried here. Here lies that Commodore Truxtun, who so gallantly captured the swiftest and the biggest ship of the French in the course of our misunderstanding of 1799 and 1800; here lies Bainbridge, whose services were mostly in connection with the Mediterranean pirates and who lost his ship to them; here lies the distinguished Commodore Dale, who as a young man served under Paul Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard*, and was the first of the gallant Americans to get aboard the *Serapis*!

The present Christ Church building was completed about 1750; but the land had been purchased, and the congregation founded, and the earliest

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church begun under its present name, as far back as 1695, thus making it, in foundation, almost as old as the first organization of the Quakers themselves. But it is not so old as the church of the Swedes nor is it so well hidden as the Swedes. Indeed, even after you have been directed to the Swedes, and have reached the general neighborhood where you know it must be, you look in vain for it, you probably pass beyond it, and helplessly ask again. It is only skilled street pilots who can find the hidden old church at all!

The Old Swedes Church goes back in inception to the time of the Thirty Years' War. How long ago that seems! And the Swedes themselves always loved to point out that the inception came from the great hero of that war, Gustavus Adolphus. And that king not only busied himself with plans for Delaware River colonization while the great Thirty Years' struggle was in progress, but only a few days before his death, at the great battle of Lützen, he warmly urged the scheme anew.

The Swedes were in Philadelphia before the coming of William Penn; even before the granting of a charter to Penn. And this old church, Gloria Dei, was built in 1700, on the site of a block-house in which services had for years been held. In the 1630's some Swedes actually came to the Delaware River region to settle, and in the fifties and sixties they carried on contests and disputes with the Dutch and with the English. There exists a pleasant homely tradition of their having trained beaver who

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fished for them and laid the fish on their cottage doorsteps, and another tradition of a wonderful pear tree which bore little sweet pears many years after the Swede who planted it was gone and which was the family tree of all the delicious Seckel pears of to-day.

When Penn arrived in Philadelphia, he found three brothers Swanson settled not far from his landing place, and, rather than insist on his rights under his English charter he bought their claims, and their name is still kept in the memory by Swanson Street, on which street, near Christian, stands this ancient church.

It is by the waterside, and is approached, from the center of the city, through a region of square after square of misery, of squalor, of wrecked and dilapidated little houses, of streets and little alleys and courts of decay and decadence, of dirt and dearth. It is a heartbreaking district; one of the numerous districts quite unknown to prosperous Philadelphians themselves, and lived in by a poverty-stricken class of foreigners, who have turned the homes of sea captains and clean-living mechanics into the poorest of tenements. Towards the river are railway tracks and wharves.

The church sits in the midst of a little graveyard, with a little grass and a few trees, and among the stones is one to the memory of Wilson, the beloved ornithologist of a century or so ago, who begged that his body be laid here, so that he should forever lie in a silent, shadowed place, where birds should

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always sing above his grave; and in spite of the spreading hither of the city's close-built homes, the church is in a little oasis in a sad desert of barren living; and trees and birds are still there!

But it is all as if it were a toy church, it is so little a building, so odd a building, so quaint and fascinating and unexpected and curiosity-provoking a building. And the two cherubim with collar-like wings, examples of early Swedish wood-carving, which look out at you, big-eyed, are themselves like toys, in the toylike environment.

The church is of brick that is almost black with age and shimmer with headers, and the heavy cornice and the windows and the belfry are of a grayish white. The building has decided Norse suggestion, with its peaked gable over the entrance, surmounted by a tiny square wooden belfry, topped by a tiny narrow spire. The little interior has a barrel ceiling, with the lines of the beams showing through the plaster.

Within barely half a mile from Old Swedes I came upon a busy sidewalk market, extending for square after square with unimaginable variety of goods and produce, wearable and eatable, in close juxtaposition; with sour pickles next to cloth, pickled fish close to shoes, barrels of fish adjoining rolls of cotton, barrels and boxes of apples next to gaudy shirts, all piled on shelves or counters close against the front walls of the houses or little stores. It was a busy scene, for potential customers thronged by hundreds, even though for much of the distance the walking space

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was so narrowed by the displays and by the buyers, that on what was left of the sidewalks it was often impossible to walk or to wade.



CHAPTER III

WITHIN A NOOKED COURTYARD



NOT long ago I came upon the trail of an interesting Benjamin West painting; or, at least, a painting by West with an interesting history—and, after all, any painting by West must needs be interesting, especially in this, his own city.

The painting was of the Holy Family; rather, it was supposed to be, because it represented a woman, in Biblical dress, giving a child a drink from a little bowl, while an old man stood behind and an angel hovered near in general watchfulness. The painting had been given, so the story ran, to the Jesuits of Conshohocken, now a part of Philadelphia, but then a little town apart; and was turned over by the Jesuits to the Church of St. Joseph in Philadelphia, where for many years it hung behind the high altar, like so many Holy Families or Virgins in churches abroad.

But one day it was discovered, or surmised, that the painting was not of the Holy Family, but of

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Hagar and Ishmael in the desert, and, as being in too conspicuous a place for such a subject, it was removed from above the altar and carried into the adjoining church-house.

To the church-house I went, and asked to be shown the painting by Benjamin West; and somewhat of interest was awakened. But all trace or memory of the painting had vanished! New priests had come in; no one had left any record of it; the sexton was called into the consultation, as having had a service of more years than any of the present priesthood there, and somehow the legend or fact or memory was dimly evolved that, long ago, there was a superior who, finding that a number of paintings hung on the church-house walls, ordered them into some forgotten limbo, on the ground that they gave a darkened effect to the rooms!

And there, at least for the present, the story ends. There is some possibility that the West painting may be found, tucked away with rubbish in garret or cellar. "It would sell for a good deal of money, would it not?" I was asked, with a touch of wistfulness; and, so continued the priestly querying, "This Benjamin West was a man of considerable standing in his day, was he not?"

The Catholics, although tolerated in this city in early days, were looked upon even here with somewhat of suspicious dislike, and although they did not try to hide their place of worship, they put it in an inconspicuous locality, thus trimming their sails to possible storms of persecution; and, following this

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unobtrusiveness, the church, through the close-building-up of the city round about, has become positively obscure in its seclusion. Its location is like a dream from some story book. There could not be, in a crowded city, a more complete hiding away of a large building.

The church was built nearly two centuries ago and was rebuilt and enlarged a century ago. It stood here when the Acadians came, unhappy folk, four hundred and fifty-four of them—odd, that the precise number should be kept in remembrance!—unhappy banished folk, parents who did not know where their children had been taken, children who had been torn from their parents, husbands separated heartlessly from wives and wives who had been thrust away from their husbands, never more to see them. The Evangeline and Gabriel of the poet had very real prototypes. It is strange that the Acadian horror of 1755 should thus still echo here; and the fact has been remembered that the enforced Acadian pilgrims, cynically turned ashore here, were looked upon with dread by many a Philadelphian, through the idea that they might take the part of the French against the English; though there need not have been much dread, as two-thirds of the four hundred and fifty-four heartbroken folk were women and children. One Philadelphian wrote that they were “no better than so many scorpions in the bowels of the country”; but the poor scorpions did not sting:—and later, when the Revolution was impending, it was found that the Roman Catholics were, as a rule, cn

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the side of the Colonies. They were given recognition by the patriotic leaders, and on an October day of 1774 both Washington and John Adams risked criticism by attending service in this old church still standing here. Washington quietly enters in his diary "Went to St. Joseph's in the afternoon"; not expressing comment; which, by the way, was in great degree his cautious custom; but John Adams, fresh from the outlook of Puritanism, was frankly shocked, and poured out his feelings in a letter to his wife. To him, "the poor wretches, fingering their beads, chanting Latin not a word of which they understood, crossing themselves, bowing and kneeling and genuflecting," were, as he put it, "awful and affecting."

That Lafayette also attended services here and Rochambeau and De Grasse and others of the French, was but part of the natural order of things. A building that so many people discovered in the long ago, we should be able to find to-day, in spite of the hemming in by office buildings and warehouses; and so this is how the church is to be found. Begin by going south on Third Street, past Walnut Street, to Willing's Alley—one of the few alleys, if not the only one, still retaining the original designation of alley; for there was many an "alley" in early days, but a finical-minded generation has changed them into "streets." Turn down Willing's Alley, to the westward, between tall warehouses, and you come to an iron-gated archway, on your right, which leads you through a building and into a nooked courtyard—and here, in this nooked and unsuspected corner, is

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the church! It is of brick, of dull yellow, further dulled by the passage of many years; and in one corner is the square campanile, almost Italian in appearance, and of the dull yellow hue of the main body of the church. You are reminded of some Italian church on the Swiss side of the Italian border, rather than precisely of a church of Italy. It is far from beautiful. But it is of foreign aspect, and would provoke instant interest if happened upon by some strange chance instead of being sought for.

The interior of the church is large and plain; the courtyard—enclosed by warehouses, the church, and the church-house—is paved with dull gray stone, where once was the graveyard of the church. Here, according to tradition, the body of Evangeline's Gabriel, the Gabriel of Longfellow's poem, was laid; for it was fittingly here in Philadelphia that the tale came to its end. For Evangeline, after years of wandering and with hope forever departed, came to this city, joined a sisterhood who cared for the sick, and in the yellow fever epidemic of the 1790's found her Gabriel, in the moment of his death, in the almshouse. But not in the Quaker almshouse, as you will be told, with such an earnestness as would seem to besit Evangeline's being a real and not a fictitious woman!—not in the Quaker almshouse, which stood on the south side of Walnut Street above Third, but at the City Poorhouse, which was in the square enclosed by Third and Fourth and Spruce and Pine streets; this poorhouse being also a hospital. And although both almshouses have disappeared, the real

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Philadelphian, though he may be forgetful of much, is anxious that you have correctly the details of the connection of Evangeline with his city.

The imaginary Evangeline impressed herself locally far more deeply than have most of the actual distinguished folk of Philadelphia. She is more real than as if she were really real! In fact, the story of Evangeline is taken with an amazing reality. Philadelphia has out-Longfellowed Longfellow! For, although the poet, the creator of the imaginary heroine of the heartbreaking tale, distinctly and musically says that "Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping, under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard," Philadelphia still insists that Evangeline was not buried by the side of Gabriel, in the courtyard of this old St. Joseph's Church, but that her body was placed in a vault, given over to the sisterhood of which she was a member, of the Catholic Church of the Holy Trinity, at Sixth and Spruce streets, which, by the way, is not to be confounded with the Holy Trinity of Rittenhouse Square, which is Episcopalian.

The Catholic Holy Trinity is itself of old-time foundation, though not so old as St. Joseph's, and it holds tombstones bearing even Spanish and French names, reminders of the long-ago frightened influx from the massacres of San Domingo. Holy Trinity was, so it is said, the last building to be erected in Philadelphia in the Philadelphia style of red and black bricks; and in a corner of the churchyard is the slab-covered vault wherein lies the supposititious

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Evangeline, with the actual Sisters. And the policeman on post is often approached by people who ask him to point out to them where Evangeline is buried!

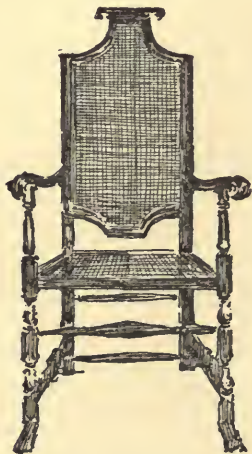
Among the founders of the hidden-away St. Joseph's Church was an ancestor of one to whom we may refer as the wellknown Spanish general, George G. Meade. For Meade, of our Army of the Potomac, was born in Cadiz! But he was a very real Philadelphian, none the less, and his parents merely happened to be in Spain on account of the business interests of the father. Of an old Philadelphia family that was connected with St. Joseph's, educated in Philadelphia, married in Philadelphia, a general whose principal service was directing the great battle which turned back an invading army from Pennsylvania, he was throughout of Philadelphia spirit.

He was a little more ostentatious, however, than the typical Philadelphian, and I think that his riding about, on a white horse, as many a Philadelphian still describes him, savored of the ostentatious. Born in the year of Waterloo, he may have associated the idea of Napoleon and Napoleon's white battle-horse with himself. And I recently noticed a war-time photograph which showed so many soldiers, with General Meade in the center, that it seemed of course that it must represent him at the head of his army; but a glance at the descriptive line beneath showed that it was merely a picture of the general and his staff.

In what can only be termed a certain Philadelphian feeling, however, he was all Philadelphian; a feeling

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which holds within it a touch of envy toward the State and the City of New York and at the same time a profound sense of superiority; for I noticed, in his "Memoirs," a letter of 1863, in which he said: "I do not like General Hooker's entourage. Such gentlemen as Dan Sickles and Dan Butterworth are not the persons I should select as my intimates, however worthy and superior they may be." One feels as if those words ought certainly to be italicized; he doesn't like the New York officers "however worthy and superior they may be!"



CHAPTER IV

THE CITY OF FRANKLIN



THE idea that Franklin had of going about Europe with George Washington, with the two traveling and sightseeing together, was one of the most fascinating suggestions ever made.

That the two great Americans were personal friends is itself a pleasant thing to remember. And in 1780 peace seemed to be in sight. Whereupon Franklin wrote Washington, from Europe, saying that when peace should come how happy he would be to meet Washington in Europe and accompany him, as he quaintly expressed it, "in visiting some of its ancient and famous kingdoms."

I like to picture the two friends, wandering about together in the Paris of before the French Revolution, or floating together in a gondola in Venice, or together standing in Westminster Hall—for England honored both Washington and Franklin, in spite of their leadership in revolt. In Europe, so continues

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Franklin's letter, "You would know, and enjoy, what posterity will say of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years." But Washington could not arrange to go, and what would have been the most fascinating travel tour of history was not made.

For one reason, such a tour, of two men together, would not have met Washington's ideas. A tour, to him, meant a tour with his wife also. Even during the Revolution Martha was for much or most of the time in camp with him, and even at Valley Forge, her presence adding not only to the happiness of Washington and herself but adding much, also, to the good spirits of the officers and soldiers. But to Benjamin Franklin, the normal rule for travel was to leave his Deborah at home; and Deborah seems not to have objected to the years and years of loneliness that came from Benjamin's travels and his long periods of residence abroad. Franklin was a widower at the time he wrote his delightful suggestion to Washington, but even if his Deborah had still been alive it would not have occurred to him as either necessary or advisable to have her with him as a traveling companion.

Deborah, his "dear Debby," died in 1774, while he was on one of his European absences, and it seems that her end was saddened and even somewhat hastened by his absence. And thus ended the romance which began when Franklin, a poor lad, a stranger from Boston, walked for the first time on the streets of Philadelphia, and, eating one big roll and carrying

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another under his arm, found that a pretty girl was shyly laughing at him from the doorway of her home: the pretty girl to become in later years his wife Deborah.

Her death at the beginning of the Revolution explains why she figures in none of the diaries or accounts of Revolutionary days, when Philadelphia was filled with important folk from the various Colonies. And, poor thing, she seems not to have risen with him, as he mounted; she seems always to have been a little awed by having a husband who had developed into one of the world's greatest men, and he always treated her with a sort of gentle tolerance, and always with trustfulness. He left her in charge of the building and furnishing of the fine house that was to be their home in the evening of their days; and she attended to many things, and others she rather pathetically wrote him about, and others she left for his decision when he should return. "It was lucky for me that I had a wife as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself," he wrote.

One finds her in sore tribulation over the adornment of walls, the placing of furniture and the hanging of the pictures, fearing to displease her Benjamin, or to spoil the walls with nail holes in the wrong spots. And then she died.

Nothing is more indicative of the confident energy of Franklin than the spirit in which, the war at length over, he set himself to the completion of his house plans, although he was at an age when most

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men are thinking not at all of building on this earth. He writes in 1786, then 80 years old, of "a good many hands employed" and of making a long room for his library and instruments. The next year he writes, regarding his own dwelling and two other new houses beside it, that he has been busy with—what a list!—"bricklayers, carpenters, stone-cutters, copper-smiths, painters, glaziers, lime-burners, timber-merchants, carters and laborers."

This house, representing the ambitions and ideas of his mature life, stood on Market Street (then known as High Street), between Third and Fourth. It did not, however, face toward Market Street but toward Chestnut; it was built with the idea of being a Chestnut Street house; but the deed given him for the land between his house and Chestnut Street was defective:—and it is odd to find one of the wisest men that ever lived, cheated in a real estate deal, and in his own city! Access to Chestnut Street being impossible, the approach to the house was by a driveway from Market. The house was torn down in 1812, but the driveway was retained, and was long known as Franklin Court. Now Franklin Court has gone, and a narrow alley extends quite through, with the name of Orianna Street. Where the house stood, in the center of the block, is but a dismal-looking sort of place, with old warehouses and a few ancient little, shabby, dormer-windowed, oncewhile homes, and with nothing to suggest the fine living of the past, or the home of a great man.

At almost the close of his life, Franklin put up,

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on what is now Orianna Street, a rude building in which he housed a printing press; not for himself, except as a pastime, but for his grandson, Benjamin Franklin Bache. In the course of years the Aurora newspaper was regularly printed here, and when one Duane was in possession, Bache having turned the press over to him, there arrived one day, looking for work, a young man from Ireland, named James Wilson; not James Wilson, the Signer, who is buried at Christ Church, but one who through a descendant won far greater fame. And at the press that Franklin had left, in the little printing shop he had built, there went to work this young Irishman, who shortly afterward married a Scotch-Irish girl who had crossed the ocean on the same ship with him; and a grandson of these two is Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States.

To add smaller things to great it may be mentioned that it was in this now so dingy Orianna Street that the elder James Gordon Bennett began his printing career.

Franklin had what we should even now consider advanced ideas as to fireproofing his home. "None of the wooden work of one room communicates with the wooden work of any other room; and all the floors, and even the steps of the stairs, are plastered close to the boards, besides the plastering on the laths under the joints." And he thinks that as in Paris, it would be still better if the staircases were of stone and the floors tiled, with the roofs either tiled or slated.

The house must have been really a mansion. As

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a matter of fact, Franklin had gradually become rich as well as influential; and a delightful touch as to this is in the story told by himself, of how he and his wife had begun their first gathering of china and silver, which was in their first home, and not in the mansion of which I am now writing. Franklin says that for a long time their domestic habits were so simple that his breakfast was only bread and milk, eaten out of a two-penny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon; but that at length, one morning, he found a china bowl and a spoon of silver, and a wife who defiantly explained that she had paid three-and-twenty shillings for the articles, thinking that her husband deserved a silver spoon and a china bowl as well as any of his neighbors! That was the first appearance of silver or china in the Franklin household, but their possessions in these two branches "augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value."

It was a house of individuality. It was thirty-four feet square and three stories high, with three rooms on a floor. The east room was wainscoted below, with "frett cornish"; I quote from the description in an insurance policy for five hundred pounds, on the building, issued to Franklin in 1766, a document yellow with age; and the long-ago insurance man's spelling was not always what Franklin himself would have used. There was "a rich chimney-piece," there were "fluted cullims and halfpilasters, with intablatures," and in the description of the other rooms one finds wainscotes, pedestals and dentals,

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a "chimney-peice with tabernacle frame," with ramps and brackets and wainscoting along the stairs, and, outside, such things as "two large painhouses with trusses"—supposedly meaning penthouses—and, delightful suggestion, "modilion eaves"! modilions, as all lovers of old-time architecture know, being something quite different from medallions.

There were pictures in the house, as well as china and silver, and Mrs. Bache, Franklin's daughter, wrote him that, during the British occupancy of the city, Major André was among those billeted there and that, on leaving, he took away with him a portrait of Franklin himself! Major-General Grey, of whose staff André was for a time a member, was likewise billeted at the Franklin home, and it is said that he, too, went off with a portrait, which long afterwards was sent back to the Franklin family by one of the general's descendants.

Mrs. Bache, Franklin's extremely capable daughter, would nowadays be a leader of the Red Cross. The Marquis de Chastellux extols her merits and tells of her as being at the head of a body of women who sewed and knitted for the soldiers; she led him into a room and showed him twenty-two hundred shirts, just completed, each with the name upon it of the married or unmarried woman who had made it; this being in the fiercely cold winter of 1780, and the shirts turning out to be of important practical value, keeping the soldiers in condition in the campaign that resulted in the capture of Cornwallis.

Born in the reign of Queen Anne; the subject, in

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turn, of four consecutive British sovereigns; Franklin exercised for many years of his eighty-four a far greater influence than did any of those sovereigns. And no man was ever so associated in so many important ways with any city as was Franklin with Philadelphia.

His power began with his printing press. Throughout his life he relied immensely upon the printed word to gain his ends. At the same time, no man was ever more successful than he in personal talk and persuasion, whether he was in discussion with a committee of the House of Commons in regard to America, or with a group of Philadelphians regarding some matter of police or fire protection.

But his printing press was his chief strength. It was a mighty power wielded by a mighty man. And where he and the press were located, in those early years when he was reaching toward higher and higher influence, was a fascinating question to me: a question which I supposed would be readily answered; and I was amazed to find no answer to it. Philadelphia had not cared to remember the location of so great a power.

His home and his printing press, in the early years of his career, were in the same building, in accordance with the simple Philadelphia custom of the times.

It has frequently been stated that the original and important printing-shop was on Second Street, close beside Christ Church, and a picture of a sort of rural English cottage with a business front is offered as a veritable pictorial presentation of the house;

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although as a matter of fact the picture was made, by the late Otto Bacher, frankly as an ideal picture of an unknown building, for a book published a quarter of a century ago.

In his "Autobiography," Franklin intends to be explicit. He "found a house to hire, near the market, and took it." This seems to have been in 1728. Previously, he had worked for Keimer, a printer, on Second Street, and also had some dealings with William Bradford, a printer, on Second Street. But his venture into independence seems to have meant a venture into High Street (now Market). Books and pamphlets followed each other, from his press, with the address given "At the New Printing Office near the Market," but without naming the street. A pamphlet on paper currency, the Psalms of David, the Pennsylvania Gazette, the world-famous Poor Richard's Almanac—all bear the tantalizing address, meant to describe and not to hide, but which only hides.

When his wife's mother removed to his home after she became the Widow Read, she continued her business under his roof, as is shown by the advertisement of her specialty, which was an ointment which had cured many, as she declared, and in fact never fails; it being an ointment for the itch; a "gally-pot" (delightful word!) cost two shillings, and there could be "not the least apprehension of danger, even to a sucking infant."

But the value of this advertisement of Franklin's mother-in-law lies in its statement that she had "re-

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moved from the upper end of Highstreet to the New Printing Office near the Market." This, in the absence of definite evidence to the contrary, may be taken as sufficient proof that Franklin had located on High Street. For, had the Widow Read moved from High Street to one of the cross streets she would have said so; she would not have advertised as if she had removed from one location on High Street to another.

One day, in the library that Franklin founded, I thought for a moment that I had discovered the desired knowledge; for in a manuscript headed, "Franklin's Printing Office, No. (now) Market Street—," with the number left blank, written by a Philadelphian in 1863, based, as he noted, upon information from another Philadelphian of an older time, I found the deliberate statement that "Franklin's old printing office was on the north side of Market Street, a few doors east of Second Street, now numbered —." There it was tantalizingly ended. Of course, it adds to the practical certainty of Market Street but omits the precise spot, which was to have been described in the manuscript when the street number should be learned. So that the man who was sure, more than half a century ago, that it was on Market Street, near Second, and not, as so many have supposed, on Second Street, felt a worried necessity to go and look it up—with unsatisfying results.

With the idea that some old insurance policy might illuminate the subject I went on a policy quest, and

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safes containing ancient documents were courteously opened for me, but still I found nothing that could apply to that early printing-house.

No fire insurance company was in existence in the early days of his business life, but he founded such a company years before he left these early quarters; he organized the first fire-insurance company of America. Never was such an organizer, never such a man to be the first to think of a thing, to see its advantages, to start it going. One wonders what Philadelphia and America would have been without him!

I found that, after this company was organized, Franklin took out policies on several houses which he had acquired on Market (High) Street, but that there was none on his printing office! In one house, insured for two hundred pounds, dwelt Daniel Swan, another, insured for one hundred and fifty pounds, was "where E. Hadock dwells," another was "where Mary Jacob dwells."

The explanation seems to be obvious. To begin with, Franklin rented premises for his work. That is in his own account. And as business and prosperity increased he remained at the same place, still a renter; buying now and then a house and lot as investment but continuing himself to rent the combined house and shop where he worked and lived. Had he owned his place, he would certainly have insured it with his other properties, when insurance companies began, through his initiative, to be organized.

And the rented building seems almost surely to have been on the north side of Market Street, just

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east of Second. Nothing could more have surprised him than the fact that the location could so soon and so completely be forgotten. Why, it was something that everybody knew! When the marvelous preacher Whitefield, who spent much of his time in America and in sailing back and forth thirteen times, between England and this continent, in an age when one crossing was no light task, was about to make one of his visits to Philadelphia, he wrote his friend Doctor Franklin as to where he could stay, as he had learned that Benezet, at whose house he had usually stayed, had moved out to Germantown. Whereupon Franklin responded: "You know my house. If you can make shift with its scanty accommodations, you will be most heartily welcome." To which came Whitefield's reply, expressing the hope that Franklin made the offer for Christ's sake; to which the forthright Benjamin answered, "Don't let me be mistaken; it was not for Christ's sake, but for your sake." And Whitefield, no doubt with a chuckle of appreciation, accepted the invitation.

Not far from Franklin's house, in the open air, at the junction of Market and Second streets, Whitefield delivered one of his famous outdoor sermons, and Franklin, who knew that it had been asserted that at some of his gatherings in England he had been heard by twenty-five thousand listeners, found to how great a distance he could move away and still hear the preacher, and then, by estimating the number of square feet within the space, allowing two square feet for each individual, he found that it

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would be possible for thirty thousand outdoor hearers to hear that marvelous voice.

None knew better than Franklin that, broad though Philadelphia was in religious tolerance, she was not broad in irreligious tolerance; a distinction seldom made. Franklin was more irreligious than religious, but deemed it best not to insist on the unbelieving features. He took the religious test necessary to hold office, and he was associated with Christ Church; and he could genially say, in friendly talk or letters, that he did not believe in every particle of the Bible as inspired; for example, he could believe that Jael drove a tent peg into the head of Sisera, but not that such an act received the warm approval of the Angel of the Lord.

When Whitefield came back from the South with a scheme of raising a great sum for Georgia orphans, Franklin doubted the good policy of the scheme. Then he went to listen to Whitefield's public address urging contributions; and with rueful amusement he tells that he had three kinds of money in his pocket, copper and silver and gold, but was determined not to give even a copper, but that Whitefield's eloquence so moved him that he found himself handing over all the copper, and after a while all the silver, and before the address was concluded even the pieces of gold.

In Europe, he made friends with the greatest. Even the first William Pitt came driving to his door. And always he was ready with the right word, to harmonize and control, or to resent in cleverness some attack on his country. At a dinner in Paris

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shortly after the close of our Revolution the English ambassador, responding to the toast of "Great Britain," likened his nation to the sun, shedding beneficent rays upon all the world. Franklin, following him, was to respond to the "United States"; but, he said, his own nation was still young, her career was to come; so, instead, he would give as a toast, "George Washington,—the Joshua who successfully commanded the sun to stand still."

While the Revolution was in progress he wrote to his friend Priestley—the same Priestley, distinguished as philosopher and scientist, who later, in the 1790's, disappointed in England, came to America and made his home far up in the Susquehanna valley, in a region still distant and lonely even after all these decades;—he wrote to Priestley:

"Tell our dear good friend, Mr. Price, who sometimes has his doubts and despondencies about our firmness, that America is determined and unanimous; a very few Tories and placemen excepted, who will probably soon export themselves. Britain, at the expense of three millions, has killed one hundred and fifty Yankees this campaign, which is twenty thousand pounds a head; and at Bunker's Hill she gained a mile of ground, half of which she lost again by our taking post on Ploughed Hill. During the same time sixty thousand children have been born in America. From this *data* his mathematical head will easily calculate the time and expense necessary to kill us all, and conquer our whole country."

Yet always and everywhere, he was the same

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simple, kindly unpretentious man. Manasseh Cutler, of Connecticut, and shortly to be of Ohio, went to see Franklin, armed with letters of introduction. He felt the same, as he afterwards wrote, as if about to be presented to some European monarch, and was prepared to let the conversation consist of merely answering such questions as the great Franklin should choose to ask. Imagine then, his surprise, at finding a man of unaffected simplicity, friendly and cordial, seated in his garden, on a grass plat, under a very large mulberry tree, a low-voiced man in plain Quaker dress, white-haired and partly bald. Tea was served beneath the mulberry tree, by Mrs. Bache, to Franklin and Cutler and several friends, and as it grew dark they all went into the house and the intelligent Cutler was pleased with the chance of thus seeing the largest and finest private library in America.

Cutler's reference to Franklin's Quaker dress brings to mind an advertisement which was inserted in a Philadelphia paper, half a century before this; precisely forty-nine years before if one desires exactness. For Franklin's clothes had been stolen, and he advertised for them, describing the garments as "Broadcloth breeches lined with leather, sagathee coat lined with silk, and fine homespun linen shirts."

Nothing ever daunted Franklin, no work was ever too hard for him. He takes over, when far on in years, near the end of his life, the Presidency of the State of Pennsylvania, such being the title in those days, and is elected and then reëlected. He writes to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld in 1787 that he

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has been elected, and says, with pardonable pride: "Of seventy-four members in Council and Assembly, who voted by ballot, there was in my first election but one negative, beside my own; and in the second, after a year's service, only my own."

His energy, his spirit, were unconquerable. One cold day in a village in Normandy I saw a happy father walking beside a smiling nurse, carrying his first-born child to church to be baptized; and I was told that the child was but three or four hours old; and I thought I could understand how it was that the Normans had made themselves world rulers; and it also came to me that here likewise lay an explanation of the tireless endurance of that world conqueror of thought, Benjamin Franklin, for on a January day in bleak Boston he had been carried to the Old South Church to be baptized only four hours after his birth.

Franklin founded the still-existent American Philosophical Society, he invented the Franklin stove, he founded the still-existent Pennsylvania Hospital, he was the first to utilize electricity, he was the leader in matters of street paving, fire protection, matters many and important. Into everything that he created he breathed the breath of life.

And it would astonish organizers of to-day to know that Franklin did not look for personal exploitation. He did not wish his name to be given. He did not even, as a rule, take part as the principal director or the president. He made it part of his system to remain modestly in the background; he managed and controlled, but deemed it wise not to put him-

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self in the forefront as manager and controller. Yet everybody knew that he was.

One of his foundations was that of the noble Library Company of Philadelphia. It came about through Franklin and his friends lending each other their books, and his seeing what would be the importance and benefit of an organized system. And so, in 1731, he organized a formal library. Its first books came in 1732 from England. Between 1731 and 1742 eighty-five men signed the articles of incorporation, and those of present-day Philadelphia who can possess ownership of one of the early shares by descent are proud indeed.

The library began its existence on Pewter Platter Alley, a name long since "improved" to Church Street. Franklin's enthusiasm was contagious. Books came freely in. James Logan willed his own large library, a valuable and precious collection, to the organization. Over in England, one day, while Benjamin West was painting a portrait of one Samuel Preston, who owned many bookish treasures, the painter looked around and said, "What do you intend to do with all your books?" Preston did not know; he had no children. "Then send the books to the Philadelphia Library," said West; and Preston did!

The library, after some movings, is now housed at Locust and Juniper streets, and a statue of Franklin in a toga, making him look very uncomfortable, is up in the gable. But within the library there is an atmosphere of scholarly quiet such as Franklin himself would have loved.

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Franklin was not only a creator of organizations and corporations that still live; he was also a seer and a prophet, a man of vision. Before even a single cabin was erected where the great city of Cleveland now stands, when there was no road but an Indian trail, and while the mouth of the Cuyahoga was but a sandbar, Franklin, from his study of conditions, pointed out the site of the future Cleveland as the place at which an important city was to arise.

The crumpled face of Franklin, a face like a finely crumpled mask, was one that could literally mask his thoughts when he did not care to have them known. And one matter on which he was absolutely reticent was that of the identity of the mother of his son, William Franklin.

His "Autobiography," one of the few great autobiographies of the world, written largely in "the sweet retreat of Twyford," in England, where he was the guest of the beloved Bishop Shipley of St. Asaph, in the bishop's home—which I remember as a mellow building of Georgian brick, with its front charmingly covered with ivy and roses, at the edge of a prettily sedate village—does not give any intimation in regard to this mystery of his life.

Even had the "Autobiography" been published in full, as written, it is not likely that any hint would have been found. But any possibility of this sort was done away with by the grandson, William Temple Franklin, to whose care Benjamin Franklin, by will, had committed the MS. for publication.

William Franklin, Benjamin's son, died before his

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father. William Temple Franklin was William's son, and he postponed publication of the "Autobiography" for years, and is understood to have eliminated large sections, on account of pressure from certain people who did not wish revelations made, and he was certainly in receipt of large sums of unexplainable money from English sources. The thought is hopelessly tantalizing, of what precious chapters were destroyed, of how much of fascinating interest was thus lost to the world.

The romance which early began between the youthful Benjamin Franklin and Deborah Read was broken by temporary estrangement and by Benjamin's absence on a tentative trip to England. On his return, he seems then or shortly afterwards to have been the possessor of the unexplained William; and Deborah herself had meanwhile been having an unhappy matrimonial experiment; and the two, deciding to let bygones be bygones, married, and continued their comfortable union into old age; Deborah accepting the mysterious William as a member of the household.

I have long thought, from various indications, that the mother of William was of a prominent English family. The youthful Benjamin had been on his first visit to England and he always had a taking way with him, with women as well as men. Modest as was his worldly position in his years of earliest manhood, he had such looks and manners that he attracted the personal attention of Governor Keith of Pennsylvania and Governor Burnet of New York,

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shortly before his first journey abroad, so there was nothing surprising in his having made friends and attracted special attention in England.

In various ways one sees indications of some strong but hidden English influence. His son William was entered at the English Inns of Court before leaving this country. When William received his appointment as Governor of New Jersey, it was not looked upon so much as an effort to win Franklin to the English as an appointment made on the personal account of the son. And although Franklin himself was content to marry a young woman of low degree, from a society standpoint, he aimed high for William, and looked for an alliance for him with a relative of Governor Keith, and was angry with Keith for not accepting the suggestion: which doubtless explains, at least in part, the bitterness which Franklin felt toward Keith, as expressed in his story of their relations in the "Autobiography." And William Franklin took the English side in the Revolution in spite of his father's urgent appeals; he knew something, at least, of his birth, and deemed himself an Englishman.

But if there was a love affair between the remarkable Benjamin and some one of high standing, William at least did not live up to romantic ideals, but married prosaically (his wife's monument is in old St. Paul's, on Broadway, in New York), and was prosaically imprisoned in Connecticut in the course of the Revolution, and then went into prosaic banishment, and prosaically died, after an interview with

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his father, in England, which failed to heal the gap between the two which had come with war. One is justified in wondering in regard to such a mystery concerning such a man as Benjamin Franklin.

Chaucer, in his "Franklin's Tale," has described a Franklin: a friend-maker, a sturdy, clearsighted man, a prosperous man and so hospitable a man that "it snowed in his house of meat and drink"; or to quote good old Chaucer more literally, his Franklin was "so gret a househaldere" that "it snewed in his hous of mete and drynk."

In spite of Franklin's remarkable association with Philadelphia, and the importance of his ideas and the impetus behind them, one always associates him also with England and France. He was the first American Citizen of the World. Even now no Philadelphia home is properly set up if it does not possess a copy of the picture of "Franklin at the French Court"; a rather stilted matter, painted perhaps a half century after both Franklin and the French Court had vanished.

Benjamin Franklin gave much to France. Among other things he gave it both the motto and the name for a terrible Revolutionary hymn; he gave it the inspiration for "Ça Ira." For he frequently had used the two words, meaning "It will go, it will succeed," in reference to our own Revolution, and when the French so shortly afterwards came to a revolution of their own, they took his words and put them to terrible music. "Ça Ira!" they sang exultantly; and with the idea of revolution they associated the dread-

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ful cry of the aristocrats and the lantern—the lantern, literally the lantern, in front of many a house, to which the aristocrats were dragged for death:

“Ah, ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Les aristocrates à la lanterne!”

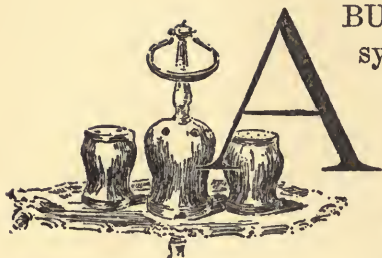
When Franklin died, the National Assembly of France, on the motion of Mirabeau, seconded by Rochefoucauld and Lafayette, went into mourning for three days.

When Jefferson went to represent the United States at Paris, Vergennes said to him, cordially: “So you replace Dr. Franklin?” To which came the instant reply: “No; no one could replace him; I only succeed him.”



CHAPTER V

THE STATE HOUSE



BUILDING of serenity and symmetry, of fine amplitude, a gracious, alluring building, rich in noble memories, yet touched also with a living sweetness; such is the beautiful old

State House in Philadelphia, often referred to as Independence Hall. And it stood here, and was even then a building of age and dignity, when Sir Walter Scott said to Washington Irving, with a tolerant condescension which he meant to be flattering, "The vast aboriginal trees that have sheltered the Indians before the intrusion of the white man, are the monuments and antiquities of your country!" Scott was quite ignorant of the fact that America had architecture; to him, our country had merely trees, although this building, and some other American buildings, were richer in beauty and in noble association than quite a number of those in his own land of which he wrote with such enthusiasm.

Scott was deeply impressed by the thought of our illimitable forests. He longed to see one, as Dickens

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longed to see an American prairie. And had Scott come over here, and had he seen not only a forest but this State House, his imagination would have been fired, and he might have written a great novel about America, rich in details of the Revolutionary leaders, with the picturesque John Hancock, in scarlet coat and cocked hat with black cockade, entering this building to preside at the Signing of the Declaration.

The painting of the Signing, by Trumbull, is the formal artistic offering, by America, in regard to it; the general effect is excellent, and the portraits are likenesses. It stands well up among historical paintings in general, including those of Europe, for a certain stiffness of pose seems almost inseparable from historical paintings which show a large number of characters.

And if one notices, in engravings of the painting, discrepancies as to various details and postures, this is not to be blamed upon the engravers, but is to be explained by the fact that Trumbull, finding that he had hit upon a good subject, made several replicas, with minor divergencies. The Trumbull Gallery at Yale has one of his Declarations; there is one at the Hartford Athenæum; there is one in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Trumbull does not in any of the pictures show every one of the Signers, though he shows almost all of them in all; and he seems to have had some eliminative ill-will toward Cæsar Rodney.

Trumbull's "Declaration," with its rows of legs,

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was irreverently given the appellation of "the shin-piece," supposedly by the sharp-witted Randolph. And it is known that some peculiarly vicious flies from a neighboring livery stable caused great annoyance to thin-hosed patriotic shins on the day of the final vote, and indeed that this hastened the members in voting in order that they might escape.

Yet it should not be thought that on that famous July the Fourth the members, in formal dignity, one after another signed, making the signing a natural sequence to brave voting.

In the first place, the fact that there was not a single adverse vote does not show that the vote was unanimously affirmative; for part of the Pennsylvania delegation and the entire New York delegation refrained from voting at all. Not until July 15 did the delegates from New York decide to stand for the Declaration, and not until after July 20, when other delegates were named in place of those who had refused to vote, was the Pennsylvania number complete.

Nor was the Signing all done on one day, either July the Fourth or another! On July the Fourth, the supposed day of the signing, the Declaration was actually signed only by John Hancock, President of the Congress, and Charles Thompson, Secretary. And it was a brave thing for the somewhat dandified Hancock to do. He had fled in the middle of the night from the rough and ready fighting of Lexington and Concord, but was ready to be the first to sign the document under which the leaders hazarded



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their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor; he had fled from muskets but was valiantly willing to risk the losing of life and fortune if a formal arrest should be followed by a formal trial and by formal and public punishment. It was no mere jest when Benjamin Franklin remarked, "Well, gentlemen, if we do not, now, all hang together, we shall all hang separately!"

Hancock was proud of his big signature. He was proud of his personal appearance as he sat in the chair of the President of the Congress. The chair is still here, in place in the hall where he presided. It is an armchair of mahogany, a Chippendale, the very king of Chippendales, rising to double height, as a presiding officer's chair ought to rise, with interlaced and open-work back, and with a rayed sun, touched with gold, in the center of its bow-shaped top. Gorgeous dresser that Hancock was, he doubtless had more than fitting thoughts as to which of his many suits would best become him should he be placed on his formal trial—should there ever be a trial!

For almost a month Hancock's name and that of the secretary were all that the Declaration bore and even these were signed over again, on the supposed July the Fourth document, when it was fittingly engrossed on parchment. The name of George Washington never appeared, for he had resigned his place as a member before the Declaration was presented, to assume, at the request of Congress, his place with the army as its commander; a place of more personal

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danger than that of Hancock, for Washington was not only just as sure of the extremity of punishment if he were captured, but he was also in the physical danger that came from the operations of war.

Most of the members formally signed this supposed Fourth of July document on August the second, but a few did not put down their names until still later.

And how oddly some of the members signed! There was one "William," but five who reduced it to "Wm." Huntington was "Samel." Hopkins was "Step." Lewis was "Frans." Stockton was "Richd." Rush signed "Benjamin," but two other Benjamins, Harrison and Franklin, signed "Benja." There was only one who spelled out "George," and four who signed it "Geo."

"Charles Carroll of Carrollton," who signed thus lengthily so that, as he expressed it, King George should know which Charles Carroll it was, was one who, like part of the Pennsylvania delegation, was a member on August 2 but not on the momentous July 4. It meant something, too, Carroll's saying this, for it is said that he added "of Carrollton" because of the fear of some member that there were so many Carrolls that he might be safe! He was believed to be the wealthiest man in the Colonies. His property at the beginning of the Revolution was estimated at two million dollars. All this he risked; yet he lived until 1832, to the age of 95, the last to survive of all the Signers.

The hero of Delaware is Cæsar Rodney, and an active earnest man he seems to have been. I am

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glad to think that I possess a great fireside chair, fortunately chanced upon in Wilmington, years ago, which seems in almost certainty to have belonged to him; a strong and dependable chair, like the dependable Rodney himself.

The people of Delaware honor him because of his having been a good citizen and a gallant officer, but more particularly because of a ride; and two towns quarrel over the honor of its beginning! And the ride was a tremendously rapid and eager ride, made that he might get to Philadelphia to vote for the Declaration. The voting was by States, not individuals. There were three members from Delaware. One favored the Declaration, one opposed it, Cæsar Rodney, the third, was absent. It was vital that the vote of Delaware be recorded, so a messenger was hurried after Rodney, who was found some miles beyond Dover. He at once swung into his saddle and galloped eighty miles, reaching the State House and striding into the meeting hall at just the needed moment.

It was a dramatic ride, and a tremendously dramatic scene. Yet, as with so much of picturesque Americanism, it has been wellnigh forgotten, except locally, because no novelist or poet ever gave it thrilling life. There were no impetuous Paul Revere verses, and no Browning put such fire into this ride from Dover to Philadelphia as has been given to the gallop from Ghent to Aix. Alas! the best that was done for Cæsar Rodney, versically, were such lines as:

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“Ho, saddle the black! I’ve but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away”; and
“The Congress is met; the debate is begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one—
When into the hall, not a moment too late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.”

I have read in somebody’s long-ago memoirs, but not of a date quite so far back as the time of Jefferson, that somebody one day asked him how he reconciled the “All men are created equal” clause, that he had written, with the existence of slavery. For a moment he was dumb with astonishment, then: “By God! I never thought of that before!”

“Where is Jefferson?” wrote Washington, from Valley Forge. The long slim statesman is very prominent in Trumbull’s picture, and was so in reality; but during the terrible days of Valley Forge, although then only about thirty-five years old, he was not with the army! His words had got other men in! Nor was he even with Congress. He had recently resigned, when strong men were desperately needed there, and had given his private concerns as excuse! He was rich, with a huge estate. He entered the State legislature, and before the war was over became Governor of Virginia.

After all, North and South were alike; Hancock and Samuel Adams galloping in mad fear away from the coming fight at Lexington, and Jefferson shrinking from Valley Forge. If one chose to be cynical, he might remark that a successful statesman is a man who gets others to fight and then keeps away

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from the fighting. But one need not be cynical about exceptions. Franklin would readily have fought, but he was almost seventy, and the country needed him to be in France. Washington fought. Most of the men of the time fought or were quite ready to fight.

Quite a number of years after the Revolution, Philadelphia awoke to the realization that it did not know in which building Jefferson actually wrote the Declaration; and, as the matter began to be talked about, some one remembered—it was now 1825—that Jefferson was still living, and thereupon wrote and asked him, and Jefferson's response was that he was lodging, at the time of writing the Declaration, in a new brick house, three stories high, on Market Street, between Seventh and Eighth, of which he rented the second floor, and that it was there that he wrote it. He added that he had "some idea it was a corner house." And it was. A man named Gratz was his landlord, and it was a new house at Market and Seventh streets. The building was not many years ago torn down, and the building of the Penn National Bank stands in its place, bearing a tablet setting forth the important fact regarding the Declaration.

How very near the Revolution is! To any one who studies history and knows human nature, it was but yesterday. But to hear a Philadelphian casually say, "When my great-grandmother received General So-and-so at her home here in 1776," or, "My great-grandfather gave more money to the Revolutionary

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cause than any other man except his fellow-townsmen, Robert Morris," or, "My family have always told that on the day of the Signing," and so on, brings it very close and very real.

The State House, "Independence Hall," was planned in 1729 and completed, except as to wings and tower, five years later:—quite old enough, one sees, to satisfy even a Walter Scott! But it must not be thought that it is beautiful or interesting principally on account of age. Age adds to a beautiful building the salt and savor of time, the romantic patina, literal or metaphorical, that comes with the decades. But this State House is beautiful in itself; it was beautiful when it was young and new; it will remain beautiful as long as it stands, with its traditions growing more interesting with time. After all, Philadelphia was the largest and richest Colonial city of Great Britain, and so it was natural that a fine administrative structure should be built here. And it was put up in the same period which saw the construction of two other admirable State Houses, that of Boston (not the stately pillared building of the present time, but the delightful ancient State House), and the charming State House of Annapolis. All three are lessons in good taste, in positive beauty. And the Philadelphia structure is the finest of the three.

But what chances of leadership Philadelphia quietly relinquished! Those other cities of early and beautiful State Houses have retained their literal capital importance. But Philadelphia let

THE STATE HOUSE

her headship of the nation pass. She even let pass the headship of the State.

The State House has witnessed many important scenes, besides those connected with the Declaration. Here assembled thousands of cheering citizens when the news came of Concord and Lexington. Here Washington was chosen commander-in-chief. Here, in 1781, the captured standards of the army of Cornwallis were brought by a cavalry escort and formally carried into the building and laid before Congress. Here Lincoln raised a flag on Washington's Birthday, 1861, and four years later his body was carried here to lie in state, his troubles forever at an end. The Constitution was debated, agreed to, and signed, in this building; and Franklin, who had watched and taken part in the proceedings with intense anxiety, breathed a deep sigh of relief and said, gravely, that in the vicissitudes and anxieties of day after day he had looked at the representation of the sun on the back of the chair used by Washington, the presiding officer (the same chair that had been used by Hancock); and he had wondered, day by day, whether it was a rising or a setting sun, but now he knew that it was a rising sun.

The State House is a beautiful building, alike in its mass effects and in its smallest details, in the views of it from the exterior or in rooms within. Its façade is exactly centered, and similarly winged and arched at right and left. It is beautiful and it is balanced.

Seen from Independence Square, which is a large

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open space, stone paved, with intervening surfaces of grass and fair-sized trees, it is a towered building of time-mellowed brick, with white window stones, with smallish pillared doorway beneath a tower built outside the lines of the main building, and, over this doorway, a splendid Palladian window. Above are cornicings, and a fetching, bulging, bow-fronted window, and above this is a clock-tower, square at the bottom and rising in eight-sided diminutions to a six-sided narrow pinnacle which is topped by a trident-like weathervane of gilt.

Enter beneath the triple Palladian window, with its heavy muntins, and, passing by the foot of the finest stairs in America, you enter a broad and brick-paved central hall; and there comes the sense of a glory of white, with touches of mahogany and darkish green.

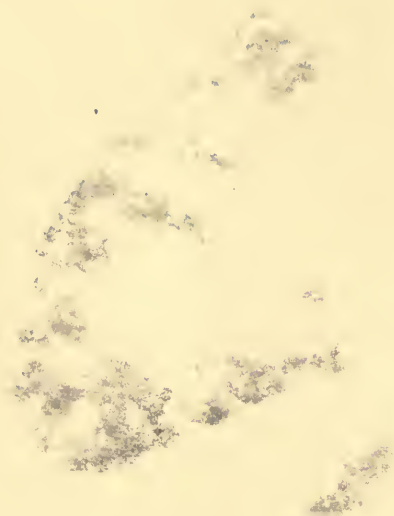
The rooms are serenely beautiful; they are dignified, large and light; there are pillars and pilasters, there are charming cornices, there are panels; in every direction one sees beautiful corners or vistas or entrance-ways. The view through the arches of the room of the Supreme Court, into and across the Hall of the Signing, defined by those three pilastered arches, is astonishingly effective.

At the foot of the wonderful stairs now stands the Liberty Bell, upon which may still be read the Bible verse which long before the Revolution was cast upon it by its makers: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The stair mounts, ramp by ramp, within the great



THE COURT ROOM IN THE STATE HOUSE



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tower; a broad stair with broad treads and low risers; and on the second floor, as on the first, there are everywhere long and lovely vistas of distinction. And on the second floor is a great banqueting hall, entered through a delicately bell-flowered doorway topped by a beautiful fanlight, occupying the entire length of the building; and at each end of the great room is a broad fireplace, with the intent that the two shall flicker at each other with fineness of effect.

The Hall of the Signing is a noble room which itself might well inspire to noble deeds. It is a beautifully pilastered room with three great broad-silled windows on each side and with two of its corners rounding. Here is not only the chair of Hancock, but here, too, is the desk which he used, here is the silver inkstand into which he dipped his pen, with quill-pen holder and sanding-box, looking, in all, something like a cruet of the period, and standing upon a little four-legged silver salver. It is an admirable bit of workmanship, one of the best by that Syng who, a friend of Franklin and a man of standing, was among the most interesting of early Philadelphia silversmiths, of whom there were so many, in early days, that fifty-six walked in one parade in the 1780's. Others were scattered throughout the country, in little towns and big, working toward high standards of craftsmanship. This inkstand, as a reminder of early American art, is of interest approaching that of the work of the contemporaneous silver-worker of Boston, Paul Revere, he of the Ride.

The chairs, except that of the presiding officer,

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that for many years have been shown as those used by the Signers, do not seem to be the actual chairs, as they are of the style of a later period. They were doubtless secured for legislative meetings here, after the Revolution, the original chairs having been misused, broken and burned, in the period of British occupancy, when the State House and much of its contents were rather roughly treated.

The Hall of the Signing—about such a room such details ought to be known—is thirty-nine feet and six inches wide, by forty feet and two inches long, with a height of nineteen feet and eight inches; the intent having apparently been to have it precisely forty by forty by twenty.

Sully's portrait of Lafayette displays the Frenchman as he appeared on his visit in 1824; he wears a coat with a lining of old-rose silk, and his pleasantly humorous look accents the length of his long nose; and his face does naturally lend itself to likable humor! And here, too, facing Lafayette at the foot of the grand staircase, is a painting of Washington.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the high value of many other portraits that have been preserved in the State House has been lowered by the intrusion of copies, hung on the same walls as the original portraits, and of pictures of doubtful pedigree. This grew to be such a glaring matter that to enter the State House and look around at the portraits used to give one somewhat the feeling of the tourist who, entering Holyrood, is shown long lines of mythical

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portraits said to be those of Scottish kings. Yet the fault, in the State House, is to be remedied, and in fact the matter has for a long time been under examination. Such portraits as those, of veritable authenticity, by Charles W. Peale, of a number of the Signers, would alone make the building a treasure house, and there are also the little pastels, veritable gems, of fascinating interest, made by James Sharples, including one of exceptional interest, made of Washington, from life, in 1796. Englishman though he was, Sharples did a distinct service to America in making these pastels; and at the prices he received, fifteen dollars each for profiles and twenty for full face, he could not have become precisely wealthy. The city purchased the Sharples collection, of forty-five pastels, in 1876.

A vigorous statue, placed with peculiar prominence opposite the Independence Square face of the State House is of Barry, a naval officer of the Revolution, a Philadelphian. He is buried in the Catholic St. Mary's, on Fourth Street, adding thus to the striking number of naval officers of note who are buried in Philadelphia. On the broad sidewalk, in front of the Chestnut face of the building, is an ineffective statue of Washington.

A tang of especial distinction is given to the admirable Chestnut Street face of the State House by the unusually high keystones, of marble, which center the brick above each of the ample windows and rise into a band of dark gray marble that extends across the entire one hundred and seven feet

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of the building's front; and by a line, above this band, of nine panels of marble, beneath the windows of the second floor. The quoins on the corners, and the fine wooden cornice and balustrade, add still further distinction; and in all it is a noble and distinguished building, rich in noble and distinguished memories.

The Fourth of July and the Declaration of Independence have become so associated in the public mind that it is odd to realize that at the time of that first "Fourth," of 1776, it was not so particularly held to be a day of importance.

On June 7, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia (a Philadelphian, writing of this, would be sure to put in the fact that a sister of Lee married into the powerful Shippen family of this city) moved, "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

Congress directed the secretary not to mention in the journal the name of Lee, or that of the seconder of the motion, John Adams, for fear of British punishment, and so the record reads, "Certain resolutions regarding independency being moved and seconded."

A committee to prepare a statement or declaration was appointed on June 11. A sub-committee was then appointed, consisting of Jefferson and John Adams. Jefferson wrote the Declaration. He himself said that he wrote it, and Adams also said that Jefferson wrote it, so no attention need be paid to those who from time to time have attempted

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to claim that it was some one else than Thomas Jefferson.

On July 2 Congress voted formally for independence. On the third and fourth the precise form of statement was debated. And on the "Fourth" the form written out by Jefferson, with some merely minor alterations, was accepted. Thus did the "Fourth" begin. But nobody except Congress then knew it! The public could know little as to precisely what was going on, for the meetings were secret.

After all, it was at that early period still to be deemed treason, and the delegates could not afford to be heedless of that fact. On the eighth of July the Declaration was read formally to the people, from a platform beside the State House, and the Liberty Bell rang out its peal, and all the bells of the city echoed it. For some days the passage of the Declaration had in a general way been known, the news having seeped out; but as America had been actually at war for over a year, the voting of the Declaration did not, at the time, seem so vital as it seems to-day. And it was noted and noticed that, on the day of the formal reading, the rich and distinguished folk of the city were not here, to encourage the movement; no large crowd gathered; and the few who stood and listened were of the poorer class. There were "not half a dozen good coats" in the crowd, as a Philadelphian wrote, and it was a thoroughly Philadelphian observation.

But the Fourth of July gradually took hold of the minds and hearts of the people, throughout our en-

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tire country; and with most excellent reason, for it was on that day that the Declaration of Independence was actually adopted, and was signed by the President of Congress, and became formally our nation's act.

Within a year the "Fourth" had won its position, and I like to think of the very first of the annual celebrations, on July 4, 1777, in this city of the Signing. Congress was still in session here, and there were parades and reviews, of both the land and the sea forces, there being several ships in the river at the time. There was music by a Hessian band that had been captured at Trenton on the Christmas previous—what an amazingly good touch!—and at night nearly every housefront was charmingly aglow with candles lighted and set in the windows.

Just a trifle away from the east wing of the State House, at the corner of Chestnut and Fifth streets, is a smallish building which was put up in 1791 for the use of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the little building at the corner of Chestnut and Sixth is still more interesting; it would, in fact, be of far more interest than it is were it not that its fame is overshadowed by that of the more notable State House beside it; for this smallish building is Congress Hall, and in it Congress met while Philadelphia was the national capital, and here Washington was inaugurated for his second term. Here, too, in this little building, Washington pronounced that Farewell Address which, delivered toward the close

THE STATE HOUSE

of his second administration, stands so superbly as a model of dignity and far-sightedness. One seems still to see him, to hear him, so solemnly offering to the new nation that he loved his profoundly earnest advice.

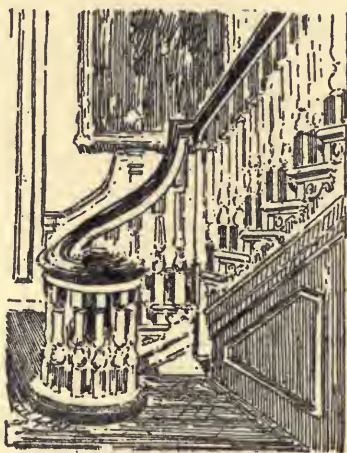
It was also in this demure little building, standing so almost unnoticed beside the imposing State House, that Washington, a few months after the delivery of this Farewell Address, turned over the Presidency to his successor, John Adams. And in regard to this there is a remarkable account.

It seems that the people who packed the building and thronged round about it thought but little of the new President, and of Jefferson, the new Vice-President, compared with the man they so loved, who was leaving them. When Adams and Jefferson went away they went practically alone. Washington stood, to watch them go. And the throng stayed, in silence, to look to the last moment upon Washington. And it was noted and written down, that he wore on that day a suit of black velvet, that his hair was powdered and in a bag, that he wore diamond knee-buckles and a gray-scabbarded light sword.

Adams went to his room at the Indian Queen, at High Street and South Fourth, and the punctilious Washington started gravely to walk there, "to pay my respects to the new President." In total silence the great crowd followed him. The door opened; but before entering, he turned and looked silently at the people. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and from the crowd there arose a kind of groan. He

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said nothing; he bowed, slowly and profoundly, in recognition of the tribute, and then slowly entered the inn.



CHAPTER VI

THE HALL OF AN ANCIENT GUILD



IT is a fascinating feature of Philadelphia that she still retains the hall of an ancient guild. Not a guildhall in the sense of town-hall, but the literal hall of a literal guild of the olden time; and it arouses romantic thoughts of the past, pictures of the artisans of the ancient cities of Lombardy gathering together and making their guilds and their cities powerful, pictures of the ancient guilds of England, with their power and exclusiveness and picturesqueness, pictures of the richly-built guildhalls on the market squares of old Dutch cities. For the past was not only a time of wars. The picturesqueness of the past lies not only in fighting, in armor and castles and battlefields; it lies also in the homely, friendly life of the people, their organizations, the strength which came to them from banding together.

The Guild of the Carpenters of Philadelphia was organized in 1724; the date pointing out, what should never be forgotten, that it is an error to think of our country as a new country, or to take it that all

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of our cities are new cities. This Philadelphia guild was definitely patterned after the "Worshipful Company of Carpenters of London," which had been founded some two hundred and fifty years earlier; in 1477, to be precise; this date pointing out that, although Philadelphia is old, it is not so old as London; but such things are from necessity comparative, and one might go back to the earliest of the London guilds, founded in the eleven hundreds, and from that to the still more ancient guilds of Italy. So, this old guild of Philadelphia is a very old guild indeed, even though other guilds are older.

And I think it is not a mere fancy, but a very real fact, that the excellent ideals of probity and fair dealing which I have met with in the course of years of knowledge of the city, are owing, not alone to the sober honesty of the early Quakers, and to the economical honesty of the early "Pennsylvania Dutch," but to the influence of this Carpenters' Company and its openly expressed standards; for its early articles, formally set down, declared that prices should be based upon equitable principles, so that "the workmen should have a fair recompense for their labor, and the owner receive the worth of his money;" which principle, after all, expresses the very root and essence of fair dealing.

This hall of the organization was not its earliest meeting place, but was built in 1770, and around it then was an open space, which extended from Chestnut to Walnut streets, between Third and Fourth. Carpenters' Hall still stands in the center of that block,

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but it is tucked in and quite put out of ordinary sight among the tall buildings that have arisen all around it.

And it has become an almost forgotten building, in consequence of thus being put out of general sight, of thus being so surrounded that it is not seen except by such as are definitely in search of it. For although it looks down a narrow court toward Chestnut Street, it is a very narrow court indeed, with nothing to attract the attention of the casual passer-by. And so it has become a building overlooked, disregarded, a building almost mythical, even though it actually stands here in fascinating actuality. I should think it probable that three quarters, or even more, of the inhabitants of Philadelphia do not know that such a building is honorably preserved; and the number of those who would be able to walk directly to the spot is quite negligible.

In Carpenters' Hall the work of independence was begun in 1774, by the representatives of the people. In "Independence Hall," as the old State House is often called, the work was completed, in 1776. The history of the beginning is so merged in the overshadowing history of the conclusion that to many a Philadelphian the very identity of one building is literally lost in the greater fame of the other; and to such people this extremely interesting ancient Hall of the Carpenters has never had an existence!

Before me is a book containing an account of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, published in the year 1876, the year of the Centennial, when every detail and incident and locality bearing

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upon Philadelphia and the Revolution was discussed and rediscussed, and was supposedly in the minds of all Philadelphians and visitors and a great mass of the population of the United States. For 1876 was a year that drew marvelous attention to Philadelphia and aroused and awakened the keenest interest of Philadelphians themselves. The book bears the name of one R. M. Devens, described on the title page as "Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania." And in the last paragraph of the description of the Signing are the words:

"Carpenters' Hall—or Independence Hall—in Philadelphia, where the tremendous scenes transpired, is still one of the places which every American looks upon with patriotic pride"; as if the two buildings were one and the same!

It was in 1774 that Carpenters' Hall won its fame. The members of the First Continental Congress had gathered, from the various colonies, in Philadelphia, and had tentatively met in the morning of September the 5th, at the City Tavern, on Second Street, near Walnut. It was the newest and most fashionable of the taverns of that time; it was a coffee house as well as a tavern; and it had quite taken the leadership from others. And there were quite a number of others from which choice might have been made. The members might have been called together at the Crooked Billet Inn, or at Pewter Platter Inn or Pegg Mullen's Beefsteak House, or the Indian King (what Philadelphia has lost in picturesque names!), or the Black Bear, or the Three Crowns; but the City

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Tavern, a new building, with prices that were mentioned with criticism in some of the letters home, was preferred. It was the Bellevue-Stratford or Ritz-Carlton of that Philadelphia day. And it long retained high standing; for, years afterward, when Washington first entered Philadelphia as President of the United States, it was to the City Tavern, for his temporary quarters, that the Light Infantry proudly escorted him. And Washington must have been properly impressed by thoughts of all that had happened since the days of 1774, when he was at the tavern as one of the delegates from Virginia.

Of course, the formal meeting was not to be held at the tavern. And just where it was to be held was something of a question, as Philadelphia was then, as it still is, a city without a recognized place for gatherings of protest. It neither had then nor has now a Faneuil Hall or a Cooper Union, for critical folk, or would-be reformers, or organizers of new movements, naturally to come together; and this has had the effect of rendering the city's own feeling of protest practically voiceless. But this Continental Congress was another matter. It was a gathering of the most notable men of America. The question of a meeting-place was discussed, and one of the delegates reported that the Guild of the Carpenters offered their building, with its hall; and the delegates, after a few questions concerning the Carpenters, accepted the offered courtesy.

Then they all walked, by twos and threes, in general friendly companionship, along the narrow brick

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sidewalks, the short distance from the tavern to Carpenters' Hall. I have always thought that I should like to know just who walked with each other; who walked by the side of the always stately Washington, who measured steps with the short John Adams and the tall Jefferson, who chose Franklin for companion, or whom did Franklin choose. It was but a few minutes' walk; it was a walk of the briefest; but it was the most interesting walk in American history.

The proceedings of the Congress were secret; the public were not admitted and the deliberations were not announced; but it was inevitable that much in regard to the arguments considered and the speakers who took part would seep out in private conversation. And the English, realizing that the fact of the Congress meant the possibility of war, had placed in the city a secret agent of delightful manner and ingratiating ways, to inform himself of what went on and then inform the British Government.

This was John André. Put into a clerkship in a counting-house, by his father, he had determined to escape from what he deemed business drudgery. His manner and ability secured him a commission in the army. He spent two years in France and Germany, keeping his eyes very wide open. He was ordered in 1774 to Quebec, and could have gone directly there in the same ship with Sir Guy Carleton, his new commander, and the staff; but, somehow, he sailed for Philadelphia instead, although when there he was as far from Quebec as

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when he was in London. He was an ideal secret service man, for he could make friends of men and of women alike, and made himself cognizant of the general trend of the Congress, of the character of its leaders, of the feelings of the people. Then he went to New York, and thence, leisurely to Boston; only after a considerable time turning seriously toward Quebec with his gathered information. There he was attached to the unfortunate Seventh Regiment which, when war actually began, was the first to lose its colors to the Americans; and it is a pretty touch which, in a letter of John Adams, is shown us, of these first-captured colors being "hung up in Madam Hancock's chamber with great splendor and elegance."

André himself was captured too, and sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and, after being exchanged, went to New York and submitted such a report on his observations that General Howe advanced him to a captaincy and put him on the staff of General Grey. And then, after a while, by way of the fight at Paoli, André was to get back to Philadelphia.

All of which has taken us for a little from Carpenters' Hall; but André's secret reports about it were important and André himself has always figured prominently in the minds and imagination of Americans: his scarlet coat still glows like a scarlet splotch on the Revolutionary pages.

The building of the carpenters, this Carpenters' Hall, is far from large, and seems even smaller than it actually is on account of being so nooked in, so put

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away in a corner, so placed out of sight, so overtopped by the buildings standing close about.

But the actual meeting-room is of unexpectedly generous proportions, after the sense of smallness received from the façade. And they were broad subjects discussed in that broad room by that first Continental Congress; and that some two months were taken up in the discussions was partly because the subjects were new and crucial, as bearing upon attempted independence, and partly because, as some one of the members cleverly remarked, each man was a man of unusual ability, distinguished as an orator or critic or statesman, and therefore each man had to give proof that he was an orator, critic or statesman, and that, had some one made a motion that three and two make five, it would have been debated acutely, eloquently, profoundly, by all the members, from every angle, and in the end the decision would have been that three and two make five.

The members were feeling their way across unmapped political fields; they were wise and sagacious men; they would not be hurried; and in the end, when they went to their homes, it was clear that the struggle for independence had in spirit begun.

The first meeting for actual discussion, after two days of organization, here in this hall, was deeply impressive. Although the meetings were behind closed doors, certain details came to be well known. On the second day it was decided to open subsequent meetings with prayer, and so, on the third day, Duché, the brilliant rector of Christ Church, thus

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officiated, on formal request of the members; an Episcopalian being chosen as the one most likely to be agreeable to all sects; and it was noticed that while others stood, Washington, Episcopalian that he was, knelt, according to Episcopalian form.

On that day a report was received, which was believed to be true although later found to be an entire mistake or invention, that the British were actually firing upon the people in Boston, and this caused profound feeling; and it was noted as a striking coincidence that the Psalter for the day, read by Duché, seemed peculiarly fitting, with its glowing sentences regarding protection from enemies, about shield and buckler and spear, about the stopping of them that persecute; and the effect of this reading was immense, upon the delegates, following the supposed terrible news. Then Duché stepped aside from the Episcopalian path and, leaving his book of prepared forms, delivered an extemporaneous prayer, full of splendid enthusiasm, full of splendid patriotism, full of inspiration.

This was the poor Duché who, later appointed chaplain to Congress, gave his salary to the families of men killed in the war, but lost his popularity, never to be regained, by favoring an accommodation with England at the black time of Valley Forge. He ought to be remembered, too, as the man who had first braved public derision by carrying an umbrella in the streets of Philadelphia—in itself a revolutionary act of bravery which should have worked much toward his forgiveness!

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After the opening prayer there was a long silence, which all the members, profoundly impressed as they were by what seemed the vastly increased importance of their deliberations, hesitated to break. But at length a grave, plain-looking man, with unpowdered wig, and dressed in what was known as "minister's gray," arose and began to speak; and the assistant of Duché, who was afterwards to become Bishop White, has recorded that he listened at first with regret to this plain-looking man, sorry (Philadelphia like!) that a country parson should so presume to lead in the speaking, in the presence of men of high standing. Others likewise listened at first with disapproval. For only a few knew who the speaker was. Scarcely any one knew that he and George Washington, the wealthy Southern soldier and planter, had come to the meeting together, traveling in company, on horseback, from Virginia.

The supposed country parson continued, in such a surge of fiery eloquence, that in a few minutes he had won the astonished admiration of all. "Who is he? Who is he?" And the word was swiftly passed around that his name was Patrick Henry.

Carpenters' Hall is a model of taste, a fetching, felicitous, fascinating building, a building full of suggestions of the past, a building of brick, with the pleasant variegation that comes from headers of heavier hue, a balanced building, a building whose keynote is symmetrical proportion, with the curious structural feature of four faces of equal dimensions, and with the pediment above the front door matched

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as to shape and proportions by the larger pediment of the gable. The door is set at precisely the right height above the pavement, and the three beehive-topped windows of the second floor are notably attractive, with heavy white balusters immediately beneath them, and with a double band of white across the front. And the little tower, over all, is an additional fetching touch.

The face toward Walnut Street, now hidden by the surrounding structures, was apparently in the beginning meant to be the main entrance, and there is an unusually fine fanlight above its door, with a remarkable bull's-eye of dark green.

The interior has suffered from bedizenment of intended restoration, with a revel of costly spoilings, yet the general effect is still there, for the general effect is dependent upon proportion and line; and the meeting-room, on the whole, still retains its look of the long ago.

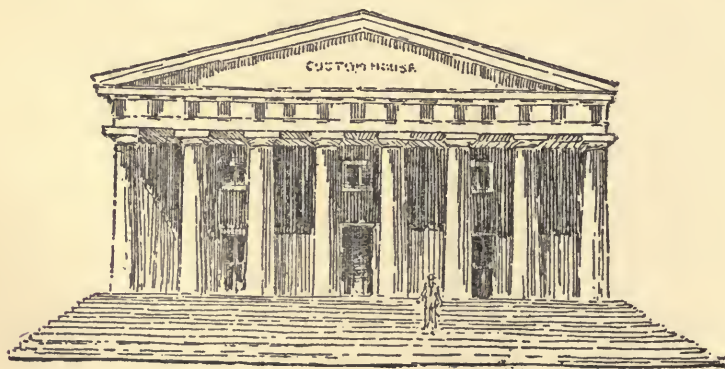
Outwardly, except that it is overshadowed by newer structures, the aspect is practically unchanged; it is now caught sight of, up its narrow court off Chestnut Street, instead of in an open space, but it is practically the same in looks as it was in long-past 1774, before Concord and Bunker Hill carried its deliberations into action.

It is delightfully archaic, this smallish building, looking so much smaller than it is, yet with its air of important age, this building of diversified brick, this building in the shape of a Greek cross, an odd fancy of those old time carpenters! It has an aspect

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as of a memento of a bygone and forgotten world, a relic of the past which looks as if it had been tossed by the waves of time into this recess among cliffs of modern brick and stone. To a traveler there is always pleasure in visiting the unvisited, and at Carpenters' Hall that impression comes with curious strength. But, whereas in Europe one finds the unvisited to be the place unvisited by tourists but perfectly well known to the natives of the region, here in Philadelphia one finds that Carpenters' Hall is visited by the tourists but is almost unvisited by the citizens.

But, to be sure, Philadelphia officially keeps it as a proud bit of the distinguished past; and some Philadelphians still go there, as one, the other day, who was asked by his little son what men had made the building famous. "They were our forefathers," was the grave reply; "this building was given its fame through such men as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson." "But that's only three," said the puzzled boy; "that's not four."



CHAPTER VII

QUAKERS AND MEETING-HOUSES



IN the early days of our participation in the great war, a party of young men of the navy, who had gathered at Philadelphia from distant parts of the country, were taken about by a friend from one place to another to see the city. There were busy hours of going about, and toward the close of the day the host of the party asked if there was anything else which they would like to see; something which he had not thought of but which they would not like to miss; whereupon, after a brief conferring together, the spokesman said, "Yes, thank you, there is something else, in which all of us are interested: we should like to see some Quakers."

And, when one thinks of it, although this is the Quaker City, and although the influence of Quaker thought and principles continues to be profound, one does not often see men or women garbed as Quakers. In the first place, the proportion of Quakers in the population has been greatly decreasing. And,

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secondly, of those who remain, few wear markedly any distinctive dress. But in financial strength they are powerful, and socially they are powerful, and through the marriages of decades their influence extends throughout the fiber of the city's best life, even though many of those directly allied or ancestrally allied with Quakerism are not themselves Quakers.

And yet, there are Quakers, garbed as Quakers, still to be seen. Now and then one sees the broad-brimmed hat, the sweet old-fashioned bonnet; but rarely except at a meeting at one of the old meeting-houses.

Even if from a pictorial standpoint alone, nothing could be more effective and more interesting than the meeting-houses of the city and of towns round about. They are buildings of picturesque plainness, buildings prim, precise and peaceful. They are buildings which represent the extreme of architectural austerity, yet at the same time with a profound sense of the charming.

The early Quakers believed so strongly in the planting of trees along the city streets and sidewalks, that Philadelphia used to be lovingly spoken of as the "Green City." The trees made the city a colorful place, in the combination of the red brick of the buildings, the white doorsteps and copings, the herring-bone brick pavements, and the shimmering greenery. Tree planting was also carried out along the Quaker farms outside the city, thus marking the Quaker districts by long avenues of trees along the highways.

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Around the Quaker homes and the Quaker meeting-houses the trees were set with particular care, to the delectation of those who view the huge monarchs that many of the Quaker-set trees have become. All the famous old roads leading out of Philadelphia were tree bordered, for non-Quakers imitated the excellent tree-planting example. Buttonwoods and sycamores, maples and oaks, such were the principal varieties; for this is not, as is New England, an elm-shaded countryside.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, wrote that he thought the old Quaker settlements of the districts around Philadelphia "were nearer the perfection of human society than anything I have since seen or had heard of before." And you fully understand what he meant when you are at, say, such a Quaker settlement as that of Gwynedd.

Whittier quitted New England for some three years, in the late 1830's, to live in Philadelphia and edit an anti-slavery paper here; and he stood one night on Sixth Street, between Race and Cherry, hastily disguised in an overcoat and a wig (and curiosity is balked, as to how he happened so conveniently to find, of all things, a wig!), watching the burning, by an infuriated mob of many thousands, of a beautiful building which the anti-slavery people had built as headquarters.

He boarded at one place or another, while here, and Philadelphia made no particular effort to bold him. He usually attended service at the old meeting-house on Twelfth Street, which is still standing,

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in the heart of what has become a busy and business section; and a charming and peaceful sight it is, this old meeting-house, even without the association with so distinguished a man as Whittier.

The famous Lucretia Mott, too, loved this old meeting-house, and she loved also to worship in the beautiful old meeting-house in Jenkintown, just a little away from the York Road, one of the most peaceful spots imaginable. This fine old building, prim and full of dignity, known as the Abington Meeting-House, stands in the midst of noble trees, the "Oaks of Abington." And as to these there is a story altogether delightful. For it came to pass that the Quakers of that region, many years ago, became stressed for money, and there seemed no way of obtaining it except by selling their oaks, even then of mighty growth. A large sum was offered, and the meeting was on the very point of accepting it; when a neighbor, named Fisher, paid them the sum that was needed and took the oaks in payment; only to present them to the meeting, to stand forever as their property.

The latter years of Lucretia Mott were passed in an old house on the York Road somewhat south from Jenkintown. She had won fame even in Europe, as an anti-slavery leader and a leader in thought, and Charles Dickens was one of the many who carried letters of introduction to her. She had not expected to meet Dickens, he being "not quite of our sort," as she calmly wrote, but when he sent a letter from an old friend of hers, of London, introducing him-



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self and his wife, she with much condescension decided to call.

There is something of peculiar charm about the Quakers and Quakerism; the charm is compounded of the obvious prim sweetness, the picturesque plainness, and at the same time a sort of intangible essence of charm. And it need not be deemed out of the way or offensive to refer to them as "Quakers." Formally, they are "Friends," but they also call themselves "Quakers," and Penn himself frequently used the word, so that it is not in the least a term of derision.

Standing within a great open space at Fourth and Arch streets is what is looked upon as the principal meeting-house of the original Quakers: for there are two sects, these quiet people, averse to quarreling as they are, having had bitter dissensions a century or so ago, in consequence of which they divided into Orthodox and Hicksite; and as the Hicksites outnumber the Orthodox here in Philadelphia they naturally deem themselves just as orthodox as the officially orthodox. But this meeting-house on Arch Street is one of the buildings of the officially orthodox.

The big area about this meeting-house is shut in by a nine-foot wall of brick, with long brick panels and a topping of stone; and there is spaciousness of aspect, with trees and grass, and toward one side is the fine old meeting-house itself. It is of brick, with extraordinarily broad gable in the center and broad hipped wings, and dates from 1804. It is one hundred

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and eighty feet in length, thus being the largest Quaker meeting-house in the world.

Whether Hicksite or Orthodox, all are interesting, and to non-Quakers all seem alike. And their buildings and setting seem all alike. I remember a narrow gate in a high wall near Sixteenth and Race streets; something that is always felicitous, as Henry James somewhere says; and I went inside, for there was a glimpse of an ancient burying-ground: and inside of a long enclosing brick wall I found a great open space, with a Quaker schoolhouse at one side, and old trees scattered about, and children playing: and all this quiet spaciousness just a few blocks from City Hall. The Quakers here are Orthodox, and the other great grounds, with buildings, near at hand, belong to the Hicksites; but, as I said, their places all look charmingly alike. I was walking one day on Fifteenth Street, northward between Cherry and Race, and I was tempted to turn into a narrow iron-gated, brick-paved passageway, and found it opening into a big and sunny brick-paved court, and there I found a peaceful green-and-white-shuttered meeting-house, sleeping beside a patch of green grass, in the shade of a few horse-chestnuts and a few maples.

Here, as with the other Quaker spot just described, I was fortunate in entering by the most felicitous approach, instead of by approaches not quite so fascinating. And I felt as if entering into something like the Temple Gardens of London; ancient places, with passages and gateways, and buildings dreaming peacefully in the heart of a busy city.

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The typical Quaker is credited with much of commonsense, and also with the possibility of a gently acid touch to his words; and Philadelphians consider as typical the story of the man who went to his Quaker friend for advice as to the buying of a horse. "I want a horse," he said, "that must not cost much, but which shall be nice and quiet for mother to drive out with and make calls in the afternoon, one broken to the saddle so that I may go horse-back-riding in the morning, one that is strong enough to draw the carriage when we go to church; a horse that can be depended upon for drawing the lawn mower, and also for cultivating the garden, one that would be equal to pulling in a load of hay, and that could be used to go back and forth on errands and to the railway station. Now, can you tell me where to find such a horse?"

"No," said the Quaker quietly; "I know of no such horse. But as thee looks for one why does thee not get one that is also a good milker?"

The sect takes pride in upholding the ideal announced in the city's name; and this ideal of brotherly love you will find not a vanished ideal among them, but one still justifying its tradition, in hospitality to accredited strangers, in a certain quiet gentleness; and its traditions are shown markedly by that group of idealists, the few orthodox Friends who still publish little leaflets of altruism, still watch the action of the legislature and school boards, still are prompt with delegation and protest when honor or public betterment demands or when the poor and

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downtrodden are being unfairly pushed, still teach Indian children industry, through a reservation in an adjoining State, still love their fellowman;—but even their broad and gentle love does not seem quite to cover their schismatically separated brothers, the Hicksites.

It was really by an odd chance that William Penn, the Quaker, became the founder of a commonwealth. A large money debt had been owed to his father, Admiral Penn, by the King; and in this claim against royalty consisted the main part of William's inheritance; and the King, the Merry Monarch, Charles the Second, was merrily pleased to give certain square miles of wilderness in cancellation of the debt. And Penn, with broad ideas that had come to him of doing good to mankind and setting an example of good government and humanity, gladly accepted.

It was always a matter of pride on the part of Penn that he came unarmed to America, and that no Quaker was ever killed by an Indian; in this, marking quite a contrast with the other Colonies, with their tragic records of Indian wars. Obviously this was a Penn that was mightier than the sword. But the Colony was openly taunted by the other Colonies of the period, because, as they declared, the Indians believed that the Quakers were not Christians, but men, like the Indians themselves!

Penn desired freedom even for the slaves. He planned for education, and the William Penn Charter School, still existent, to which he actually

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gave the charter—it being not only named for him but founded by him—is among the most distinguished schools of the city or State. Although it may be regretted that in putting up new buildings, some years ago, which were probably enough advisable according to modern demands of health and eyesight, the trustees lost sight of beauty and ignored the spirit of the past.

William Penn was perhaps not always strictly consistent. No one ever was. And his secretary, James Logan, who immensely loved and honored him, loved to tell of an incident of either the first or second Atlantic crossing of Penn, when, a supposed privateer being sighted, the Commonwealth founder and several other Quakers consistently went below, as non-combatants, while Logan himself stayed and took his place at a gun; and that when it was discovered that it was not a hostile ship, and Penn came on deck again, he chided Logan for being so wicked as to be ready to fight, whereupon Logan sturdily reminded him that no objection had been expressed to his fighting so long as the other vessel was supposedly hostile, and that there was complete willingness to have him fight when Penn, as his superior, could have ordered him below.

Shortly after founding Philadelphia, Penn made a treaty of amity with the Indians; the only treaty, as some great Frenchman remarked—(was it not Voltaire?)—which was not sworn to yet which was never broken.

The spot where the conference with the Indians

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was held has been remembered. It was in what is now called Kensington, at first a suburban village but long since incorporated with the city; it is reached from the center of the city through a region of long stretches of old-time markets in the middle of the street, and then an old-time village section is come upon, with oddly crooking streets twisting past flat-iron-pointed corners where right-angles cease to exist, streets with many an old-fashioned little dormered house of brick, and—uncommon sight in Philadelphia!—little dormered houses of wood.

A park has been preserved around the spot, still known as Shackamaxon, where long stood the Treaty Elm under which the treaty was made. The park is a tiny bit of greenery, dotted with little elms which are said to be descendants of the original Treaty Tree. Close-hemmed in by big modern manufacturing establishments and great piles of lumber, the little park faces out over a great glimmering stretch of the Delaware. And a monument, a little pyramidal monolith, plain and simple, a modest memorial of a momentous act, stands there.

“As long as water flows and the sun shines and grass grows;” thus was the treaty to endure. And still, where the treaty was made, the grass grows green and fresh; still, in front of this little patch of greenery, the great stream moves on in quiet glory; still, over all, the sun is shining and the cloud-flecked sky is fair and blue. It is well for Philadelphians to remember and honor this spot; it would be well for the world to honor this spot; this spot, where was

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signed an unbroken treaty; probably the only treaty of the world's history which was not broken when temptation and opportunity came hand in hand.

Penn deserved a fine and happy life, so many were his fine and happy deeds; but his latter years, which he had vainly hoped to spend in his own province and city, were checkered with disappointments, bereavements, criticism and even an imprisonment for debt.

“And thou, Philadelphia,” he wrote feelingly: “And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, named before thou wert born, what love, what care, what service, and what travail has there been, to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee!”

Macaulay, himself born of a Quaker mother, alone among historians has failed to appreciate what seem now to have been unquestionably the noble qualities of Penn; or rather, while appreciating the noble qualities, he at the same time believed that he saw serious faults; and the year after the death of Macaulay, Whittier wrote some fiery lines on him for having attacked this chief saint of the Quaker calendar in regard to some shortcomings in his conduct in England. “For the sake of his great-hearted father before him; for the sake of the dear Quaker mother that bore him; for the sake of his gifts, and the works that outlive him, and his brave words for freedom, we freely forgive him.” Which would have mattered little to Macaulay even had he been living, for he asked no forgiveness, being at least sincere,

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though mistaken. And Macaulay seems to have been mistaken, largely through a mistake in identity between Penn and a hanger-on at the English court named Pen.

The verses on Macaulay tempt Whittier to the use of the name of another historian in an interesting reference to the decreasing numbers of the sect; and he writes:

“There are those who take note that our number are small—
New Gibbons who write our decline and our fall;
But the Lord of the seed-field takes care of his own,
And the world shall yet reap what our sowers have sown.”

In the case of any great man, nothing is gained and something may be lost, by refusing to consider critical sidelights from intelligent observers, no matter though we think the observer partly or even altogether mistaken; and it was with keen interest that I chanced upon a summing up of the character of Penn, by that “Colonel William Byrd of Westover in Virginia Esqr” as he delightfully and without punctuation cognomened himself. He was the builder of the noble mansion of Westover, possessor of the largest library, of his early day, in the Colonies; he laid out the city of Richmond, thus rivaling Penn in the laying out of Philadelphia; he was a man of clear-sighted and humorous cynicism, and, to him, the fortunate freedom of Pennsylvania from Indian troubles was but due to politic caution on the part of the Quakers, who, opposed on principle to war, were wise enough to give no provoca-

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tion. And again it is the cynical man of the world who, appreciating to the full the worldly success of the Quaker colonists, who, as he freely admits, had diligence and frugality, dryly writes, "and no vices but such as are private." Cool criticism of this nature, intended to be fair, and showing how differently men of different temperaments may view things, may at least contribute to check any tendency toward over-exaltation.

Byrd was not a man of merely provincial outlook. He was educated for the law at the Middle Temple in London, was frankly well acquainted with the gay life of London and Paris that was open to young men of wealth, and was living in London as a student when Penn was a mature man of affairs there; and, among his gay associates, he picked up the story that William Penn, when himself a young man in London, before becoming a Quaker, was so handsome and had such winning ways as to be a great favorite with the ladies; notably with a mistress of the Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles the Second; and that this connection resulted in a daughter who grew up wonderfully handsome and "became a Dutchess and continued to be a Toast for 30 years." But it is not at all necessary to believe such a story, for one may see how readily it could gain circulation among people whose talks and acts were carelessly free, in an age that was notoriously careless and free. But the story of the tantalizingly un-named "Dutchess" is at least narrated by a great Colonial contemporary.

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For a peaceful folk, the Quakers seem to have quite a taste for schisms. Long before the Hicksite controversy, there was a schism of Keithites, which took so violent a form, here in Philadelphia, as to develop into an actual physical contest between the two parties! But the Hicksite controversy seems to have been conducted with seemliness of behavior. By the way, it is one of the odd things, that the Quaker who on horseback followed the body of Tom Paine, on its almost unattended journey to New Rochelle, was a Hicks, a near connection of him of the schism.

In Philadelphia, and dotted about the countryside in the vicinity of Philadelphia, are meeting-houses about which no one questions whether Orthodox or Hicksite. Every meeting-house is a house of charm, of attractiveness, of peace; every meeting-house is a place of beauty and of subtly simple appeal.

Always the simple, the unornate, the plain. The largest of all, and the oldest existent of the city, at Fourth and Arch streets, is typically plain, typically effective, with its immense concave sounding board, its incredibly long and narrow-seated settles, with their mortised ends, its galleries supported by Doric pilasters and columns of the severest Greek simplicity. In all, there is an impression of permeative gray and brown and time-dulled white that is itself almost a gray; but there are a few Venetian blinds giving unexpectedly a note of green, and through the windows one sees the greenery of the trees. The wooden pegs for hats, the gray walls, the unusual

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sills, broad and shoulder-high, the windows of many panes, the unbroken serenity of it all, the sense of spaciousness which accompanies the prim simplicity, all are interesting.

I remember a First Day morning meeting there. A majority of the small congregation went in their motor cars, and I set it down, not in the least as taking it to be indicative of any trait or any agreement, but merely as a fact which at once struck me, that every motor car (all of them being fairly expensive, of good make, and well cared for) was of the same dark rich green, a green of reserve and dignity.

Inside, in the meeting room, I noticed that the faces were notably Anglo-Saxon, sturdy and fine. A few elders sat on the front raised benches, facing the little gathering, and on the other side sat a few elderly sisters also facing those assembled; the elders being really elderly, grayish of hair and likewise grayish of whiskers; and I noticed that a few of them wore oddly-cut coats, without lapels at the neck, and I wondered if this were the style known to long-ago Philadelphians and referred to as "shad-breasted." (Some of the men, too, I noticed when the meeting broke up, wore hats of broader brims than is customary with other folk, though not so broad as pictured in cuts of Quakers of olden time.)

The deaconesses, or eldresses, if one may call them such, sat in a row of prim black, all dressed in gowns of black; and some—it was a winter's day—in shawls of black as well. And their faces were gently

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crumpled into serenest peace, matching the gently wizened faces of the oldest of the men.

It was a meeting of long and restful silences. Silent introspection, solemn self-contemplation, a speaking only when the spirit moves, are curiously impressive. By no means were all of the men and women old, yet few were young, and only a small number were below middle age; and there came to me, perhaps incongruously, the frequently uttered Philadelphia pleasantry, "Who ever saw a Quaker baby?"

For a long time the grave and reverend seniors sat in profound silence; the women sat in silence as profound; in all, of the men, only two spoke, and they spoke briefly, slowly, expressing thoughts of gentle beneficence toward all mankind. There was no vaunting priggishness, no pretentiousness, no claim of merit; it was merely that a group of intelligent people had gathered, well disposed toward all the world. The first speaker enriched his talk, unaffectedly, with fine Biblical phraseology; the second spoke somewhat of the past, and referred to Fox as if he were a friend of yesterday.

A long pause between the brief talks of the two men; a long pause after the words of the second; a pause as of peaceful rumination; and then one of the oldest of the women spoke, taking off her prim black bonnet and displaying the white cap beneath. She began with a sort of quaking diffidence, but soon her voice grew more steady, more sure, though still it was very, very gentle. She spoke even more

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briefly than the men, and her subject was charity, and ended with a quotation from "The Vision of Sir Launfal," brought in with easy naturalness, as if she were accustomed to thinking in terms of the poets:

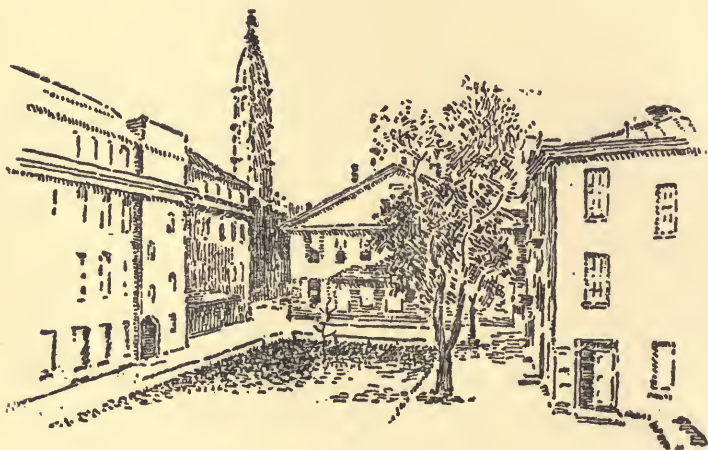
" 'Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.' "

And it was almost startling; for I wondered if she knew that, not so many years before the time when she herself, sweet old lady that she was, was born, the poet who wrote those fine lines had lived just across the street from this old meeting-house; that James Russell Lowell, New Englander of New Englanders, had for a time lived in the Quaker City as a writer, with his wife, and that the house in which they lived is still standing, at the northeast corner of Fourth and Arch streets, facing diagonally this Quaker building.

At what is now the junction of Thirteenth Street and Ridge Avenue there used to be an open space, looked upon as a bit of town common. It was really a space for pasturage and sheds, established by the Quakers for the free use of such of their number as should drive in from outlying points to the meetings. With the coming of railroads, the original purpose could no longer be carried out, and so a court decree permitted the sale of the land and the putting of the money into a fund whose interest was to be expended in railway fares for not-rich Quakers who wished to attend Yearly Meetings or other formal gatherings.

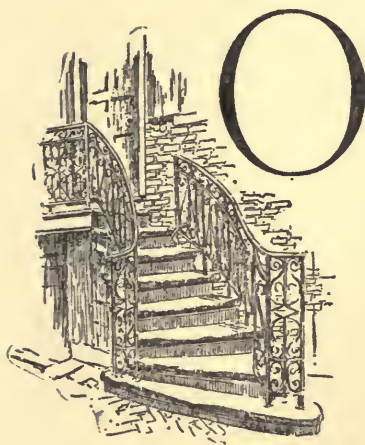
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But while that bit of land was still open and free, it was put to a use of worldwide importance; for here, one day, went Benjamin Franklin, accompanied by his son William, to fly a kite when thunderclouds were piling up in the sky; the most famous kiteflying of the world!



CHAPTER VIII

OLD SECTIONS OF THE CITY



ONLY gradually does one come to realize, even though familiar with the city for years, that Philadelphia retains much more of the old, in buildings, than does any other American city. Much of the old is shabby, but shabbiness is a frequent adjunct of age, especially of a city's age. In Philadelphia there grad-

ually comes the impression of square miles of buildings, shabby with time and desertion; and then one begins to pick out here and there, buildings of especial interest, and to visualize the days that are gone; and at the same time one realizes that much of the city's present-day prosperity is directly dependent upon these shabby-seeming streets. One is apt for a time to have an impression of a wilderness of gray despair and disrepair. But although there is much of the shabby poor, there is also a great deal of shabby comfort, in the ancient quarters. And at

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any moment one may come upon the fascinating.

There still stands the home of the Reverend Robert Blackwell, of the New York family who owned Blackwell's Island, which long ago became a spot of associations anything but churchly. This Blackwell who came to Philadelphia was the wealthiest of clergymen in America and one of the wealthiest men of this wealthy city. His home, at 224 Pine Street, was one of the splendid homes of the time. It is now sadly wrecked, it is dirty, dilapidated and dingy, and much of its splendid interior panelings and ornamentation have been torn out and carried away. Its glory has departed. Yet even now, it can be seen that its outside cornice, facing the street, is of intricate and elaborate design and workmanship; indeed, it was among the few most elaborate cornices of the city.

And there is the Powel house, also among the finest of all, at 244 South Third Street, with unusual overmantel in the main bedroom, and unusual paneling; but it is now dingy of aspect, shuttered close, not remindful of its glory when Washington was a guest here, and when John Adams, in one of those letters of his which are still a gustatory joy, wrote of a dinner here in phrases overflowing with joyful listing of the curds and creams and sweetmeats, the jellies, the tarts the syllabub, the floating island, the cheeses and the drinkables.

Among mementoes of the past there are some which, although of unusual interest, are easily and generally and literally overlooked. I mean the old-time footscrapers, of which many are still to be

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found, old ones, fine old ones, within the heart of the old portion of the city, built into the sidewalk at the foot of the house steps.

A pair of winged griffins, back to back, lion-pawed, very strong, particularly pictorial, are near Third and Buttonwood streets. In numerous places there are the old curled-ear, wrought-iron scrapers, of the blacksmith's handiwork. On South Third Street I remember a scraper with classic urn above a hooped-over top; and not far away, on the same street, is one of almost the same design, except that the hooped-over top is taller and more slender.

The admirable designs and the variety, make these old Philadelphia foot-scrapers extremely worth while. An interesting scraper on Walnut Street, is another of the hooped-top kind, made by some unknown Peter Visscher of an iron worker, with eight wrought-iron curls upon it which must have delighted the artisan's heart and which are a delight to look at to-day. Another on Walnut Street is curiously made, with a wrought rosette on either side. A pair of very old ones form a pair of bracings for the bottom of the iron balusters of the steps in front of a house on Pine Street.

These are but examples. The number of old scrapers still remaining is large and the proportion of interesting ones is great. And these lowly examples of early artisanship are worthy of search and examination.

There is still a great deal of fine old wrought-iron work that is more prominent than the scrapers.

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There are lovely old iron rails at front doorsteps, many of them with the classic palmette, one of the things which so often make architects refer to things of old-time Philadelphia, little or big, as "pure Greek."

Everywhere is the interesting. There are adorable little curving marble steps, ironrailed, rising rather steeply to the doorways; and when they are in pairs, converging to a center, these are house-door approaches of great distinction. There are fan-lights, there are pent-eaves, there are pilasters at many a door, and here and there one still may see an old-time knocker. And it is sorrowful to see such a proportion of the old made squalid and sodden by ill-usage. And the squalid so frequently merges into the mere shabby, and alternates with it, that one is constantly liable to confound the two qualities. There are many decent and decorous people living on what at first glance seem altogether dirty and deplorable streets; and there is still much of excellent and prosperous business carried on in shabby old buildings.

It is curious, yet one sees how natural it was, that coming to a new country with infinite open space usable, Penn should have planned his new city with many of the streets as narrow as if they were in the close-cramped, walled-in cities of old Europe. He probably thought that he was giving the streets, on the average, great spaciousness. But his rectangular plan, besides marking out most of the streets with what we deem narrowness, marked also a system of alleys behind all of the streets. They are

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still alleys, although in this finical age they are called streets. And, ill-kept though most of them are, they still show, especially two or three running westward from the Delaware River water-front, just north of Market Street, how pleasantly people of moderate means used to live, in these little old houses, still standing, of two-stories and an attic; houses with dormer windows, with projective pent-eaves between the first and second stories, and each with its little doorstep and its solid shutters.

Originally, the idea frankly was that the less well to do should frankly accept these less desirable locations, and live in these small houses in the narrow alleys; and the intent also was to make these inferior homes really homelike; and in those early days they were.

Numbers of these old alleys—and the system of alleys extended with the extension of the city—are still without sewage connection, even behind some of the fashionable and wealthy streets, and behind prosperous streets of modern business; and until recently there were many more. Some of these old alleys are mediæval in suggestion; both evil and mediæval in unsanitariness, in narrowness, in their rough cobbled paving, in their sharp grading toward the gutter in the center of the roadway; a gutter which is in some alleys the only sewer. Such places as the worst of these, with the narrower alley entrances and the loss of light and ventilation for the homes, are paralleled nowhere else in America, and nowhere in England except in dismal Sheffield or some other duke-owned city. The rent roll of great

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estates that own the alley properties gives the explanation there, and presumably the same explanation holds to a great extent here; yet assuredly not in all cases.

Numbers of these narrow alleys are still close-packed with human life, and in grim correlation, human death; and you may still pick out, here and there, a crowded alley, extremely dirty, with the terrible record of its deaths during the yellow fever scourge of 1793 still kept in mind.

In one of these alleys, into which Doctor Rush and Stephen Girard and a few other brave men penetrated during those yellow fever days, freely risking their own lives, tirelessly tending the sick and carrying out the dead on their shoulders, in one of these alleys, now called Spring Street, leading westward from Front Street, a little north of Market, an alley of smells, of roadways uncommonly rough, of small houses, of doddering roof lines and ancient gables, the impression of being set far back into the past comes with curious force. The alley is really among the very oldest and tradition has it that some of the little houses here have been standing for over two centuries, and that to one of them Benjamin Franklin came, as a youth, on his arrival from Boston, and in this house rented a room, and made his first home in Philadelphia. It is one of the unsanitary alleys. It does not run through the block from street to street, but makes a sudden turn to the right, and ends abruptly in this right-angled offshoot; and in this little offshoot is the old house.

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And it is a pleasure to see that it is pridefully kept up. It has a brass knocker, and still retains what many a rich house would envy it, one of those ancient bull's-eyes which are year by year growing more rare.

There is an undoubted charm about this. The houses themselves are surprisingly clean and attractive, also, as you suddenly notice. In fact, it is a place of contradictions. And although you still see features which you would fain see bettered, there has been a marked holding up of standards along this entire right-angled cul-de-sac. And you find that the properties here are not owned by rich men or by estates, but are individually owned, and mostly by that vanishing race, the Americans, or by old-time Irish, who, in these days of Southern European inundation, seem markedly American.

There does not seem to be much actual basis for the Franklin tradition, yet it seems reasonable. Much of the soundest history is necessarily based upon tradition. And in this case I am inclined to accept the tradition because of a touch of verisimilitude, a homely, human touch, which is, that it is still traditionally held that Franklin used to go from here to the then much nearer riverside, and plunge in and take long swims.

Franklin used to be a mighty swimmer, and he exulted in his physical prowess; and as life went on, and he acquired medal after medal of honor, from monarchs and societies and public assemblies, for this or that achievement in science or statecraft, a story told of another Philadelphian, also a writer,

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might have been put upon him with a different application. For this modern Philadelphian writer, Richard Harding Davis, in the desire to make an effect at some formal reception, pinned across his breast several medals received for achievements in war correspondence or other experiences, whereupon George Ade approached and, running his finger along the line of medals, touching each as if in awe, to the increasing pleasure of the wearer, said at length, with gentle questioning, "Swimming?"

Near this probable Franklin locality is one that is associated with Washington. For at the southeast corner of Front and Market streets—the buildings now standing thereabouts, although not new, are not of Revolutionary era, and the general aspect has also considerably changed through the filling in and pushing out of the waterfront—to that corner, Washington made a daily habit of going, when he lived in Philadelphia as President of the United States; twelve o'clock was the usual hour, and he would stand, watch in hand, for a moment, comparing his watch with the clock in the window of the clockdealer who then occupied this corner. He was always immaculately dressed; for it was a deep-based belief with him that a man owes it to himself and to his position in life to dress with care, and he felt this the more deeply at a time when he knew that his appearance and personal bearing were of vital importance to a new and struggling nation, in giving it place in the eyes of the world. And it is also still remembered, for tradition has brought it down, that

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the porters of the then immediate waterside always took off their hats when he came and stood uncovered till he walked away, and that he always lifted his own hat in recognition.

Washington, in those Presidential days of Philadelphia, lived in a fine house on the south side of Market Street between Fifth and Sixth streets. It was in that house, long since vanished before the march of business, that he received the terrible news of St. Clair's defeat; maintaining calm during the dinner party that was in progress when the message came, then giving way briefly to wild grief and indignation. It was in that house that Alexander Hamilton, on the day on which he resigned his post as Secretary of the Treasury, picked up a copy of the Constitution of the United States, and said: "So long as we are a young and virtuous people, this instrument will bind us together in mutual interests, mutual welfare, and mutual happiness; but when we become old and corrupt it will bind us no longer." For the wise men of early days well knew that there were possibilities of disaster which the Constitution, unless backed by the devotion of the country, would be powerless to check. It was in that house that Gouverneur Morris tested his bet that he could be successful in treating Washington familiarly, which nobody had ever done; and so, here it was that, at dinner table, he patted the President on the shoulder and said, "Old gentleman, do you believe that?"—only to be crushed into abjection by Washington's silent look. (Once, at a gathering in

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Virginia, where Washington was in the habit of meeting his neighbors as a fellow farmer, it was agreed beforehand that the custom into which they had fallen, of rising at his entrance, be discontinued, and that all keep their seats; but the very moment that he entered, and glanced about the room, every man arose.)

The landlord and neighbor of Washington, on Market Street, was Robert Morris; and Morris sold these holdings to put his money into what was to be the grandest of all Philadelphia mansions. He bought the entire block, between Chestnut and Walnut streets, and Seventh and Eighth, and there put such vast sums of money into his new house as utterly to ruin him. The house was never completed; before long it was destroyed for business advancement; and it had an extraordinary quantity of underground structure, with cellars and tunnels and walls and arches; and portions of these underground or semi-underground constructions are still existent and from time to time cause puzzled inquiry.

Another Morris house, at 225 South Eighth Street, between Walnut and Spruce, built in 1786, may fairly be deemed the best example remaining of the old-time excellent town dwelling house of wealth and beauty. Though far from being so old as some, it is of pre-Revolutionary style, and is a broad-fronted building, admirably proportioned, with excellent door and dormers, with windows twenty-four paned and wooden-shuttered; and it contains, as do so many of the houses of this city, a great quantity of old furniture and old china. It is known as the Morris house,

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and has for some generations been owned by a Morris family; but, as with the so-called Morris house of Germantown, it was not built by a Morris nor was it owned by a Morris during the most interesting years of its existence. It stands—an unusual condition for that part of the city—with a garden space on either side of it.

And this is remindful of that altogether charming old house, lovingly known as the "Yellow Mansion," which until a few years ago stood, garden-surrounded and tree-shaded, in square-fronted serenity, at Broad and Walnut streets.

The early builders were fortunate in their age, for it was an age when it was hard to build unattractively; it was an age of largely unconscious devotion to beauty; these old-time Philadelphians builded better than they knew, their conscious stone to beauty grew—only the poets "stone" must here be rendered "brick." A universal sense of beauty was diffused, and that is why the Colonial houses of America, or those built near that time and following those ideals, are such models of taste. And it is most satisfactory to find so many of the most beautiful ones still preserved.

To seek out the best examples in the old parts of the city, go if possible on Sunday. On weekdays the streets are jammed and cluttered, and there is a roar and thunder of traffic, and you see nothing but the heavy motor-trucks as you cross the streets and the crowded sidewalks as you walk, every moment bumping or bumped if your attention strays from your

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stepping. But on Sunday the entire old-time district is open and deserted, with scarcely a vehicle, scarcely any people on the sidewalks. Every old house is recognizable. You see every worth-while gable and doorway and cornice. On weekdays, you think there is nothing there to see; on Sundays you realize what a very great deal remains.

On South Ninth Street, at No. 260, there are Kingly instead of Presidential memories; for in this house, gray-plastered outside, with its end to the street, with a little portico, with a bow-front of wrought-iron, with wistaria clambering about, there lived for a time a man who called himself Comte de Surveilliers, but it was no secret that he was really Joseph Bonaparte, formerly King of Spain. The house still contains some fine old furniture of his time, including two fine Empire sofas, and there is a great room still papered with the scenic paper which was on the walls when he lived here, with lovely classic scenes in such soft colorings as now to have become practically black and white.

At the northeast corner of Fourth and Arch streets stands an old house, built about 1760, of much dignity and excellent lines; a house of three stories and a dormered attic, and with the line of the front cornice continuing on the side of the house along the base of the gable. And it has long been regarded as the home of the first provost of the University of Pennsylvania, William Smith; although recently some have claimed that his house was in reality the old house on the diagonally opposite corner.

A distinguished man was Provost Smith, a peppery

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irascible man, besides being a man of dignity and learning; and when he was put into jail for some months through a dispute with the Colonial Assembly, charged with having assisted a Judge Moore in the preparation of an obnoxious pamphlet, he used his time to excellent advantage, addressing with perfect composure and even nonchalance his classes, who gathered outside of the jail window, and becoming well acquainted with, and engaged to, the daughter of his fellow prisoner, Judge Moore, and marrying her shortly after his release. To clear his name, he then voyaged to England, and secured a royal order condemning in severe terms the unwarranted imprisonment; an order which was quite annoying in its effects, however, when the Revolution came and made royal favoritism unpopular!

A son of his marriage with Judge Moore's daughter Rebecca (Rebecca was a favorite name with early Philadelphians) had a daughter who as a little girl was given a calf for a pet; and when, like other calves, it grew to cowhood, the British, who had by that time attained the occupancy of Philadelphia and its immediate vicinity, captured it. This granddaughter of the Provost learned that the raiding troopers were of the division of Lord Cornwallis and so to the British camp she made her way, and was led to the general's tent. She was only some thirteen years of age, but demanded earnestly that her pet cow be restored. The general looked at her genially, but asked if she had no father or brother who could have appealed in her behalf, whereupon the little girl bravely

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replied that her father was then in a military prison in Philadelphia and that her brothers were with the Continental army. And at this Cornwallis, with all military courtesy, ordered that her cow be driven back and, as the girl thanked him and turned to leave, he handed her a little trinket, expressing the hope that she would pleasantly keep in mind a British officer.

Little Letitia Street used to be notable from its possession of what was known as the "Letitia house"; some years ago removed to Fairmount Park and now known as the "Penn house"; it being, supposedly, a house built by William Penn, and probably for his daughter Letitia. The house as it stands is not as old as the style of Penn's time, unless it has been somewhat altered; and it cannot now be learned, with certainty, precisely whether or not this was the veritable house after all. When people forget, deeds are the only evidence, and deeds, after all, give only land boundaries; and when a deed covers a tract containing several houses it is anybody's guess just which is some particularly sought-for house, or what is the age of a house, except so far as certain indications are usually evident as to this latter point.

Letitia Street has an undoubted association of another kind, one which shows that human nature is always essentially the same. At a little inn, long ago established in Letitia Street, and long since gone, a young man one day appeared and announced that he had sold himself to the devil, who was to come on a near-at-hand day and seize him, unless he could raise redemption money. The people were so impressed by

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his plausible plight that they actually raised the money, and on the fateful day came with it and placed it on a table in the middle of the room at the inn, and then prayed; the number of ministers present being three. But, "The devil! The devil at the window!" suddenly cried the young man, interrupting the fervent prayers. At which everybody fled in wildest panic. And when, after a while, a few crept hesitatingly back, the young man, and of course the money, had gone.

One of the prettiest stories of old Philadelphia is connected with one of the smallest of the ancient houses of the city, still standing on Arch Street, between Second and Third. And the most delightful thing about the delightful story is the fact that Philadelphians are ready to fight, instantly and fiercely, if you speak of the story as true!—a story which a city of different idiosyncrasies would gladly grasp for itself. But there is a reason for this. For years, the story was so sentimentalized, so intensely oversentimentalized, in pictures and descriptions, as to give a disagreeable flavor. And, too, there was at one time some financial exploitation which touched the city's pride.

The actual story is sweet and homely. Elizabeth Ross, Betsey Ross, the widow of John Ross, a nephew of one of the Signers, supported herself for a time as a lace cleaner and by carrying on the business of her husband, who had been an upholsterer or "upholder," as the word was in those days. She did not long remain the Widow Ross, for a soldier named Ashburn married her, and after he was captured and

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died a prisoner in England, she was married again, this time to one Claypole, understood to be a descendant of Cromwell.

Congress, in June of 1777, voted for a flag of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with thirteen stars, white in a blue field. Washington was in Philadelphia at the time, over from New York on military business, and the committee which was appointed by Congress to carry out the idea consulted with him. He knew Mrs. Ross. She had cared for his lace cuffs, he knew her as a self-respecting, self-supporting woman, and he led the committee to her house. Under their eyes, Mrs. Ross cut and stitched, and soon the flag lay before them, the first of our Stars and Stripes!

There is no official record of her making that first flag. No importance was attached to the matter. To Betsey Ross it was merely, as we nowadays should say, "all in the day's work"; to the committee, and to Washington, it was just a matter of finding the best woman for the work. Philadelphians say that had it been Betsey Ross some claim would have been made earlier. But whoever it was that made that first flag made no claim earlier! And those who doubt that Betsey did it, have no one else to suggest.

Old records, although none have been found referring to that first flag, show that Mrs. Ross was afterwards given considerable work by the Government as a maker of flags and colors, one single payment for some ship's colors being fourteen pounds and twelve shillings. There are traces, for years, of

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her having won her place as a maker of national flags; and she was a woman of some substance, and of recognized position in business, in an age when women in business were rare.

At the time of the Centennial, in 1876, when everything Revolutionary assumed, in Philadelphia, new and great prominence, a grandson of Betsey Ross told of the flag-making, saying that when he was a boy of eleven, his grandmother, then Mrs. Claypole, told in his hearing the story of the making of that first American flag, under the very eye of General Washington. And at any rate, the very idea is picturesque, of the scene, that day, in the little low-ceilinged room of that tiny Arch Street house.



CHAPTER IX

STREETS AND WAYS



THERE is a stationary quality noticeable in Philadelphia's population more than in other cities. In Boston, although many of the wealthy and prominent, the people of "family," still live in the same district, the same streets, the same houses, of long ago, there is little of this permanence with the other classes.

In such newer great cities as Cleveland one will find conservative families established in four successive homes in one generation, caused by "changing neighborhoods." In Philadelphia, however, people of all classes continue year after year, generation after generation, to live in the same houses. And it is a distinctive feature of the city, that the people are proud of their own districts. The people of Diamond Street are as proud of Diamond Street as the people of Rittenhouse Square are proud of Rittenhouse Square.

There are no "blocks" in Philadelphia street nomenclature. The term "block" is unknown.

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There are "squares," to express street spaces between cross-streets. I one day heard a Philadelphian naïvely wondering, having heard a New Yorker refer to a "block," whether that word had come to New Yorkers from the fact that Adrian Block was an important figure in early New York life.

One takes easily to the use of "squares" in this city from the fact that the city was laid out by Penn in literal squares; the streets are primly precise, crossing one another at severe right angles; this unswerving checker-board severity, however, being relieved by the diagonal lines of a few avenues which cut across the city on the bias. One sees in the plan of the city, in its impression of gentle rigidity, an indication of the very spirit of Quakerism. There is a pleasing satisfactoriness in the way in which the city is laid out; and there comes the memory of the argument between the Philadelphian and the New Yorker as to the merits of their respective cities, and of how the Philadelphian, driven to anger by his opponent's continued imperviousness, at length cried triumphantly, "But at least you must admit that Philadelphia is well laid out!" To which the New Yorker, "I knew that Philadelphia was dead but I did not know it was laid out!" Ah, well—those many, many jests on Philadelphia!—And how calmly Philadelphia goes on her important way, ignoring them! And yet, when a certain line of stories continues to develop, with additional similar stories developing, for generations, there must be

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some ground for them. And the ground seems to be a certain content that is inherent in the average Philadelphian's character or temperament. But content is a pleasant thing to get along with, and is one of the qualities which go to the making up of the delightful Philadelphia type.

The quality of content has made for the continued uniformity of streets and houses and looks and manners; very pleasing, all this, interesting and unusual. For forty years, so Philadelphians will tell you, the quarrymen of Burlington, Vermont, supplied the white marble steps and copings for Philadelphia buildings, large and small; what a contented continuity of trade! And they will add that no Burlington man ever lost a cent by a Philadelphia bad debt!

Yet contentment may have its bad side. In speaking, with a newspaper editor, of the street car system which makes eight cents the fare for most of the people, with what those from other cities deem poor service, he laughed contentedly and said, "But I own street railway stock!" And a lawyer who had been made a member of a commission to investigate tuberculosis conditions told me that he found conditions so bad, in the district assigned to him, that his report was quietly suppressed.

One of the street railway executives, at a dinner with a party of about a score, spoke of an intended car that was to be without possibility of ventilation. "And if the public object we'll put the cars on anyhow!" he exclaimed. But this was not really

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so defiant as it seemed. He knew that Philadelphians, rich and poor, did not like ventilation, even though they may indulge, contradictorily, in open-air sleeping at home. For even the open-air sleeper, the moment he enters a trolley or railway car, in cold or even cool weather, desires every particle of fresh air shut out. Even business offices, and private homes, yes, even doctors' offices, are kept to the same general standard. When, as a war measure, it was proposed to have no heat in the street cars, but to let them be heated entirely by the animal heat of the passengers, it impressed the city as an obviously excellent thing to do.

There is a sort of cynical frankness here, as to the power of the powerful, that I have not noticed elsewhere in such degree. And those who suffer from the powerful feel but a sense of fatalism. "Allah is great!"—Allah being the man with money.

In the matter of street cars, the company acts on the knowledge that the class who would naturally be the powerful objectors ride in their own motors, or walk from railway station to office, or from their homes to their offices. Philadelphia, curiously, for so large a city, is so built as to permit of doing without trolley cars on the part of a host of people. With marvelous convenience, the railroads have placed their stations in the heart of the city, so that commuters may walk to their places of business. And the most active business area is so small as to cover only walkable distances. And a great number of fine homes and a still greater number of more

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ordinary homes, are within walkable distance from offices, from the shopping district, and from the theaters.

The sense of content, in the city, of satisfaction with things because they are Philadelphian, becomes naturally a sense of patience; also a heritage of the Quakers. And never was there a city so patient. I have seen a packed trolley-load of people, a carload so tight-packed that there was not another inch of standing room, turned out on a windy corner, with the thermometer hovering around zero, for that car to be switched off and returned, while the people waited under the command of "Next car!" And there was not a word, not a symptom, of protest, or even of impatience or anger. The next car came, and it was itself so jammed that only a few of the people standing in the icy wind could board it. Still, not a word or an indication of resentment!

And I remember one recent cold morning last winter, at Germantown station, quite a group waiting for a train which was behind time. In the first place, no one thought of taking a street car. These were commuters who had day after day taken the train, and a custom must not be broken. Nor did any one telephone for a taxicab, although every man and woman had the appearance of being amply able to afford many taxicabs, and although it was presumably important for most of these well-to-do folk to get to their destinations. Time was not made for Philadelphians. They would wait. I waited too; in gathering impressions for this book it would never

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have done to desert those patient people. They waited for over an hour, without a single effort on the part of a single individual to find some other method of getting away, and without the slightest sign or word of impatience. And this, not from self-control, for they did not feel either anger or worry; they did not feel impatience. There was every indication that they would patiently stay there till going-home time, if necessary, and that then they would, with a mild sense of duty done, just go home. When, after the wait of over an hour, the train was seen rounding a curve, there was not the faintest sign of relief or interest, and the people boarded it just as if it had come in on time.

But one need not dwell on the overdevelopment of content, except so far as to point out how it lies at the root of the city's characteristics, and that it could be traced out curiously in various developments.

The typical Philadelphian is neat, well-groomed, precise, even immaculate. And the women are admirably gowned, good looking, many of them pretty or even positively beautiful. The average is higher in the good looks of women than in any other city that I know, whether in Europe or America. Thackeray referred to them as the "pretty Quakeresses"; but Chestnut Street, on a sunny winter afternoon, does not nowadays precisely suggest Quakeresses.

One of the points that marks that this city has traits of the nearby South is that you will see

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negroes, in bitter weather, wrap up their feet in huge bundles of burlap or old carpeting, and thus stumble about, with ragged coats pinned across their chests and turned up toward their ears.

The real Philadelphian, however, and now I mean the typical white Philadelphian, has an almost insuperable aversion to giving way, in outward appearance, to cold, and even on bitter cold days does not even turn up the collar of his overcoat; his aversion to doing this amounting almost to personal inhibition. It simply isn't done, in Philadelphia; and if it isn't done, the Philadelphian, whether of north or south of Market Street, does not do it. But stoic as he is in the matter of his coat collar in a snow storm, it seems to be quite proper to put on a little pair of funny velvet ear-muffs!

In the shops or in advertisements, one never meets with "Bargains." The very word gives the Philadelphian a cold shock. There may be "special sales," however, and there is the lure of "reductions," which the most exclusive shop can offer without loss of caste. Yet the word "bargains," so disliked by Penn's present-day successors, was used by Penn himself. On the same ship with him, in coming over, was a man named Duché, ancestor of the rector of that name, and Penn borrowed thirty pounds of him. On landing, and looking over the new city's site, Penn offered Duché a fine space in the very heart of expected development, in lieu of the money as actual money was scarce; it would have been a "bargain," wrote Penn; and he also, in writing

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down that Duché refused the "bargain" and wanted the money instead, called Duché the very un-Quaker-like name of "blockhead"; which the over-cautious man was himself soon ready to admit that he was.

Early Philadelphia showed its love for trees by giving tree names to the principal east and west streets of the city, as Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, Pine, Locust, Cedar, Filbert, Mulberry, Sassafras; and most of these names have been retained.

It has ill-naturedly been said that Philadelphia is as narrow as her streets; but in reality she is a city of imagination. Surely, none but a city of sweeping breadth of outlook could put up such a sign as is placed at one of the busiest corners, that of Broad and Walnut; it is a signpost, marking the points to the westward, and only two cities are named; Lancaster, practically a suburb—and San Francisco!

The city is good. It frankly admits this, and believes it. To be sure, some Philadelphians, goaded by the complacent claims of their own city, have called it "corrupt and content"; which is, however, quite too severe. The contentment is basic, temperamental, inescapable, and apparently not very bad in results, with much that is resultantly pleasant; and as to being corrupt, it is merely that the city is about like other cities. She became accustomed, years ago, to a political control which (I say this in all seriousness and from considerable knowledge) out-Tammanyed Tammany; and her self-styled "reformers" have been neither better nor worse than "reformers" elsewhere.

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In view of the present-day eagerness for public office it is curious to note that it was only some quarter of a century before the Revolution that two men, in one year, elected in turn to the mayoralty, refused in turn to serve, and were each fined the sum of thirty pounds for such neglect of civic duty. And two or three years after this, although meanwhile a salary of one hundred pounds was attached to the office, a man elected to the office disappeared and kept out of sight, his wife merely declaring that he was away from home, until another man was elected and installed.

From the earliest days, Philadelphia has officially recognized offenses against the law, although the attitude of the people has been that crime does not exist. There was a time when a man would be fined twelve pennies if he smoked in the public street; showing what a height of civic virtue was attained; and old records tell of a butcher who was punished as a "common swearer" because of "swearing three oaths in the market-place, and uttering two very bad curses." Could criminal record be more delightfully naïve! But even at that, curiosity is balked, for the "two very bad curses" are not given in the record.

In the first year of Philadelphia's life, in 1682, it was ordered that a "cage" be built, "seven feet long by five feet broad," for lawbreakers: assuredly, narrow quarters! and the scenes around the stocks and pillories of the early years were not edifying.

The laws of Pennsylvania have always had odd

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quirks, hence the colloquial references to a "Philadelphia lawyer"; and landlord and tenant laws are unusual. For rent due, the landlord is given power to levy upon not only the personal property of the tenant but upon that of a tenant or even a guest! If the tenant takes away his own property, while owing rent, he is guilty of theft. At least, "Philadelphia lawyers" tell of these things, and they tell, too, strange stories of "ground rents" lying mysteriously hidden under many a lease, ready to arise and remain an incubus forever.

The police of to-day, on the whole, are a capable-seeming set of men, with somewhat more of lack of discipline or lack of appearance of discipline than is customary elsewhere. It is not unusual to see a policeman lounging against a wall; in hot weather I have seen them sitting on the front steps of shuttered homes.

Philadelphians have so much of both manner and manners, that the negroes who live here, and there are great numbers of them, imitatively have also a higher than usual average of manner and manners, and indeed of general conduct, for in no other city is the standard of the negroes so high, especially of those who are house servants, office employees, elevator operators, and such classes.

The newsboys of the city have terribly raucous voices, and this comes from their fighting against the noises of the streets, and in particular the noise of trolleys. For the trolleys crash through the narrow business streets, high-walled by buildings on

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either side, with terrific thundering, banging, clanging, grinding sounds, excruciatingly terrible.

Slang, except now and then some selected word for a special occasion, is not necessary to the speech of the better-class Philadelphian. He has his own phrases, however, and it is typically Philadelphian to begin a sentence, "My thought is—." He is rather particular as to his speech, yet his particularity does not smack of the schoolroom; but now and then you may even hear the Oxford pronunciation of *physiognomy*, "fizzi-on-yu-mi." Once or so in a lifetime you will hear, what you will never hear in any other American city and rarely in England away from the tower of Magdalen, the pronunciation of "Deuteronomy" with long "o's" and with the accent on the next to the last syllable.

The Philadelphian dislike of the simple word "the" is among the curious manifestations of the city. There are two sets of city council; what may be termed the upper and the lower houses; but Philadelphia never refers to "the councils"; no Philadelphian could by possibility do so. It is always just one word, "councils"; and "councils" do not meet in the City Hall, huge building though it is. No. It is always "City Hall," without the "the." I do not know why or how this can be. I put it down as among those unexplainable facts which travelers notice, in Europe or Asia or in Pennsylvania. And, as a rule, although not with absolute uniformity of usage, a man does not have his money in the bank; it is "in bank."

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There is no "Union League Club" here, as there is in New York, and other cities, for, with recognition of correctness, it is just the "Union League." It is a typical Philadelphia pronunciation to give "hospitable," a word much used in this extremely hospitable city, with the accent, oddly and markedly, on the "spit." Great numbers of Philadelphians, although in this case not the most careful speakers, refer to the "rad-iators" on the front of their motor-cars, and to the "shock-abzorbers" (with a "z" sound!) on the rear axle.

There is not the variety of odd street signs that one expects to see in an old city; but one is amused by such a baker's announcement as "The Cake that made Mother stop Baking." The oldest confectioner of the city still displays the good old-fashioned word, "Sweets." There are still such reminders of the past as, "goat, sheep and deer skins." I noticed on the front of a mansion that had been given over to the use of the Naval Auxiliary of the Red Cross, in the very heart and center of Philadelphia's exclusiveness, on Rittenhouse Square, the sign, without saving punctuation, "Parcels and Packages received here for the Men of our Navy weighing less than 100 pounds."

Though a city with a reputation for slowness, one notices an unusual number of places where clothes are pressed or shoes mended "while you wait." But, of course, this does not tell how long you may be expected to wait!

Butchers are still known as "licensed victualers."

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One gets the impression of an unusual number of bird-seed stores and of places where dogs and other small animals are sold. There are many more opticians, proportionately, than in other cities, and I have heard Philadelphians themselves explain this by the city's constant contrast of red brick and white marble. There is more than the usual number of shoe stores, because Philadelphians walk more than the people of most American cities, their homes and railway stations being so near the center.

Perhaps Franklin unconsciously set the supposed Philadelphia standard, in the matter of sleep, by promptly falling asleep, the very first day he was in the city, in the first building that he entered, which happened to be a meeting-house. It is still a city that is delightfully dormered; there are dormer windows, in the older portions, in every direction; and one may readily fancy a connection between "dormer" and sleep; although, for many people it would be amusingly sufficient, as a proof of sleepiness, to say that the city actually maintains a number of cricket clubs!

It is a city that goes to bed early and the "twelve o'clock visitor in a nine o'clock town" is frequent. In the older residence streets, those which still have solid shutters, you will hear the resonant bang of shutter after shutter, shortly after eight. The dog is either turned out or called in, according to the kind of owner, and then the houses are black. This is, however, to some degree deceptive, as the old-fashioned sitting-room is up one flight and at the



RESIDENTIAL RITTENHOUSE SQUARE

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rear of the house; but even so, the hours are generally early for a big city.

Naturally, an idiosyncratic city develops some idiosyncratic people; and one of the Philadelphia judges is blessed with so careful a wife that she has all the family silver carried to her room, for safe-keeping, every night; and friends—(it is always friends!) say that the distinguished judge often pounds furiously on the breakfast table, impatiently waiting for the so very carefully guarded silver to appear.

Over and over, one comes back to the subtle satisfied something that is written on the Philadelphia face. "Smug," says one visitor. They "never bristle," says Henry James. "I can always tell what city a man comes from"—you remember the old story—working around to, "Now, you are from Philadelphia," and the indignant, "No, I'm not! I've been sick for a month and that's why I look that way!"

I think the feeling comes, first, from the inherited spirit of non-resistance, and secondly from the sense of conscious regularity which comes from living among severely regular streets and regular numberings.

Streets at right angles, numbered in numerical succession, and precisely one hundred numbers to a block; the streets north of Market just the same as south of Market with the differentiating "North" or "South" in referring to them—this alone must have a tremendous effect on the mental makeup of the

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people. Direct a man to, say, 2020 South Twentieth Street, and he knows that he must go twenty squares south on the twentieth street from the Delaware River.

I happened to read, in an English book, a few days ago, of an American, in London, who was under suspicion of giving a false name and address, because he gave it as "One thousand one hundred and ninety-one, Walnut Street, Philadelphia;" obviously an invention, to the British mind (though one really does not see why); till a traveled Englishman remarked that there really was such a street in Philadelphia and that, as it was at least ten miles in length, it might possibly reach that numbering. As a matter of fact, it reaches the number within less than two miles.

This regularity operates, too, to hold people close to the customary. They go precisely to the places where they have always gone, to see the things they have always seen. They rarely leave the beaten path; which is why, after all, most of them do not follow that of the primrose. I was told, one day, by the head of a prominent house, that numbers of his employees who live out Germantown way had never been in West Philadelphia and that numbers of his West Philadelphian employees had never seen Germantown. And a member of an active woman's club told me that her fellow members came from "the ends of the earth," at which I expressed interest, feeling that with allowance for unintentioned exaggeration, at least Bristol and Chester were

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meant, only to find that it was deemed marvelous to have one or two from Camden and Manayunk.

No other city presents, in its sidewalks, so many pitfalls to the unwary, with stone steps projecting, and blocks of marble at the curb, and open basement stairs, and trees in the middle of the sidewalks even on Broad Street. The Glasgow admonition to its public, of "Gang warily" ought to be printed, with the Glasgow addendum of the reference to the text, which is the 23d verse of the 3d chapter of Proverbs.

The shops are attractive, especially the little shops for specialties: rare books, prints, old books, antiques. No other American city equals Philadelphia in this except New York, and the New York specialty shops are so scattered as to require years to make their acquaintance.

In walking in Philadelphia, more than in other cities, one is always meeting friends, and especially on Chestnut Street; Chestnut being the most walked-upon street, and its walkable district being very small, say from Eleventh to Sixteenth. Constantly one notices the good looks, the good manners, the good clothes. And there comes the memory of that extremely active Philadelphian partisan, of Revolutionary days, Captain Allen McLane, for a bill to him, from a Philadelphian merchant, itemized a pair of boots, \$600, 4 handkerchiefs, \$100 each, a little calico and silk and chintz (curious purchases to go with his boots and handkerchiefs!), making in all a total of \$3,144; with the saving clause, however, that if paid in specie eighteen pounds would settle it!

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As to walking on Chestnut Street—it is not likely that there will ever be anything more important, more impressive, than the march of the Continentals along this street, led by Washington, on their way to the battlefield of Brandywine; ragged, ill-shod, ill-clothed, ill-fed, they marched bravely on, with drumming and fifeing, and each with a green twig in his hat.

I have noticed, in Philadelphia, more than the number usual in American cities, of the miserable, the maimed, the blind, crouched on the stone steps or huddled against some wall, not precisely begging but silently offering pencils or matches. But I think this represents leniency of the authorities rather than unusual misery. Another class make the buildings at the corner of Chestnut and Broad streets, the most noteworthy business corner of the city, greasy with their slouching shoulders; this representing the survival of an old custom, arising long before the present modern structures stood there. In the old days, many a Philadelphian stood at this corner, especially if of the "Bohemian" type; Walt Whitman and a few of his worshipers being often noticeable. Rebecca Harding Davis, herself a Philadelphian, has described him as "fishy-eyed," and as "writing poems to every part of his own anatomy." In truth, he sorely shocked the fastidious; but those who object to the fact that he was worshiped by a following ought to remember that at that time, in England, Tennyson was worshiped to such a degree that on leaving a dining-room after dinner, each lady

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was expected to kiss his hand, and that even American ladies did this!—and that as the English poet walked along the road he made such a pretense of being fearful of being seen that he covered his face from the gaze of the vulgar. It is pleasant to think that our Walt did not do that, whether at Broad and Chestnut streets or elsewhere.

Imbedded in the gummy, oily pavement around City Hall are innumerable little black metallic specks which, if one stops to look at them, wondering what such pavement construction means, will be found to be fragments dropped from motor cars, bolts, grease-cups, rods, nuts, all the various parts that can be shaken off when a car suddenly stops—and the sudden stops are frequent. The absurd story may have originated here, suggested by this medley of *débris*, of the escaping patient from a sanatorium who leaped into a doctor's waiting motor car and dashed off with it for liberty, stopping at a nearby corner to get two amazed Chinamen into the rear seat, and then continuing till a terrific crash ended the flight; when a policeman, hurrying up, could find only "a nut and two washers"!

I learned, one day, motoring around City Hall, what may presumably be looked upon as the average value of a woman's life, not in the judgment of life insurance folk but in that of the police; at least, on the day in mind, I remember that a policeman, after a necessary stoppage of cars, motioned to go on; and I went on; but at that very moment a woman was so careless as to step out from the sidewalk

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directly in front of the car, which it was fortunately possible to stop while she was still a few inches away. At which, the policeman marched over to me. "Didn't you see me motion you to come on?" he said. "If I had not stopped that woman would have been run over," I replied. "Never you mind about the women," he said darkly. "You do as I tell you or it'll cost you eighteen dollars."

When Philadelphia is mentioned, South of Market Street claims the name. North of Market is much like Brooklyn is to a New Yorker. North of Market is a great area, mile after mile of brick houses, three storied and some two storied, individual, shoulder to shoulder, houses of well-to-do merchants rising in clean, Holland-like shininess of door varnish, clean panes and exact curtains, white doorsteps, sometimes with a glimpse of sideyard and a garden of greenery, with roses and wistaria in extreme orderliness. Then, without apparent reason, may come a change to squalor, with untidy pavements, shaky shutters, and desolateness sitting like a blight over all. Then one will pass a great area of endless two-story, company-built little houses in wearying repetition, monotonous in unchanging likeness, hundreds upon hundreds, street and corner and street, street and corner and street. The newer of these districts have unvaried houses topped by metal cornices with peeling paint. Then one will come upon areas of homes, one after another, alike as peas in a pod, of be-porched dwellings, and as the houses form a continuous line so the porches

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extend on both sides of the way like continuous boardwalks, with little jumpable hurdles to mark each bound. Each of these porches, all rather narrow, is filled to capacity with large-sized rockers, all covered in summer, thousands of them, with strips of white linen towelling, neat, clean and frequently replaced.

North of Market Street shows acres of the mediocre, of the conservative, mostly of the comfortable. It shows an even array of primly starched lace curtains of the '80's, evenly hung across the glass, a curtaining which has vanished from other cities but which is traditionally the outward and visible emblem of prosperity here. Within the houses are treasured the what-nots and the Victorian black-walnut furniture, just as south of Market Street the mahogany of Chippendale's time is honored and preserved.

Even these quiet folk sitting swaying in their tight-wedged, rocker-lined porches are saying to each other: "Yes; she was of good family, a Klinkerfoos from Schaefferstown, and her grandmother was born a—" and thus on and on. One wonders whether it is the climate of the city or the blood or the food. It is so marked, that it must be from all.

Most of the streets in the central business portion of Philadelphia are necessarily one-way streets, through narrowness and the volume of traffic, and at the crossings there is an infallible way of picking out strangers from resident Philadelphians; for the stranger, before crossing, looks both to the right and

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the left, for possible motor-cars, whereas the Philadelphian looks in one direction only.

Tradition has it that two spots were reserved, by William Penn, to remain forever vacant, ready for the use of visiting Indians; and tradition further holds that one was a spot in the rear of some buildings on South Second Street, between Chestnut and Walnut, and the other on Walnut Street near Broad. Neither of these places is now available for the wandering Indian, nor have the spots been used as playgrounds or resting spots.

The busybody is a unique feature of Philadelphia life; it being, not an individual, but a set of smallish mirrors, one of them being on a concave curve. It is so adjusted, at a second-floor window, that a person within the room may see in reflection, without being seen in turn, every passer-by on the sidewalk or any caller who may be on the doorstep; all of which gives a stranger the idea of an entire city peeping at him unobserved.

I never like to find myself thinking critical thoughts of Philadelphia. And one of my pleasant memories is of meeting, one day, in a little Connecticut town, an old man, a veteran of the Civil War, who told me of his journey home with a companion veteran after Appomattox. They stopped off at Philadelphia, and wandered aimlessly about, tired and dirty and miserable, and they paused at a gate in a high wooden fence in an alley; having become so heartsick and ashamed that they had left the main streets; and they saw an aged lady motion to them,

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from her window, to come in, and they went in, and she and her sister, quiet Friends, welcomed them, and gave them hot water and fresh towels, under a grapevine in the neat little brick-paved yard—how those fresh towels lingered lovingly in the old man's memory!—and good things to eat and to drink; and tears were in the old man's eyes, and his voice broke quaveringly, as he told of how he loved the very thought of those gentle women of Philadelphia.



CHAPTER X

ROMANTIC BUSINESS



HOUSE stately and tranquil and wide, with fluted Corinthian pillars upholding a squarish portico, a house of dull red brick and creamy marble, with its front door double-approached up four or five steps from the sidewalk: such is the struc-

ture that was put up almost a century ago for the offices of a company which even then was well on toward the completion of its first century of age; the office building of the oldest fire insurance company of the United States. And it might be taken for a stately, old-fashioned dwelling, here on South Fourth Street, in the heart of old Philadelphia, now a busy but dingy region.

You enter a wide, clear, fine hall, scrupulously buff as to wall and creamy as to paint, with classic inner doorways, and a leather firebucket or so hanging up as reminders of the past. You enter the drawing-room at the right; that is, you feel as if it must be the drawing-room, but it is really an office,

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a quiet and immaculate and soft-colored office, with a quiet and buff-colored safe and a sedately quiet-seeming desk, and a general air of peaceful courtesy enveloping all. Behind, and seeming to be an intimate part of the offices, is an old-time garden, orderly and fragrant and sweet.

The general air is that of leisured ease, the air so typical, as one finds, of much of Philadelphia business; and it seems only natural to find, not only that this company still exists in a strong and vigorous old age, but that its most important feature is that it insures property in perpetuity!—delightful touch, significant of the very atmosphere of the city.

This ancient company, organized in 1752, owes its inception to Franklin; for in fire-insurance, as in so many things, "Abou Ben Franklin's name led all the rest." The attention of Franklin was early attracted to the general subject of fires and fire protection, and while still a young man he organized a volunteer fire-fighting company which did fine service through the many years of its existence. After a visit to Paris he wrote urgently regarding safety in building, basing his ideas on the French avoidance of fire dangers; and when he came to the building of his own house he put all that seemed feasible into practice.

The plan of a fire-insurance company met with the cordial approval which was customarily given to whatever he proposed; and the old company still exists, proud of its origin and of its long and busy life, an important factor in giving the color of

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romance to the business of the city. The Hand-in-Hand—so the company is generally and lovingly known, from its ancient design of four clasped hands crossed in the unbreakable grasp of the “My Lady goes to London” of childhood.

A picturesque feature of the older portions of the city is the fire-mark still in place on the fronts of old-time houses. For it was long the custom, for the Hand-in-Hand and the early companies which followed it, to place their designs on the houses they insured: fire-marks of lead or iron, a foot or so in height; not at all the insignificant flimsy little marks used in other cities some years ago, but big and effective and noticeable marks that were honored ornaments.

The Hand-in-Hand design, the design of hose and hydrant, the design of a hand fire-engine, the eagle, the Green Tree, most romantic mark of all the marks—such are the principal designs still to be found on the old house-fronts of the city. And in early days they not only served to indicate which fire-insurance company held the policy, but their presence or absence on the front of a building was likely to determine whether or not it should burn if a fire started, for it came about that volunteer fire-fighting companies and the insurance companies had affiliations, and that a volunteer company protected or assisted by an insurance company would make an effort at a fire only if the fire-mark of its company were to be seen.

The Green Tree company was formed from a ro-

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mantic cause. For it came to pass that the Hand-in-Hand decided, on account of the burning of several houses that had been closely surrounded by trees, that it would refuse insurance to any house thus situated; it was feared that dry trees would spread a fire and that green trees would prevent the getting at a fire, hence the ban; whereupon a company was quickly organized which made its special appeal to the owners of houses which were close-encompassed by trees, and this new and rival company adopted as its fire-mark a green tree; and the mark was not only of a tree, but it was really green, as, like the other fire-marks, this was painted in color. The Green Tree became swiftly popular, and the prompt reversal, on the part of the Hand-in-Hand, of its own opposition, gave tree-surrounded houses a new popularity.

On the same street as the old Hand-in-Hand company, the almost as old Green Tree has its offices: in an old house, once a dwelling house, the home of the Cadwaladers: one of the names before which the natural Philadelphian knee naturally genuflects. It is a mansion of rather high effect, with two arched doorways. It is full of the feeling of charming old age. It has the atmosphere as of some old London business house such as one may dream about or find suggested in Dickens; only full of the charm of old Philadelphia and with a certain sweet Americanism. Climb the stairs, and you find a great drawing-room stretching through the house. There are old and lovely dewdrop chandeliers. There are

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great Empire doorframes with ormolu ornaments. The doors are laterally paneled, and the panels are decorated in black and tawny gold; soft lacquer colors in classic arabesques. There are superb white marble mantels. There is a great old side-board and there is a long mahogany banqueting table; for this is one of the old Philadelphia houses which keeps up the custom of having dinner on the occasion of a meeting of directors. There is old Canton china in blue and gold. There are tureens, and there are tall jugs, and there is a veritable fleet of decanters, in varying degrees of fullness or emptiness. It is very lovely in the old high-ceilinged rooms. And the hall of this second floor is magnificently divided into anterooms by doors which are topped by great semi-circles of glass that are perhaps ten feet or so across.

There is an unreality about this, which goes with the unreality of the powerful existing ancient companies, so charmingly named as they are. Of course the Green Tree has a more formal name, just as the Hand-in-Hand has a more formal name, but it is quite unnecessary to keep the formal names in mind; although, after all, such a name as "The Philadelphia Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire," is itself a delightful sonorous mouthful of words.

To add to the unreality there is, in the Green Tree building, the best of all the portraits of Franklin; a Duplessis, but perhaps a replica, a painting warm in color, with the collar of mink showing Franklin's

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face as quiet and strong, with the kind of mouth to utter terse and clinching sentences, and a look in the kindly face such as makes people listen and heed; and the world certainly listened and heeded when Franklin spoke. He wears a coat of a redness not unlike the hue of the brick of the houses of this, his city. It is a superb portrait; and the president of the company said, simply, "I do not think they paint portraits like that nowadays."

Further to add to the romantic sense of unreality, there hang on the walls portrait after portrait of successional directors and company presidents, early portraits by Neagle, later ones by Cecilia Beaux and Abbey and Sargent. Here is a portrait of S. Weir Mitchell, here is one of his father, and here is a portrait of his son; thus illustrating, as nothing else could so absolutely do, the sense of continuance and inheritance in Philadelphia financial organizations.

And, after all, it was in Philadelphia that the story was located of the young lawyer who, taken into his father's firm, hurried triumphantly in, one day, with the announcement that he had settled a case that had been pending for many years; at which the father groaned and said, "My son, my son, I had intended that case to give you an income throughout your life!" And it is far from a jest, but a serious reality, that many an old house in this city stands for decade after decade, in charge of some trust or trust company, empty, going to ruin, the heirs receiving nothing, the property depreciating.

Philadelphia possesses the most effective depart-

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ment store in the world, considering beauty of appearance, size, the character of the displays and the unusual adjuncts. It also possesses the largest, the most beautiful and best equipped building in the world that is devoted to publishing. In commercial museums and in technical schools the city is also far up among the leaders.

Philadelphia might fairly claim romantic business on the single ground, even if there were not numerous other grounds, of possessing, as its old Stock Exchange, so perfect a structure as that at Third and Walnut and Dock streets, where Dock Street opens into the broad space of its old-time market; Dock Street itself being a romantic survival of early days, in its ramblings, its divagations, its un-Philadelphia-like meandering course, following as it does the ancient waterfront, and still dingily but very busily occupied with old-fashioned businesses, with fish markets and produce houses.

The old Stock Exchange is a rounding-fronted structure of stone, impressive in its uniformity of soft-toned gray; a classic structure, perfect in mass and in details, an upstanding, forthfacing, audacious building, looking out from its sweeping curve with such graceful bravery as gives a veritable Victory of Samothrace air. Its tall and fluted classic columns stand in a noble hemicycle. The building is exceedingly high-set, with no steps to break the curving front, but with stairs of admirable design at either side. Around the edge of the flat roof of the structure is a wonderful line of classic palmettes,



THE OLD STOCK EXCHANGE

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and above the roof rises a tall, slim, audacious cupola, pilastered and lantern-sided.

But there was a period when Philadelphia reveled in business structures of fearsome and depressing type; I was on the point of saying the late Victorian period, but it seems unfair to seem to put the blame on a woman and a foreigner, especially as a principal architectural offender of that sad period made a point of proudly refusing to see Europe lest his taste be impaired; so let us say the Benjamin Harrison or early Grover Cleveland period, when Philadelphia outdid other cities in its erection of massive stone buildings, especially banks, with ponderous towers and bastions and a general originality in ugliness, with the unfortunate promise of standing forever, and with the air of conscious respectability which visitors think they see in Philadelphians themselves.

The city has not maintained much of the romantic along its waterfront; but there is still preserved the memory of how William Penn himself loved both the Delaware and the Schuylkill, and loved to go a-boating, now on one river and now on the other, flying his flag of lord proprietor on his stately barge built high at bow and stern. And there is a pleasant tale about the building of an early bridge across the Schuylkill, for, there having arisen a good deal of doubt about the bridge's strength, the builder, when it was finished, cunningly offered one dollar each to every man who would drive upon it with a wagon loaded with stone and remain until the

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bridge was filled from end to end. Thus the bridge was tested, satisfactorily, and at slight cost; and, it is recorded, without those out in the middle complaining of their greater degree of danger or their longer wait; and ill-natured folk used to point to this as an example of how attractive a dollar has always looked to a Pennsylvanian.

The city is rich in traditions of its far-flung business line of even distant days; it is rich in traditions of early trade with India and with China, and many is the old family which holds, among its precious treasures, punch-bowls of Chinese Lowestoft, crape shawls of the Orient, china and silks, and brass-bound chests of camphor-wood. Young men of family used to covet the chance of sailing to the Orient as (fascinating word, so familiar in the boys' books of a few decades ago!) supercargo of a clipper ship; and a husband and wife, long-time dwellers on Spruce Street, are proud to say that on each side of the family a grandfather went out to the East, when a young man, as supercargo, and that their home contains two beautiful sets of Nankin china, because the taste of each of the supercargo ancestors ran to Nankin; the *bleu de Nankin* of thousand-chimneyed King-te-tching.

Galloping across the great high plains among the Colorado Rockies, I noticed how fine was the effect of the most typically Western hats, broad of brim and goodlooking in shape, worn by the most typically Western of the horsemen of that region; and I found that these most Western-appearing hats were of

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Philadelphia make and always thus spoken of, by name.

Franklin has set down that when he was a boy his father loved to quote encouragingly, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings"; and that in the course of his long career he actually stood before five kings; stating this fact, in which he would be justified in feeling immense pride, in the simplest half dozen of words, without even itemizing the monarchs who welcomed him; and somehow this success with kings recalls a Philadelphia triumph with a President, for, only a few years ago, when a Philadelphia merchant wished to open a new retail store under the highest possible auspices, he just naturally sent an invitation to the White House, and the then President of the United States quitted his national duties long enough to come here to take part.

I have seen thousands of people gathered in the great inner court of a Philadelphia store, listening to the playing of a mighty organ of the store; business thus becoming a social and musical affair! And I have seen and heard, in the same court, after our entry into the great war, thousands of people singing national songs; business thus becoming a patriotic affair. And in this city business may also become an artistic affair, for in the great entrance hall of a publishing house is a mosaic of great length, and of wealth of color, softly glowing above a long pool of water which lies pictorially on almost the level of the floor.

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Along the Schuylkill, in the vicinity of the Falls, is a Philadelphia that is practically unknown except to such as labor there; a district of endless stretches of close-crowded mills and factories, a district which seems a succession of English mill towns; with much of picturesqueness too, for there is the river itself, and there are the steep-rising slopes up which lead streets that go straight or go twisting, and where little stone homes alternately straggle or pack close for comradeship.

And, to return to the center of the city, it is but typical of the ancient portion, that you may pass through an arch beneath a building and unexpectedly find yourself within a little court surrounded by offices thus quite tucked away.

To enter through an archway is always felicitous; and most fascinating of all is it to enter through an archway, closed at night with ancient wooden doors, on Second Street near Callowhill, for it is the entrance to the ancient Black Horse Inn. And within the archway is still the ancient inn-yard, a long, rough-paved parallelogram, enclosed by simply balustraded doddering balconies. It is such an old innyard as used to be common in London, and which may still be seen in some of the English provincial towns. From such an innyard Pickwick himself might have driven. Old windows look down into the ancient court, and wagons are still driven into the enclosure, and the imagination cannot but reconstruct all the busy life of an age that has vanished quite away. The flickering lights and glooming



THE ANCIENT BLACK HORSE INN

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shadows, the old-time atmosphere of it all, serve to make it among the most romantic of Philadelphia memorials.

It would seem as if the entrance of women into business must needs add touches of romance; and it has added at least one touch of diversion. At a war-charity rummage sale, or "gefoojet," one of the many features was the offering of chances on a sweater at twenty-five cents a chance. And as I stood there, getting something else at the same counter, the girl in charge of the sweater said, quite openly, to the woman in charge of that department, that she thought she had reached the limit on chances but could sell the article outright.

"I have taken nine dollars and twenty-five cents on chances and have been offered four dollars for it outright," she said. "Sell it! That will make over thirteen dollars!" was the unhesitating reply.

At a meeting of a business association, it was moved that some severe criticism of the Reading Railway be adopted. (This was shortly before the taking over by the government of all the railways, during the war.) But one wealthy man rose quickly to his feet. His wealth, as everybody knew, had come to him through the killing of a rich uncle by this very railway. "I object!" he cried. "God bless the Reading Railway!"

The romantic or the unusual, may readily, in business, become the bizarre; and I remember a notice which I saw in the window of a big undertaking establishment on Chestnut Street: "Wanted; Ten

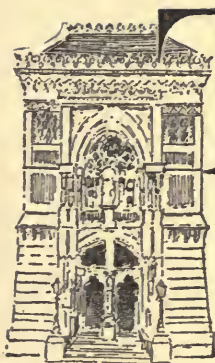
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intelligent men to act as Professional Pallbearers''; and it was added, with praiseworthy attention to detail, that they must be at least five feet ten inches in height; and the notice concluded with the extraordinarily practical touch that they "must have black hair"! After all, it was a South Street black woman who put on not only a black dress but black underwear, when her husband died, because when she mourned she "mohnd all over."



CHAPTER XI

ART AND ARTISTS



THESE are two big canvases by the Philadelphia painter, Benjamin West, including his famous "Death on the Pale Horse," in the Academy of the Fine Arts of this city; another great canvas—for West

worked in a period when there was importunate demand for canvases of heroic size, and he was amply qualified to meet the demand—is in the Pennsylvania Hospital here; others are preserved in the National Gallery of London, in the Grosvenor Gallery, and in many other public or private British collections.

Benjamin West was also a personal favorite of George the Third, and by a remarkable chance it so happened that he was painting a portrait of that monarch when a messenger entered with news from West's own city, the most important news that ever came out of Philadelphia, that of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence. For a little while the King was agitated; then his agitation ceased and he became silent and thoughtful; and at length he said

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slowly: "Well, if they cannot be happy under my government, I hope they will not change it for a worse.—I wish them no ill."

West had been prominent in organizing the Royal Academy, and when its first president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, died, he, American as he was, was unanimously chosen president to succeed the mighty Reynolds, and held the office for more than a score of years.

When he died, in 1820, he was laid to rest in St. Paul's, where Reynolds and Van Dyck had similarly been honored, and his body was followed to the cathedral by a long line of lovers of art and by great and titled men. Yet in the very year of West's death Sydney Smith wrote his famous gibe: "In the four quarters of the globe, who looks at an American picture or reads an American book?" And at the time, and ever since, the gibe has been accepted, not so much by the English as by Americans themselves, just because a very clever Englishman said it; although Sydney Smith well knew of Benjamin West, and also of that other American, Lindley Murray—also to be deemed a Philadelphian, for he was born in Lancaster County—whose Grammar was, when Smith wrote, the acknowledged standard for all British writers. So that Sydney Smith well knew, and every one ought to know, that everybody of taste or knowledge looked at American pictures and honored American writing; and to West and Murray may be added Gilbert Stuart, a superior of West, and Benjamin Franklin, whose

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writings were familiar to every Englishman. Yet what persistent life a gibe may have!

Enclosed within the campus of Swarthmore College is still preserved the farmhouse in which, far back in 1735, Benjamin West was born. Indians were still common in the neighborhood at that period, and one day one of them, watching little Benjamin making a picture (for West was an instinctive artist from his very boyhood), silently gave the lad some pigment of red and some of yellow, such as the Indians used in painting their own bodies, so that the boy might make his pictures in color. Overjoyed, the boy ran to show the colors to his mother, whereupon she promptly handed him some indigo from beside her washtub, and thus did Benjamin West first come into possession of the three primary colors; one of the many examples of the ancient adage that truth is stranger than fiction.

As a young man, we see West away from this farm and located in nearby Philadelphia, making pictures for one dollar each (the Spanish dollar was then our unit of money), and before long he has actually so improved, under such encouragement and advice as the town could then offer, and by virtue of his indefatigability, that he is receiving five pounds for every portrait; and now he heeded the call of Rome, and sailed, armed with letters of introduction and preceded by letters of description; for Philadelphia was proud of him.

And now came an incident which forever gave him standing. The painters in Rome arranged joyfully

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to make game of the raw youth from the backwoods, and they so managed as to have him first led into the presence of the Apollo Belvidere. But West looked calmly at the statue, with intelligent appreciation; and then said, quietly, "It is like a Mohawk warrior." With that he attained, in an instant, in the judgment of European artists—for his words flew broadcast—to the pedestal of clear-sighted originality; no one else had ever thought of comparing the physical perfection of Greece with the physical perfection of the American wilderness.

He did not settle in Rome, but in London, and there he never failed to use every opportunity to aid other American artists, for he knew from his own experience how much an artist needs aid and encouragement in his formative days. Gilbert Stuart, Copley, Allston, Trumbull; such and others were American artists that, in London, he nobly encouraged and generously helped. And many Americans called who were not artists, and they were always genially welcomed; and in regard to this there is a story that is peculiarly typical of Philadelphia. For one day West had as a dinner guest one of the Whartons of Philadelphia, and a caller was announced, and as West did not happen to know the name, Wharton volunteered to go and see who it was. In a few moments he came back beaming: "He's all right!" he exclaimed. "He is connected with one of the most exclusive Philadelphia families!"

The portraits of West and his wife by Matthew Pratt, said to be the first American artist that West

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helped, show the distinguished man to have been very distinguished looking, with long nose and high-arched eyebrows, with a slender, striking and unusual face framed in dark hair; and Mrs. West is an alert, winsome, highly likable woman, with pearl necklace, low-cut dress and filmy white scarf, and an odd suggestion of Mona Lisa about the mouth. They make a handsome pair, like a couple straight out of romance; and their marriage was indeed a romance. And never did a romantic tale concern so many distinguished Philadelphians.

For before leaving Philadelphia for Rome, West had met pretty Elizabeth Shewell; he had been introduced to her by Anthony Wayne; and an engagement followed acquaintance, but her brother—the two were orphans—frowned upon the engagement, for he was a wealthy merchant and saw no money in art. So West went to Europe alone.

But as soon as he won his foothold abroad, West wrote to Elizabeth that he now was able to earn sufficient money to live on. His father, he said, was shortly going to England to see him, and he begged her to cross in his father's care, and they would be married in London. He must have given a good reason why he could not come back to Philadelphia to get her, for the high-spirited Elizabeth acceded to his urgency and told her brother that she was going to London to be married; at which the ogre of a brother promptly and literally locked her in her room. Elizabeth had unguardedly told him everything, even on what ship West's father was to sail,

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and with that knowledge the brother determined to keep her under lock and key until after the boat had gone.

But Elizabeth was not to be balked. She was going to be married to her Benjamin! So she contrived to let one of his friends know of her plight, whereupon he and two other friends planned to aid her. There is no absolute certainty as to who were the three, but charming tradition has for decades had it that they were Benjamin Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, who was afterwards one of the Signers, and William White, who was destined to become the first Episcopalian bishop in America. And never was so romantic and youthful a scheme carried out by so many men who were later to win such grave dignities.

Through collusion with Elizabeth's maid a rope-ladder was smuggled into the house, and after night had fallen the young woman and the maid descended from the window and, under the escort of the three friends, they galloped down to Chester—what a delightful galloping party that was!—and at Chester a small boat was in waiting to carry them out into the channel, where the brig which was bearing West's father had lain to, by arrangement with the captain, to wait for them. And so Elizabeth got to London and became Mrs. West.

For over fifty years of married life the romance happily continued; and it adds fascinating interest to the great pictures by West that his city of Philadelphia still pridefully preserves.

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On the whole, the most distinguished portrait painter that America has produced was Gilbert Stuart, and it was in Philadelphia that his most superb portraits, those of President Washington, were made.

The father of Gilbert Stuart was a Scotchman who gallantly went out for "Prince Charlie" and, after fighting through the brief campaign and at Culloden, fled to America and started a little snuff mill a few miles from what is now known as Narragansett Pier, in Rhode Island. I was near there lately, and hunted the place up, and found the old mill and the old house still there, beside the thicket-bordered little stream, in the heart of a wild and little settled region (small though Rhode Island is!); and I thought it but natural that an American, born in so romantic a spot, should, after great success in England and the painting of King George and of his son who was to be another King George, romantically gave up his career of success for the sake of coming back to his native land to paint the greatest George of all, George Washington.

What is known as the Athenæum portrait, which was made by Stuart in Philadelphia while the seat of the national government was here, is by general consent, and has from the first been deemed, the finest and most adequate of all the portraits of Washington, whether by Gilbert Stuart or others. And there were so many artists, in all, including Americans and foreigners, who wished to put Washington on canvas or into marble, that he could write, good-naturedly,

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that "I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument, whilst they are delineating the lines of my face"; and this is especially interesting from its incidental quotation from Shakespeare, which was not at all a customary matter with Washington.

The Athenæum portrait, with the firm-set mouth, the steady eyes, the brooding, watchful greatness of it all, stands as the picture of a ruler of the ages; and I do not know that it has ever been remarked that it bears a striking resemblance to the Sphinx. Whether by accident or design, and I think it must have been by design, Gilbert Stuart followed the position, the pose and the angles of that mighty mystery of the past, and there is in his portrait the same massive dignity and gravity, the same calm unshakableness, that one sees in the Sphinx. The stoppage of Gilbert Stuart's portrait at the shoulders adds to the similitude, and even the hair of Washington, in the portrait, comes down precisely as does that of the great stone image.

This portrait by Stuart did not remain in Philadelphia, but went to Boston, but Philadelphia still possesses, in spite of this, the finest collection of Gilbert Stuart's portraits, in both number and variety, of any city. Most of them are gathered at the Academy of the Fine Arts, and they are superb and beautiful examples of portraiture. Hazlitt, who once filled a great space in the public eye, deserves to be still remembered for some of his wise clevernesses, as, for example, his declaration that he

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would rather leave a good portrait of himself behind him than a good epitaph; and he would have been more than ever justified in his remark could he have been painted by Gilbert Stuart.

The Gilbert Stuarts are the glory of the Academy, and it is to be regretted that for the greater part of that time of the year during which visitors come to the city, the Gilbert Stuarts are heedlessly packed out of sight, to make room for hundreds of pictures, most of them necessarily mediocre, in spite of the numerous fine ones, shown in the annual exhibitions.

On the whole, Philadelphia still holds the art leadership of the country, and it is odd that it should do so, for, although in the beginning it was the largest and richest American city, riches and size were soon more markedly attained by New York. Yet New York, in drawing to herself the national leadership in literature and the professions, was not able to grasp the leadership in art.

To the Academy of the Fine Arts, "the Academy," the long leadership is owing; it having been founded in 1805 by that original genius, Charles Willson Peale, who did so much for America in painting the portraits of her leaders, and who, similar to the many-sided Paul Revere, was not only of highly artistic bent, but was also a dentist, an engraver and a silversmith, a saddler, a clockmaker, a glass molder and a soldier; at the Battle of Trenton he served as a captain of volunteers; but most of all he was artistic. And when it came to naming his children he did not name them after rich uncles or

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famous statesmen but, with proper devotion to his art, gave such names as Rembrandt and Raphael, Van Dyck, Titian and Angelica Kauffman. It was as if, like Bernard Shaw's Louis Dubedat, his confession of faith was: "I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez and Rembrandt, in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting." Or, if one wishes to be more prosaic, he may compare Peale's idiosyncrasy with that of the soldier of Charles Dickens who named his children from the garrison posts where they were born, as Malta, Quebec and Woolwich.

One does not need to feel prosaic about anything connected with Charles Willson Peale, for he profoundly worshiped art from his early years to the very close of his long life. He worshiped art, in those early American days, under difficulties. And it is pleasant to remember that Washington liked him.

He tried to establish an art collection and a school of art, in 1791, and was aided, but unsuccessfully, by the wood-carver Rush, and an Italian named Ceracchi who had come over to make busts of Washington and others and who, unfortunately for himself, went to France just in time to be guillotined. A few years later Peale made another attempt, but this time shocked Philadelphia by showing a Venus de Medici in his collection, and it had to be kept out of sight except for a privileged few.

But he persevered, and the present Academy was started, by seventy-one leading citizens, who met to-

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gether and decided to organize; and it was housed in a beautiful classic building designed by the distinguished Latrobe. From the first the Academy was given acknowledged standing, even though its first formal exhibition, in 1806, was sorely shocking. For casts of statuary had been sent from Paris, and although they had been chosen by a Biddle (one of the names revered by Philadelphia) it was necessary to set aside Mondays for the ladies exclusively, so that they need not be embarrassed.

In the course of years the classic structure was burned, and it was in 1876 that the Academy moved to its new quarters, the extremely uninteresting structure that it built at Broad and Cherry streets.

It was a Philadelphia artist, Sargent, who gave Whistler the opportunity to flash one of the most brilliant lightnings of his caustic wit. For Sargent had on exhibition in London a painting which he had named "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose," which swiftly brought from Whistler the "Darnation silly, silly pose!" And, Sargent being a man of high ability, the clever fleer doubtless was of influence in keeping him from progress in a sentimental direction.

I call Sargent a Philadelphian because he called himself a Philadelphian, although he was born in Italy, and his first childish language was German, and his first art study was in France, and England has been principally his home. Queen Victoria once offered to make him an Englishman, but he courteously declined. His parents were of wealth and social position in this city; his mother was a

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Newbold; so he was born in the Philadelphia purple, although the purple happened to be at the time in Florence. Admirable and distinguished though his work is, one fancies that perhaps a little more of Whistler would have been good for his art, for an infusion of weakness, which it needed a peculiarly clearsighted man to discover, displayed itself when he came to make portraits of the really great and strong; for at the recent exhibition of 1918 at the Philadelphia Academy there were shown his Woodrow Wilson and his John D. Rockefeller, and in neither case was this really great painter able to put upon canvas the indomitable forcefulness of his subject. Plainly though that quality is to be seen in the faces of both of them, Sargent did not reproduce it.

William M. Chase, though born in Indiana, had much to do with Philadelphia. He was greatly stimulated by the Centennial. For thirteen years he taught in this city. Here he painted some of his best works. Here his finical dressing became recognized, his care as to every detail, even to every hair of his pointed beard. And he himself keenly appreciated the astonished question of a little ragged boy, who, playing on the Broad Street pavement, caught sight of him and, after a moment's stare of fascination, ran after him with the impulsive question, "Say, mister, ain't you somebody?"

As a man and as an artist, Chase impressed; and what is probably his finest portrait, the "Lady with

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the White Shawl," is in the Academy: a lovely portrait, a thing of beauty, a portrait all in harmony, the fine and expressive face, the dark background, the dark gown and the white shawl.

Whistler, rather critical of Sargent, was a close personal friend of Chase, and one of Whistler's most excellent portraits is in this city; not, however, at the Academy but lost amid the jumble of the ordinary at Memorial Hall; and yet, not really lost, for the eye singles it out at once; the portrait of Lady Archibald Campbell, a picture of splendid color in perfect modulations, the portrait of a beautiful woman, a woman all alive. Yet it is remembered that her husband did not like it!—which perhaps explains why it found its way to this city of Philadelphia.

Friend of Chase though he was, Whistler would have been delighted to be the author of a pungent Philadelphia cleverness regarding him; for a visitor, looking first at the distinguished Sully portraits of lovely women, and then at the white-shawled portrait by Chase, remarked that if he were a woman he "would rather be Sullyed than Chased."

In the very first city directory of Philadelphia is a reminder of an early and curious connection of art with this city, for in that directory, of 1785, Robert Fulton is set down as a miniature painter, at Second and Walnut streets; for Fulton was Lancaster County born, and was a painter before he became inventor of the steamboat. I do not recall any of his portraits as retained in Philadelphia, but

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his work may be seen (and it is fairly good work, too) among the portraits gathered at the City Hall in New York.

Howard Pyle was nearly a Philadelphian, for his home was at nearby Wilmington; and he painted castles and feudal knights in armor excellently throughout many years; until, indeed, he went to Europe and for the first time saw the castles which his imagination and his brush had so well pictured; whereupon, whether with age or excitement, he shortly died.

Edwin A. Abbey was born in Philadelphia, and was typesetter on a newspaper before getting his start as an artist. And mention of his name brings up the question of how English Royalty could get along without Americans, and especially without Philadelphians. For Charles Leslie, who painted the Coronation of Queen Victoria, was the son of a Philadelphia watchmaker and went to England to make his artistic fortune; and as to Abbey, it was the most curious of his life experiences, that, seated on the top of the tomb of Edward the Confessor, he made his studies, during the ceremonies, for the painting which at King Edward's request he made of that King's coronation in Westminster Abbey; and he had also the curious experience of refusing the formal request of the government to paint the coronation of George the Fifth: Abbey himself having become a veritable "Westminster Abbey" indeed.

John LaFarge was not a Philadelphian, yet he should be mentioned in references to Philadelphia

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art, because his father, a young officer of Napoleon the Great, having been sent to San Domingo as one of an expedition to suppress an insurrection, was compelled to flee and, after vividly exciting adventures, reached America, landing at Philadelphia. And the artist himself had another connection with this city, because he married a young woman who was not only the granddaughter of Commodore Perry of the Battle of Lake Erie but great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin.

There are present-day Philadelphia artists, women as well as men; in fact, women rather more than men, as if to call attention to the fact that this is the Twentieth Century; who carry on the tradition of the city's artistic distinction, by not only doing excellent work but by winning fame far beyond the bounds of the city: among such artists being Elizabeth Shippen Green, Cecilia Beaux, Violet Oakley, Mary Cassatt, Alice Barber Stephens, and, notable among the world's etchers, Joseph Pennell. Maxfield Parrish, too, is a Philadelphian.

A Philadelphia lawyer calmly remarked to a Philadelphia artist one day—I have the story from the lips of the artist himself—that the necessary men are the lawyer, the doctor, and the clergyman, the artist being but an unnecessary chance product; to which cool assurance the artist instantly replied that the lawyer, the doctor, and the clergyman depend entirely for their existence upon the crimes or accidents of life, for not one of the three would be of any good whatever if nothing were the matter

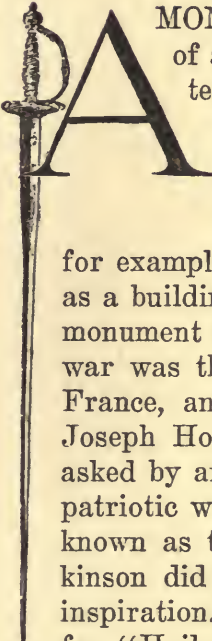
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with body or property or soul; but that the artist stands for the beautiful, and for things which nobly nourish the mind.



CHAPTER XII

SOME ACTORS AND AUTHORS

 AMONG the monuments and memorials of a city are to be included not only material evidences, but things impalpable, things intangible, permanent associations, triumphs of mental achievement which the nation or the world does not forget. A song, for example, may be a memorial quite as much as a building; and "Hail, Columbia!" is such a monument for Philadelphia. For in 1798, when war was threatening between our country and France, and we were aflame with patriotism, Joseph Hopkinson, a lawyer of this city, was asked by an actor named Fox to compose some patriotic words for the tune which had become known as the "President's March," and Hopkinson did so, writing the lines in a fever of inspiration. The tune was the present tune for "Hail, Columbia!" and when Hopkinson's "Hail, Columbia!" words were first sung with it the audience went wild with joy and the song swept through the country on an immense wave of popularity.

The excellent and fiery "Sheridan's Ride" was

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also the work of a Philadelphian, Thomas Buchanan Read; although he was temporarily away from Quaker influence, in Cincinnati, when he wrote it. The critical mind of Philadelphia holds itself aloof from the poem, willing rather to allow some degree of merit to his "Brickmaker," which no one but a Philadelphian has ever read. Philadelphia, and indeed Pennsylvania, love to place on pedestals authors or works that are elsewhere little known. A recent book by a former governor, Pennypacker, declares, for example, in regard to Bayard Taylor, whose home was but a few miles from Philadelphia, that "It is a grave question whether the 'Scarlet Letter' of Hawthorne or the 'Story of Kennett' by Taylor holds the higher rank among American novels." And on the next page he states, with approval, that some sonnets about the local Susquehanna region have been soberly likened to the work of Anacreon and Shakespeare. One can only think of the loyal Scotchman who, claiming the greatest writers for Scotland, asserted that even Shakespeare was a Scotchman, and, when pressed for proof, exclaimed, "Look at his style, mon!"

Some years ago "Trilby" gave new life and immense vogue to the old English ballad of "Ben Bolt"; but it is an English ballad only in having as its author Thomas Dunn English, who was an American in spite of his name and was born here in Philadelphia; and although, in the course of a long life spent in writing, he never wrote another line that is remembered, he did not need to do so; to

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write one song that is known all over the earth is achievement sufficient.

In the always interesting "Table Talk" of Samuel Rogers he tells of his first meeting with Shelley. The great poet called on the banker-poet and, introducing himself, asked for a loan. It was not for himself, he explained, though he would give his personal bond for it; it was for Leigh Hunt. But the rich Rogers refused, and writes down his refusal as calmly as if refusing money to such a man as Shelley on behalf of the author of the noble "Abou Ben Adhem" were a mere commonplace of life.

Poor Leigh Hunt—"kind Hunt," as Keats terms him in one of his sonnets—was born in an atmosphere of pitiful poverty, and poverty remained the atmosphere of most of his life, even when Dickens was cruelly assailing him under the guise of Harold Skimpole. And Leigh Hunt was almost a Philadelphian; in fact, he would have been had it not been for Philadelphians!

For his father was Isaac Hunt, an attorney of this city, and his mother was also of this city and of excellent connections. But with the approach of the Revolutionary War, Isaac Hunt remained a Loyalist. Before me lies a thin little book, a pathetic little book, browned and yellowed with age, printed in Philadelphia in 1775, with Isaac Hunt's name bravely on the title-page, and bravely beginning: "The jealousies which at present unhappily subsist between Great Britain and her colonies,

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render a discourse on this subject delicate and hazardous"; and continuing with such statements as: "It is easy to believe, Great Britain will not tamely give up her right of regulating the trade of her colonies." That was indeed a "delicate and hazardous" kind of book to write, and although there was a great deal of pro-British feeling in the city, it gradually vanished in the course of the war. A great deal of it vanished, in an extremely unhappy way, when General Clinton evacuated the city after having taken over the command from Howe, who had done little but give opportunities for gay parties and dances and for a great deal of display of their love for red coats on the part of the young women, of whom General Knox wrote that "they love a red coat dearly." When Clinton went to New York, several thousands of Philadelphians, who had become known as frank British sympathizers, and who had never thought it possible that the British could so fail, left the city also, many of them on boats convoyed by the English fleet—and sad tales have been told of their sorrowfully looking back at their city while the ships lay becalmed—and the others, with baggage and household possessions, with the bulk of the army, who went overland.

But the father of Leigh Hunt did not leave his home voluntarily. To leave, would mean hopeless disaster in the loss not only of home but of a way of support. He would fain have stayed. But he was not permitted to live down his unfortunate outspokenness. One day a mob went to his house, and

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carried him off in a cart to be tarred and feathered, stopping at corner after corner to gather additions to their number; and poor Hunt tried to make a little speech at each such stopping place, thanking them for not doing worse to him than giving him blows and missiles and violent epithets, and hoping, to himself, that their terrible mood would change. It is a terrible and pathetic picture; and when they were through with him he could only flee, absolutely penniless, with his wife, to England; and there, in the year following the treaty of peace, Leigh Hunt was born to his inheritance of poverty, instead of into the condition of Philadelphia comfort which should naturally have been his.

A still more interesting British literary connection with Philadelphia is that which associates this city with Walter Scott, and it came about through the visit to Abbotsford of Washington Irving. For the two men liked each other, and had long walks and talks together, and one day, as they strode over the heather near the superb Eildons, the subject of Jews arose, and Irving told Scott of a rich young Jewess of Philadelphia, Rebecca Gratz, who was singularly beautiful, who had loved and been loved by a Christian, but who would not marry out of her sect, and had therefore devoted her life and her wealth to works of charity. Irving spoke with profound feeling of the unusual beauty and unusual qualities of Rebecca Gratz; he knew her because she had been the close friend of the young woman, Matilda Hoffman, whom he was to have married,

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but who had died; and Scott was deeply impressed—so deeply, that when, shortly afterwards, he wrote “Ivanhoe,” he described one of the sweetest and finest characters in all fiction, Rebecca of York, from Irving’s description of Rebecca of Philadelphia.

Philadelphians love to set forth the fact that here were written two of the most notable literary achievements of the world, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, both of them remarkable for fine literary quality, for precision of statement, for lucid presentation of facts, for logical arrangement. But it is possible, so it has been unkindly suggested, that they do not always remember that neither of these important productions was written by a Philadelphian. But to any one who may make such a suggestion it may with justice be said that at any rate the “Autobiography” of Franklin, one of the few great autobiographies of the world, was written by a Philadelphian, and also his “Poor Richard” and other world-famous works. And in regard to Franklin there is a story that I think is very little known.

Stopping one evening at an inn in Amiens, on his way to London, after the war was over, Franklin was told, an hour or so after his arrival, that the English historian, Gibbon, he of the “Roman Empire,” had just arrived, on his way to his home in Lausanne. So Franklin sent his compliments to Gibbon and suggested that they take advantage of this opportunity to become acquainted. To which Gibbon sent the reply that, much though he should appre-

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ciate the privilege of meeting Doctor Franklin, the scholar, and eminent man of science, he must regretfully decline to meet him, as he had stood for rebellion against Great Britain. Whereat Franklin sent the reply that when Mr. Gibbon, following his present work, should come to the writing of "The Decline and Fall of the British Empire," he would be able to acquire considerable information, not elsewhere attainable, by applying to himself, Doctor Franklin.

One might believe Lausanne itself to be responsible for much of British self-consciousness, for there comes the thought of the famous Charles Kemble there, so jealous of his own importance that he actually disliked to hear the one familiar question of the place, "How does Mont Blanc look this morning?" for it so ignored himself.

When Kemble came to America with his daughter, Fanny Kemble, Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote of their first appearance together, and referred enthusiastically to the daughter's "dark, flashing eye" and her "brunette shin"; a typographical blunder still remembered because of the importance of both the writer and the person written about.

What a family of stagefolk the Kembles were! For there were Roger Kemble and John Mitchell Kemble, and the Charles Kemble who was jealous of Mont Blanc, and that George Kemble who attained the unique distinction of becoming fat enough to play Falstaff without the aid of padding, and there was the mighty Mrs. Siddons, who was Sarah Kemble Siddons, and there was the Adelaide Kemble Sartoris

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whose son married the daughter of President Grant, and the Elizabeth Kemble Whitlock whose playing in Philadelphia won the approbation and attendance of President Washington, and there was Fanny Kemble, who became a Philadelphian by marrying Pierce Butler, grandson of the Senator Butler who had built the great mansion which long since became the home of the Philadelphia Club.

It was not a happy marriage. Washington Irving, so she herself has narrated, guardedly cautioned her against it, and, in a spirit which she was large-minded enough to appreciate, warned her not to be a "creaking door," that being, he explained, a wife whose querulousness would be as nerve-racking as a door that constantly creaked. But she creaked; and there at length came divorce.

When Thackeray was here, he made a point of calling on Pierce Butler, hoping to get news of the children, for Fanny, the mother, then in London, but Butler probably surmised his object, for he would neither speak a word of the children nor show them, and Thackeray did not wish to make direct request or inquiry, and so he could only report failure.

Thackeray got his inspiration and his material, in America, for "The Virginians"; and how greatly he would have been interested to know that a Philadelphian, a grandson of his friend Fanny Kemble, was to win wide literary fame, and especially with "The Virginian!"

Thackeray wrote, of Philadelphia, that he found "very good and kind friends" here, "very tender

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hearted and friendly"; and he writes that "the prettiest girl in Philadelphia, poor soul, has read 'Vanity Fair' twelve times." He gives her "a great big compliment about her good looks" and then sets down a gibe at her pronunciation in replying to the compliment: this, not from ill will toward the girl, but because he was nettled by the criticism of Philadelphia newspapers regarding his own pronunciation, which in some respects was London Cockney rather than English, and had such oddities as the persistent dropping of the "g" in words ending with that letter.

Quite the oddest thing connected with his Philadelphia visit was his casually making the statement, apparently apropos of nothing in particular, in a letter written from this city to Mrs. Brookfield, that "I can't live without the tenderness of some woman"!

Thackeray could not help being rude in America, but the manners and atmosphere of Philadelphia checked him. It was at a city other than Philadelphia that he boasted, at a dinner given to him, that he had himself given a dinner in New York which cost him four pounds a plate, adding that considerable of the expense was for wines, which turned out to be quite ordinary after all: "About such as we are drinking here to-night." And it was not to a Philadelphia woman that he said, when she expressed her gratification that he had asked for an introduction, that it was because he had heard of her as "the gayest woman in the South": but I think

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that more than one Philadelphia woman would have been capable of her swift and sweet retort: "Oh, Mr. Thackeray, you must not believe everything you hear! I actually heard that you were a gentleman!" a retort which piqued and pleased the big man mightily.

In letters innumerable he writes of the money he is making by his readings. In one letter, written from Philadelphia, he estimates that he has been reading at the rate of a pound a minute. In another letter, to another friend, also written from this city, he declares that he has made two thousand pounds since landing in America. He seldom ceases to write greedily of money, except to speak of some woman's good looks. He admires a young girl at one of his Philadelphia readings. "Lord! Lord! How pretty she was! There are hundreds of such everywhere, airy looking little beings."

In a long letter from Baltimore in 1853 (how often one is made to wonder how the men of the past, without stenographers and typewriters, could write such an infinite number of infinitely long letters!), he takes up the formal summary of our three largest cities of his time. "I think I like them all mighty well. They seem to me not so civilized as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool." He has found at Boston "a very good literary company indeed." The society of New York is "the simplest and most unpretentious." Then he is just going to give the last word on Philadelphia when the letter is interrupted; and when it is

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taken up again and completed, in Washington, he has forgotten about Philadelphia and goes on with other subjects instead.

Getting to Washington from Philadelphia, even so recently as that, was by no means the easy matter that it is to-day; at least it was not when Dickens first made the journey, ten years before the visit of Thackeray; for Dickens went by boat to Wilmington, thence by train to Havre de Grace, there he crossed the Susquehanna by ferry, thence he continued to Washington by rail.

The mention of Dickens and Philadelphia is remindful that he thought and wrote little of the city except as to its prisons. On his first visit he stayed at the United States Hotel, long since vanished, and found on leaving that in the bill was a charge for not only the time of his actual stay but for the full week before his arrival, because he had arranged in advance to be there sooner. At this hotel, too, was enacted a scene such as he describes in "Martin Chuzzlewit"; for a great public reception unsuspectingly surprised him, and his arm was nearly torn off by a line of thousands of volunteer handshakers. He was guest of honor, too, in Philadelphia, at a reception or ball where, the ladies importuning for a lock of hair for each of them, and he refusing from an aversion to baldness, at his age, they bribed a waiter, got hold of the Dickens hat, and pulled off all the nap in little pieces to keep as souvenirs.

It was between the times of the Dickens and Thackeray visits that, in 1845, there came to Phila-

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delphia a writer whose hat-nap was perfectly safe here; it was James Russell Lowell, and he had recently married (his first romance, not his second), and although in time the Lowell house, Elmwood, in Cambridge, with some wealth, would come by inheritance, he aimed first to make an independent position away from home, so as to be able to return conqueringly, when he should return, to Boston and Cambridge.

But Philadelphia did not precisely welcome Lowell. Had he gone as a visitor it would have been different, but he went, apparently, with intent to become a resident, and so he was considered critically and left pretty much alone. The two made no social impression, because they boarded delightfully but modestly in the house mentioned in a previous chapter, at Fourth and Arch streets, "in a little chamber on the third story, quite low enough to be an attic, so that we feel classical in our environment; and we have one of the sweetest and most motherly of Quaker women to anticipate all our wants, and make us comfortable outwardly as we are blessed inwardly," as Mrs. Lowell wrote. A further pleasant touch comes from Lowell himself, as to "the little room in the third story (back), with white muslin curtains trimmed with evergreens." The house still stands; but the "Passing of the Third-Floor Back" came within the short period of five months.

Lowell was very much of a social entity in Boston, where "the Cabots speak only to Lowells, and the Lowells—speak only to God"; but here he was no-

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body in particular. Oddly, too, he made the unforgivable social blunder of choosing to live north of Market Street. He had written some charming verse, but that did not help him here; it is possible that, had he been a Pennsylvanian, he would have been compared to Anacreon and Shakespeare; but as it was he was merely offered five dollars for an editorial, every two weeks, for the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, with the editorial privilege—which was exercised!—of rejection: in addition, he accepted an offer to write, for a New York publication, the *Broadway Journal*, a column or so a week at the same rate that the editor was paying Edgar Allan Poe: one dollar a column! Mrs. Lowell did what she could, by translating, for an infinitesimal sum, a few of the poems of Uhland. So the couple very soon heeded the call of Cambridge. Lowell, while here, wrote of some long since forgotten Philadelphian named Elwyn, that “he is somewhat literary for Philadelphia”; which caustic phrase would make it seem that there could be no particular grief on his part in parting from the city. And, too, it would seem that he and his wife were united in the feeling that an expected new edition of Lowell should appear in Cambridge.

The unhappy Edgar Allan Poe was happy for a time in Philadelphia, for he was assistant editor of *Graham's Magazine* for practically three years, up to 1842, and for that time he and his wife had enough to eat. *Graham's* had every writer of any prominence. In this Philadelphia magazine appeared work

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by Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Hawthorne, J. Fenimore Cooper—the list is amazing. Graham boasted that some of the numbers cost him \$1500 for the authors alone, Cooper being the most highly paid. Poe, when he quitted the editorship and became a contributor, received the rich remuneration of four dollars a page.

Poe's necessities, and his varying income, caused him to shift his home now and then, but for the best part of his Philadelphia living he and his wife occupied a little cottage which stood against a large house at what is now 530 North Seventh Street, at the corner of Brandywine.

The house against which his tiny cottage leaned is still there; and Poe would have been amused could he have seen the sign on the front of the building across the way, for it is, "Philadelphia Society of Free Letts"; whatever that may mean; and indeed, to avoid misunderstanding it is translated into, "Fildelfijus Brihwo Latwju Beedriba." Poe would have written a whimsical mystery tale about this place of mysteriously whimsical words.

Mayne Reid, shortly to become the famous Captain Mayne Reid, seems to have been their principal visitor and friend; at that time a struggling Philadelphia journalist, he was shortly to win his military title in the Mexican War, after which he hurried to Europe to fight alongside of Kossuth, only to find the fighting over; on which he settled in London and began to write the books that so fascinated boys of every age. And the finest thing in his career was

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his devotion to the Poes, when he was a Philadelphian.

Tradition tells of a wealth of flowers at the Poe cottage, of a tiny garden and a clambering vine, and of Poe's wife, so weak and wistful, playing on the harp; and I was glad to find a tree there which may actually have sheltered the Poes, and the general character of the immediate neighborhood not greatly changed, with much of neatness, and with quite a number of houses still there which were neighboring houses to the poet's cottage.

Another poet with a connection with Philadelphia was "Tom" Moore, who was in America in 1804 and went about extensively, getting even to what was in that day the wilderness of Lake Erie. But it was, as he wrote, at Philadelphia that he "passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me," the rest of the United States being, to quote his own words further, but a "melancholy, heartless waste." On leaving the city he wrote some pleasant lines in regard to his impressions, ending with:

"The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone."

In Fairmount Park is preserved an old cottage which is called "Tom Moore's cottage," but with no particular reason, except that, in the course of his stay of ten days in the city, he was once in a while

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within the limits of what is now the park, and visited at the mansion known as Belmont. This cottage was at that time the home of an Aunt Cornelia, who washed clothes and sold ginger cakes and spruce beer, and it may also have been a casual meeting place.

The subject of poets is remindful that Philadelphia may claim, as her own, Walt Whitman, for although his home was in Camden, that city is directly across the Delaware from Philadelphia, and is essentially part of the big city. Of Whitman, Philadelphia may on the whole be proud. He was not an unintelligible poet, and he was certainly not the "good" gray poet, but now and then he sounded a fresh strong note. When he wrote of great men he expressed himself in great lines. Grant was "Man of the mighty days—and equal to the days"; Washington was "E'en in defeat defeated not"; and as to Lincoln, his "Captain, my Captain!" is nobly unforgettable.

He lived at 328 Mickle Street, and Hamlin Garland, pilgriming thither, about 1890, describes the home as one in which a very destitute mechanic might be living; as he mounted the stair to Whitman's room on the second floor Garland's sense of resentment increased, for there was not a particle of beauty or distinction or grace. Whitman himself, a majestic old man, was seated in an armchair, with a broad Quaker hat on his head; he was spotlessly clean, as to his clothes and himself, and Garland found him a placid optimist.

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The typical Philadelphian is likely to feel a fine sense of certainty. One of the historical writers of the city—there are several, so it may be any one of them—was telling me of a work on which he was engaged which was to cover a period which, as I knew, is notable for the conflict of authorities. I made some obvious remark regarding the difficulties he had set himself to surmount; but he only replied, calmly: "There will be no difficulties. I shall merely write it all just as it was"; than which the Recording Angel could say no more.

Before me lies a set of books written by that eminent Philadelphian, Doctor Benjamin Rush, and published in Philadelphia in 1794. The publisher is one Dobson, "at the Stone-House, No. 41, South Second Street," and at the close is a list of other books published by Dobson, with their prices; and never were there prices so bewilderingly odd.

Pope's "Essay on Man" cost thirteen cents and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" fourteen; Percival's "Moral Tales" cost sixty-seven cents and Chesterfield's "Advice to his Son" fifty cents; Charlotte Smith's "Elegiac Sonnets" could be acquired for the moderate sum of fourteen cents, but Taplin's "Farriery" was two dollars and twenty-five cents, while at the same time Winchester's "Dialogues on Universal Salvation" cost sixty-two and a half cents. And thus the revel of oddity goes on. There is no dollar sign used in the list. There is no period after the dollars, with the cents following decimally. Dobson's only way of expressing

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dollars was by the abbreviation "dolls," and for cents the word "cents" had to be spelled out, and therefore to represent both dollars and cents in a price it was necessary to use the awkward form, "2 dolls. and 50 cents."

It is a pleasure to know that Münchausen was in Philadelphia in Revolutionary days. To be sure, Münchausens are with all armies and in all wars, and their stories often appear in the solemn guise of official reports; but a Münchausen was literally here, a Hessian officer, and I like to think that he was probably the son of that Baron Münchausen who won fame by his delightful exaggerations. The famous baron was born in 1720, and was a soldier of fortune who fought in Russia and Turkey, therefore he could easily, from the dates, have been the father of the Münchausen, the Hessian soldier of fortune, who fought in America and was for a time located in Philadelphia. And I set it down as an interesting hypothesis.

Richard Harding Davis, war-correspondent, short-story writer and novelist, was a Philadelphian by birth, his father being a newspaper editor and his mother being Rebecca Harding Davis, well-known some years ago as a short-story writer; well-known, that is, outside of Philadelphia, for here she was known as the wife of Mr. Davis, the editor, just as I noticed in New Orleans, some years ago, when another Mrs. Davis, M. E. M. Davis, had similarly won appreciation throughout the country as a short-story writer, that in her home city she was scarcely known

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except as the wife of Mr. Davis of the *Picayune*. The home of the Philadelphia Davis family was on South 21st Street, near Locust.

When Davis, as correspondent, was in Cardenas in Cuba, he was told that the American Consul there had been a correspondent in the Franco-Prussian War, so he asked the consul if he had chanced to meet a correspondent of that war, a German student named Hans, of whom Archibald Forbes, the most famous war correspondent, had made special mention. The consul smiled. "I'm the man," he said; "only, I was never a German, and my name is not Hans, as Forbes had it, but Hance, and I was born and raised in your own city of Philadelphia."

In the days of the old horse cars, in Philadelphia, Richard Harding Davis, then a mere boy, one day stumbled over the gouty foot of a fellow passenger, evoking a wild storm of picturesquely passionate profanity. The man with the gout was the actor Forrest: himself a Philadelphian, having been born here in 1806; he made his home here, died here in 1872, and was buried in St. Paul's, on South Third Street, having left his fortune for the establishment of the Edwin Forrest Home, for actors and actresses, aged and indigent.

In St. Petersburg—for it was not then Petrograd—Forrest met a fellow-Philadelphian, Dallas, the United States Minister to Russia, and Dallas told him that he was much bothered by an American who actually wanted to meet the Czar; an uncouth-looking American, so he described him, over six feet in

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height and carrying a cane that was really a club. A few days later Forrest found his fellow-townsmen in a state of petrified amazement: Dallas had just been to see the Czar, and had found there the uncouth American, actually sitting in close imperial conversation! Worse than that, the man had actually greeted Dallas with a condescending nod and the words, "How d'ye do, Squire? I'm here!" The man—whose name unfortunately was not recorded—had managed to let the Czar know that he could give him ideas regarding military and other matters, and the Czar was so pleased with him that he made him a favorite at court, with one of the court carriages for his exclusive use.

Forrest's first appearance was, as a boy, at what was then the new Walnut Street Theater; now the "old" theater, for it has passed the century mark, and is the oldest Philadelphia theater still standing. It is only a decrepit memento of the past, shabbily bedizened for melodrama; but in its amplitude and proportions, in its low-standing, frontal pillars, it is remindful of its dignified past. Forrest's last Philadelphia appearance was also at this theater. In all, the great ones of a century of the stage have appeared here, with even Sarah Bernhardt among those of recent years. The wonderful Rachel—what a sense of somber greatness is evoked by the mention of her name!—got her death here, for a draughty dressing room gave her a desperate cold, from which she could not recover, and she hurried back to her beloved France only to die.

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The old Academy of Music, on Broad Street, of dignified appearance and excellent acoustic properties, is still a place where excellent music is given; and it has fine traditions of the music and musicians of many years.

During the Revolution, the city's theater was a large and ugly building on South Street; thus located, at what was then the edge of the city, because there was a good deal of criticism of any theater at all. The British officers interested themselves deeply in the theater, and at times they even appeared on the stage as actors. This theater was burned, not long after the building of the theater on Walnut Street, but meanwhile it had afforded theatrical entertainment to President Washington himself as well as to a great number of other distinguished people during Presidential residence here. One wonders if Washington knew that some of the scenery at which he looked was painted by Major André! There was a still earlier theater than that of South Street, and here, in 1749, "Cato" was given, this being, as a recent book on Philadelphia by a Philadelphian expresses it, with delightfully unconscious humor, "the first Shakespearean representation in America";—Shakespearean!

Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia, and John Drew was born in Philadelphia, and the parent Drews were long residents of this city, as actors and managers; and to Mrs. Drew came both fame and the love of the public.

In spite of the city's important theatrical associa-

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tions, or perhaps on account of them, Philadelphia has at times seemed arbitrary in her judgments, and has not always followed that of other large cities; and from here the great Mansfield wrote to a friend in New York that he was on the point of inserting an advertisement in the papers which should read:

“Mr. Richard Mansfield is sorry to disturb the inhabitants of Philadelphia, but he begs to announce that he appears every evening as King Richard III.”



CHAPTER XIII

THE PLACE OF CLUBS



THERE are clubs and clubs. That is to say, there are Philadelphia clubs and there are others; the Philadelphia clubs being notable not only in their combination of age and traditions, with continuance of present-day importance, but in their profound influence upon the basic character of the city. The clubs of Philadelphia were a vital force in giving the city, long ago, its distinguishing qualities, and they still hold the city to the possession of those qualities. The characteristic clubs of Philadelphia, strong and long established, gray with age, are fortresses which hold in exclusiveness the exclusive people who unitedly make up what is really Philadelphia.

It is not a matter of how much the old clubs total in membership. The importance is in their undisputed holding of authority; an authority never spokenly claimed but always unspokenly conceded. It lies in the unbroken continuance of social rule, in the stepping into line of sons and grandsons to fill

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gaps made by death. The old clubs are the bulwark of the social organization which makes Philadelphia so enduring an aristocracy.

And, too, the standards and characteristics of the older clubs have had profound influence upon the newer clubs. As new clubs arise and begin to develop, it is noticeable that they seem shortly to have become unconscious copies; they age rapidly; they look old though in years they may be young. Like the boys and girls of Maarken, who go about in clothes which exactly follow the ancient type of costume of their elders, the men's and women's clubs of the Philadelphia of to-day and yesterday seem like those of an ancient Philadelphia time.

At the corner of Thirteenth and Locust streets, in the short block which separates the Historical Society and the Philadelphia Club, is something that seems, in a sense, to stand for both the society and the club; for it is a thing of history, with roots down into the past, and it is at the same time a living thing of to-day. It is a cypress tree, here in the heart of this close-built, close-paved central portion of the city. By some impossibility it has fixed and fastened itself, rooted itself, in a tiny narrowness between curb and sidewalk. It would not be surprising in a park or a woodland, although it is not, hereabouts, a common tree even in parks or woodland. But that it survives, here in this impracticable place, is very surprising indeed. Old men who have known it for years, love to watch its springtime bourgeoning, its setting forth of the first vague filminess of green;

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year by year they note its growth to a deeper and thicker fernlike luster, year by year they note the turning of the leaves to the dull orange brown that presages their falling.

The old Philadelphia Club stands in popular fancy as the dean and leader of all the city's clubs, for, although by no means the oldest, its central location, the dignified old building which is its home, the strength of its membership, past and present, in character and influence, its reserve, its quiet pride, its exclusiveness, unite to give it distinction. In its ordered charm, and its perfect peace, it shows what a club, in this city, can be.

It is housed in a long, broad, old building of dulled brick, at the corner of Walnut and Thirteenth streets, a building of three stories and a dormered attic in height, and a high basement, making full five stories in the gable, where, high up, there is a charming little balcony, bearing a flagstaff which rises above the peak. The building stands flush with the sidewalk, and its entrance is a dignified door at the very corner of the building; a building so wide as to be fronted with a row of six generous windows besides this door, and in the second story seven windows. This is the house which was built to be the Philadelphia home of that Southern Senator, Butler, whose grandson married Fanny Kemble, but in size and importance it has all the appearance of a club house.

Even more interesting than the outside is the interior, with its far-stretching length of halls, its fireplaces and cornicing, with everywhere the atmos-

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phere of mellowness and serenity; and in the dining-room is the mighty mahogany table of some twenty-five feet in length, with old-time silver urns at either end and a table-service of old-time imported Canton for dinners.

In the old days, and indeed in modern days up to the sudden change in public feeling that has so recently come, wines used to be an important feature of a good club's outfit; and it is more than tradition that this club was no exception. Philadelphia loves to tell, too, that three members of this club were dining, one evening, at the home of one of them, and, they being very old and close friends indeed, and feeling even more intimate than usual, the subject arose of what rare old wines really cost, taking into consideration not only the original price but the interest as well; whereat all three took out pencils and laboriously figured, and suddenly the host, with a startled look, exclaimed: "I bought this lot of wine over forty years ago and I've just found out what it has cost me with compound interest! And I'll have the rest of it up to-night so we can drink it and stop the confounded interest!"

It was this club at which a visitor, passing through the city, applied in vain for the address of one of its members whom it was important that he should see. "Write a letter and address it to him in care of the club," he was told. But, he explained, he had to leave the city within a few hours. Finally, after argument galore, the desired information was reluctantly given. The member was dead! And

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even that, so reluctantly vouchsafed, might be objected to on the ground of indefiniteness of reply after all.

The Philosophical Society is perhaps not literally a club, but at least it has more than its share of the exclusiveness of an old Philadelphia club, and is at least essentially a club, with its own little old-fashioned building, adjoining the State House, containing wealth of material regarding early American history. In one of its rooms Washington sat for his portrait to Charles Willson Peale, and also, on account of his liking for Peale, permitted his son Rembrandt, a lad of eighteen, frightened and fluttered by the honor, to make a drawing of him: the only portrait which Rembrandt Peale made of him from life, although he afterwards painted a large number from this original drawing, aided by memory of the great man's appearance, and the study of Houdon's statue. The mantelpiece in front of which Washington sat, and which was pictured by both the Peales, was years ago unphilosophically torn out and thrust as rubbish into the cellar.

The Philosophical Society was organized by Benjamin Franklin, more than a century and a half ago, and there are members to-day who are able to boast, proudly, that some ancestor or even ancestors were members in the long ago; just as stockholders of the Philadelphia Library hold with pride the original stock certificates issued to ancestors of the 1700's. And that, here, is typical; and it stands for the survival of brotherly love.

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Benjamin Franklin was the first president of this still continuing society, and that other statesman-scientist, Thomas Jefferson, was its third president.

One of the members was the white-robed Brother Jabetz, of that fascinating and altogether un-American community of Ephrata, whose ancient monastic buildings, with their rooms of more than prison-like narrowness, still remain, out near Lancaster. Jabetz, devoted scientist that he was, used to walk into Philadelphia to attend the meetings, a walk of eighty miles in each direction. And such was his love for the new Republic as well as for science, that he translated the Declaration of Independence into seven languages; something of which probably no other American of that time was capable. Another connection of the Declaration with the Philosophical Society, besides those of Jefferson and Jabetz, was that, not long before the Revolution, a platform was erected by the society, beside the State House, from which the Transit of Venus was to be observed, and that it was from this platform that the Declaration was first read to the people of Philadelphia.

Among the most delightful of the city's clubs, and possessing even more than a usual degree of exclusiveness, is the Wistar Party. To belong to this very limited club, membership in the Philosophical Society is prerequisite, and even that is by no means a certain *open sesame*, a unanimous vote of the Wistar members being required. And it is a club such as could come to existence in no other city than this.

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Doctor Caspar Wistar was one of the descendants of a Wistar who was one of the early settlers of Pennsylvania. There were, indeed, two Wistars, brothers, and in course of time the descendants of one spelled their name "Wister" while the others continued it as "Wistar": or it may be doubtful which was actually the original spelling: but at any rate, by some freak, some whimsy, there came to be a social cleavage, and those of the Wistars with an "a" were gradually given, in general estimation, a higher social standing than the Wisters of the "e." And this long-ago distinction has continued so strongly in force, even up to present times, that you will find many prejudiced and precise people, if they chance to speak of Owen Wister the distinguished author, consider, as much more important than his "Virginian," the fact of whether his wife, also a descendant of the early Wistars, is of the present-day "e's" or "a's."

Doctor Caspar Wistar was a surgeon of high professional standing, and at the same time a man of highest social standing. He was also a man of most hospitable ways, and he gathered at his house, one evening in each week, numbers of his closest friends, with the understanding that any distinguished visitor from out of town was also to be brought by any of them. It was a gathering for men only, and the club still holds to that old-time rule. Wistar died in 1818, but so important had the parties become, as social features, that it was decided to continue them, and the club was formally organized, to meet in turn

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at the homes of the members. And evenings with the Wistar Party are among the most delightful experiences that this city can offer. The form of invitation, for visitors, is still the form of long ago: a card, headed "Wistar Party," bearing a little vignette of Doctor Wistar.

And the doctor is remembered in one of the most charming of all possible ways, for there is named after him a vine which clambers up the front of myriads of houses in this and other cities, in this and other countries, one of the most beautiful of all flowering vines, delicately tossing to the breeze the pale purple of its plumes; for the French botanist Michaux, who visited America, and met Wistar, and loved him, named in his honor the *Wistaria*.

The old Wistar House still stands, carefully tableted and preserved, and is one of the most interesting of early Philadelphia homes. It is at the southwest corner of Locust and Fourth streets, in the heart of the ancient city, and is of the familiar double-hued time-dulled red brick with black headers; but the brick is laid in an unusual bond, which shows not only lines horizontally straight, but also lines of diagonals.

Here in Philadelphia, even the University Club, a modern institution as in other cities, has already acquired all the aspect of the old, for it is housed in an old residence on Walnut Street, a little west of Broad, and has already acquired a full share of the calm serenity, the assured decorousness, which usually come only with age.



THE STREET OF LITTLE CLUBS

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Even the modern Art Club, in its costly modern building, is beginning to be touched with an aspect as of age, in a certain steadiness, a typical quiet, to be attained in full degree, in America, only in this city. It has also, like the old clubs, shown capacity for achieving the unusual; as, in the reception it arranged, a few years ago, to Amundsen, who first reached the South Pole, Captain Peary, of North Pole fame, and Sir Ernest Shackleton, also of such distinction in polar exploration. I remember how extremely interesting it was to meet three Polar explorers of such remarkable achievements in one single group.

You will hear of vague traditions, or of memories almost as vague, of clubs which centered about the Schuylkill region; there was a skating club, whose members carried ropes to rescue such of the women or girls as should break through; the ice of the Schuylkill always having deceitful qualities near the dam and the falls at the water-works. And of course it was all a very exclusive matter, and none but men of this set might carry ropes and none but girls of the same set were to fall in and be rescued.

And there is still a clubhouse, not far above the dam, for ladies; a most quiet little club—primarily for boating and canoeing, and just the place for a pretty dance to be given by a mother for her young daughter, not quite “out,” or for bridge parties, or afternoon teas, and twice in the spring and twice in the autumn for a special luncheon for members. In describing such things from the Philadelphia

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standpoint the word "exclusive" is from necessity quite overworked!

Philadelphia is naturally a clubable city: to use a word beloved of Doctor Johnson, himself a mighty club man; and of clubs for women the Acorn is of marked interest. It is located on Walnut Street, occupying an old mansion as quiet and unostentatious as itself; the mansion possesses the distinction of a smallish garden beside it, entered from the street by a beautiful gateway with white marble pillars and wrought-iron grille. "It is so pretty to give a dance here for a daughter," said one of the members. "It is so safe," added another, simply: "safe" being a word still honored in Philadelphia society.

It is not a club with a set motive, it stands for no "ism" or reform: it is just a delightful meeting place for delightful women, it seems to be delightfully managed, and in the old-time house that it has acquired in the choice residential district near Rittenhouse Square it has acquired not only the typical look of permanence but the appearance of having been in existence for a very long time.

The college women of Philadelphia follow traditions of the city's club life in their College Club, and, in their quiet, broad-fronted, properly-located old mansion, carry on their very modern activities in the atmosphere of the mellow and the old. And there are other clubs for women. One, Centennially descended, is on Twelfth Street, and teems with twentieth century activities. And West Philadelphia, a great residence city in itself, has one of the most

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active woman's clubs in the country, the Philomusian, which began romantically in a stable.

The Union League, located centrally, on Broad Street, is a club of huge membership, composed of men who represent the professions and business. It dates from the time of the Civil War. It is Republican; but this has been so strongly a Republican city, in fact so overwhelmingly so, that thus far this restriction has not greatly narrowed its representative quality.

Its great Lincoln Hall, with its dignified proportions, its somber Hall of Fame, the many paintings of Americans of modern days, all aid in giving the great club-house individuality and importance. The paintings are particularly interesting, for, leaving to other associations or organizations the preservation of portraits of men of the Revolutionary and early formative years, the Union League has gathered portraits, that in time will become invaluable, of Grant and Stanton and Burnside, of Meade and Roosevelt and Dewey, of Thomas and Sheridan and Pope and Meade, and many another of the moderns.

The club has already taken on that curious typical look of always having existed and of promising to exist forever. Yet it is a tremendously busy club, with hundreds of members lunching here every weekday. And yet, even at midday there are long stretches of quiet halls, and there are restful and quiet rooms, and there is a library, with case after case of books, and here—a sight not to be seen in New York or Chicago or even Boston—you will see

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numerous men sitting, at noontime, quietly reading as if the afternoon had no demands. And entered by a door under the steps which the men ascend, is a great dining-room for the wives of members, and so famous is the cuisine that the room is crowded daily at luncheon.

Fox-hunting has been a feature of social life since before the days of the Revolution, and the first formal fox-hunting club was formed in 1766, with such names as Chew and Wharton and Willing, Cadwalader, Mifflin and Morris. A sport thus sanctioned by the most august names could not avoid popularity in perpetuity. Foxes still conveniently abound within much of the territory close to the city; I have seen them running, wild and unpursued, within a dozen miles of City Hall; and there are several hunting clubs still existent, including the Rose Tree Hunt, the Whitemarsh, the Radnor, the Meadowbrook. And it is a pretty sight to see the hunters come sweeping across the fields, with their horses leaping the stone boundary walls, and with the scarlet-coated M. F. H. in the lead.

Golf clubs are also numerous in the Philadelphia suburbs, perhaps the most widely known being the Huntington Valley, with its so highly attractive grounds. In the days that now seem old, though really but a few years ago, it was customary here, on the part of some of the members, to apply the lines that Pope almost wrote:

“A little drinking is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the golf-playing spring.”

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And I remember, one night, being on a south-bound trolley which stopped on the hill, at the clubhouse, for several of the members; the first managed, with difficulty, to reach the platform, only to lunge ahead and stumble to the pavement upon the other side. The second and third did the same, amid hilarious cries of joy. The fourth managed to check himself, the conductor sharply rang the bell, and the car went on.

“The Street of Little Clubs” is a fascinating feature of the city. It is also a unique feature. No other city has a street precisely like it. It is remindful of some parts of the Latin Quarter, but it is really not like the Latin Quarter. It is distinctly and distinctively American. Outwardly, it is a bit of American antiquity. To enter the street is like stepping back into the past century. It is a picturesque street. And it is fresh and charming, though it bears the marks of age.

“The Street of Little Clubs” runs south from Walnut Street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth. Of course it has another name, and that is Camac Street. It is a narrow street; in fact, it was laid out as one of the early, old-fashioned alleys, with demure little homes along either side. And many of the houses are still here, dormer-windowed, low, squatty, dumpy, small; yet always picturesque.

The street itself is rough-paved, giving thus an additional aspect of age, and the sidewalks are wavering and uneven and narrow, and the central pavement is so narrow that automobiles cannot pass, as a

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single car fills the space from curb to curb. And along the curb lines are rows of iron posts which look like cannon, set in with muzzles downward, in a revel of the erratic as to angles.

In front of some of the quaint little houses are little signs, as if they were inns; but they are club signs, marking the club homes of some of the most interesting organizations of the city.

One is the Plastic Club, a club for women artists and sculptors, another is the Sketch Club, a name which indicates what it really is. One, the Coin d'Or, was organized with the delightful artistic intent of keeping alive the best traditions of French cooking. Among the others—for I need not name every one—is the Poor Richard Club, thus named to honor the patron saint of the city; and most important of all is the Franklin Inn, which is not an inn, but a club also named in honor of the greatest of all Philadelphians.

These demure, old-time, little houses, with their fronts and shutters now showing blue or yellow or red or gray, or perhaps saffron or pink—for the colorists have not been content with the dun and the drab!—show interiorly much greater space and spaces than is indicated by the outsides, for several of them, notably the Franklin Inn, have turned two small houses into one, by taking out dividing walls, and most if not all have at least one large room, made by the throwing of the upstairs space into unpartitioned spaciousness. Behind some of them are little gardens, and they are likely to be classic in design.



THE FRANKLIN INN

THE PLACE OF CLUBS

The big rooms are used for exhibitions, for meeting places, for lectures, for theatricals. Their ways are ways of pleasantness and all the arts increase. The clubs stand for all that is best in artistic advancement. Here the sacred fire is kept burning, rather than in more pretentious places in more pretentious quarters. And that the arts include not only painting and modeling and cooking, but writing, is shown by the Franklin Inn, which stands not only for picture-makers but, more distinctively, for the Philadelphians who aim at distinction with novels or histories, with plays or essays or short stories, with newspaper work or with education. And a general note of all the Little Clubs is the absence of extravagance.

It seems impossible, incredible, but Philadelphia possesses the oldest existing club organization in the world, at least of those whose members speak the English language. It was founded in 1732, under the name of the Colony in Schuylkill, but changed its name in 1783 to the State in Schuylkill.

This oldest of all clubs, whether in England or America, was organized with the love of fish and fishing as its basis, and at first, and for a long time, it was located on the Schuylkill River, from which river it was driven by the growth of the city's manufacturing and by public parks, and it sought refuge on the banks of the Delaware, near Andalusia, on the way to Bristol; thither, too, it removed its "castle" and there lovingly set it up; this "castle," as they call it, being a plain small building, of frame, look-

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ing something like a rural chapel, with round-topped windows and tiny cupola. But this "castle" is a serious matter, for it is one of the fortresses of exclusiveness. The Philadelphia Almanach de Gotha might be made up from the membership lists, past and present, of a few old organizations, and this is markedly one of the few.

It is limited to a membership of twenty-five. It has a governor and council, the principal councillor being secretary of state. It has sheriff and coroner and purveyor, and others. Few of the twenty-five are plain citizens. There are also "apprentices," waiting their chance of membership, and they must qualify as excellent cooks, and must serve the others "cheerfully." The apprentices, all of them young men of family, must eat standing, unless asked to sit; and it is expected that their training will make them so expert as to turn the broiling fish in air.

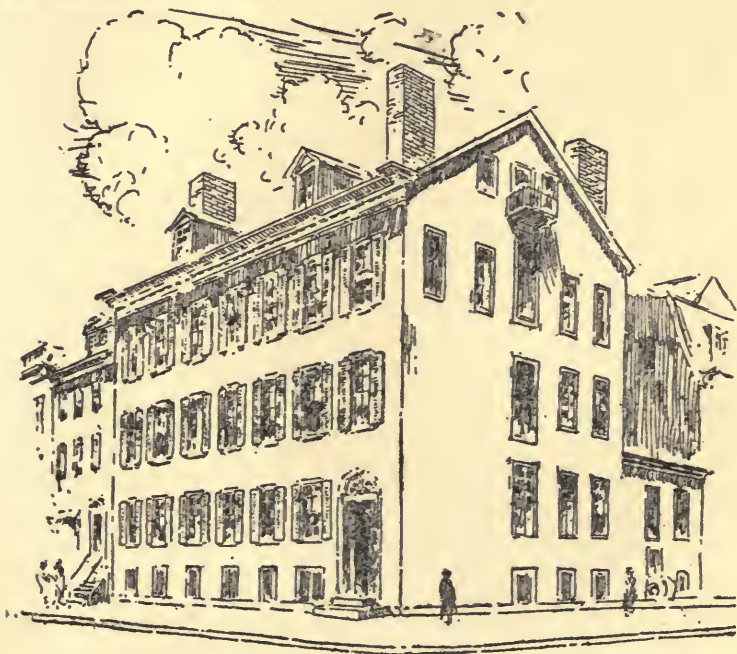
At their formal meetings the members still drink, standing, the toast of "Washington." And their "fish-house punch" is famous for savor and for potency, and the secret of its concoction is jealously kept.

Lafayette, on his visit to this country half a century after his first coming, was made an honorary member of the State in Schuylkill, and went to the "castle," and, invested with white linen apron and broad straw hat, stood before the fire and did his part as cook. And he said, felicitously, that with this coming to the State in Schuylkill he had now completed his tour of all the States in the Union.

THE PLACE OF CLUBS

The oldest in years of the original list of 1732 was Thomas Stretch, who, for it began as a club of youngish men, was born in 1695. He was made the first governor, and, such being the typical Philadelphia respect for age and experience, he was continued as governor until his death in 1766. The next governor, Samuel Morris, governed from that year to 1812. Only two governors from 1732 to 1812!

An ardent collector of Germantown showed me one day a piece of old silver which, she said, had belonged to a governor of Pennsylvania, Samuel Morris; and she was amused to find that he had been Governor of the State in Schuylkill.



CHAPTER XIV

A CITY OF THE CLASSIC



WHEREVER one turns, in Philadelphia, down any street, in any quarter of the city, one may expect to come upon buildings, new or old, designed on classic lines, with Grecian pillars and porticoes. The people should be connoisseurs of the classic, for the city is sprinkled with the classic, and its architects know and love the classic.

This is largely owing to the influence of that Nicholas Biddle with whom, as head of the United States Bank, President Andrew Jackson carried on a contest. Biddle's love for the classic in architecture was intense, and being a man of wealth and influence his influence in this particular was strong.

Nor did he exert classical influence on public buildings or churchly buildings alone. He carried out his ideas superbly with his own property. On

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his great estate of Andalusia on the Delaware River, on the way to Bristol (to be Philadelphian, one should mention that the estate belonged to his wife and thus came under his control), on this estate he built a mansion, with splendid classic-pillared front, a mansion notable not only for its pillared beauty, but for the beauty of its setting, with the great river sweeping by in front, with towering trees, with grass and greenery and seclusion, in all a triumph of beauty.

It used to be that the name "Biddle" stood in the public mind for "family" in Philadelphia, in a semi-jesting way; and it is still told that at the reception given to the Prince of Wales, some sixty years ago, so many people were pointed out by the mentor who stood beside him, as "Biddles," that he asked, after a while, "Pray, tell me, what is a biddle?" But the family can point to sober prominence in business affairs, and to honorable prominence in the various wars of our country, as well as to the architectural influence of the notable Nicholas.

Among the finest of the classic buildings of the city is that of the old Girard National Bank, on South Third Street; a superbly proportioned structure, with central projecting pillared portico standing at the height of a few steps above the sidewalk; this building being the oldest in the city that has classic pillars and portico, it having been built over a century ago. And, to show that age is not necessary to beauty, there is the unusually beautiful building of the Girard Trust Company, put up but a

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few years ago at Broad and Chestnut streets from the designs of Stanford White: a building nobly following the Pantheon in inspiration.

The stately dignity of the big Custom House on Chestnut Street, the graceful attractiveness of the broad-fronted Presbyterian church on Washington Square; such are among the old; and among the many new are some beautiful new classic buildings of charitable foundations far out on Broad Street.

The influence of Biddle for the classic was backed and increased by that of Benjamin Latrobe, who designed several of the most beautiful early classic structures of this city, among them that architectural gem, judging from pictures, the building of the Academy of Fine Arts which was destroyed by fire and in place of which the Academy, rather than reproduce, put up its present queer structure on Broad Street.

A few years ago I chanced upon a quaint little place called Fulneck, not far from Leeds in England, a village of the Moravians, which still bore the aspect as of Moravia, there in the heart of England; a place of immaculate neatness and cleanliness and gentle courtesy, a place of quaintness of roof-lines and gables. It is situated upon the highway, but it retains an ancient right to close the highway, and at times exercises the right so that it shall not fall into desuetude; and, apparently as a consequence of this, the distance between the village and Leeds is threaded with shoulder-wide footpaths, running deviously for the most part, between stone walls



ANDALUSIA

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standing at more than a man's height; in all, a queer corner, oddly approached; but I did not know, while there, that this was the birthplace of the great Latrobe, his father being a Moravian clergyman.

The closing of the highway must have prepared Latrobe to notice, without the surprise which it used to cause to other newcomers, the Philadelphia system of roping off the streets, beside the churches, during the hours of worship, thus effectively enforcing quiet, a system in vogue here until some years after the architect's death.

Largest and most ambitious of the classic fronts is that of the Ridgway Library, at Broad and Christian streets. It has a Doric-pillared frontage of well over two hundred feet, it is a stately structure of granite and it is devoted principally to the gathering of books and manuscripts relating to American history; fiction being altogether taboo.

The son of the famous Doctor Benjamin Rush, of Revolutionary times—of whom the intelligent Philadelphian of to-day will speak, as naturally as if it were of yesterday, commenting that he probably lost the friendship of Washington through some connection with the Conway Cabal; for a hundred years are but a day to the typical Philadelphian—the son of that distinguished doctor, himself a doctor not particularly distinguished, married a Ridgway. She was wealthy; he was far from wealthy. She loved gayety, he quietude. She loved the glitter of society and the presence of throngs of friends; he loved books and seclusion.

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She built a mighty mansion on Chestnut Street above Nineteenth. She gave dazzling social entertainments. Six thousand wax candles would be blazing, and there would be hundreds of guests. Her dinners were sumptuous affairs.

But as a social leader she failed. She had not sufficient standing to begin with, and she tried to amalgamate South of Market Street with North, and this was the unforgivable sin.

Naturally, there came, with the disappointment, bitterness and estrangement. It has even been whispered that there came jealousy; and a tale is vaguely told of a secret stair in that great mansion; but likely enough it is based on nothing more than a desire to evoke some shadow of romance to go with the Arabian Nights tales of extravagant living.

The wife died; and the huge fortune became the husband's. He died; and left it for the building of this library. It is officially a branch of the Franklin-founded Philadelphia Library, but never was money so wasted. It is a temple of learning, a treasure-house of the invaluable. But it is separated from the center of the city by the South Street neighborhood. It is really but a short distance away from where it ought to be. It is but ten minutes' walk from the heart of the city; it is but a short ride; it is less than five minutes by motor. But to this city, a minute to get to the wrong locality is more than an hour spent in getting to the right locality. No one goes to the Ridgway. Even to historical students it looms in the imagination with its bookish

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treasures, as if it were in some distant land. Most of the people of the city have never even seen the exterior of the building. It is a sort of myth.

I have never seen more than three readers at one time in the huge building. I have seldom chanced to find even so many as three. I was there this very afternoon, and not a reader, besides myself, was anywhere within the mighty extent of space. As five o'clock approached, the closing hour, a man came in and, asking for some book, began to glance over it at the delivery desk; and I left him there, the sole reader or visitor.

The location of the building was fixed by Rush on his deathbed; not content with putting his wife's money to a use with which she would have felt no sympathy, he ordered a building in a location that she would have intensely disliked. The courts were appealed to, on the ground of preventing waste of a fortune; but the dead hand bore too heavily.

The Chestnut Street mansion was turned into a hotel apartment house, and so altered that no outward indication of the original remains; but there are stately rooms, corniced and high-ceilinged, which were rooms through which thronged the endless lines of the guests of the unhappy Mrs. Rush.

The United States Mint, on Chestnut Street near Broad, was among the finest of the city's classic structures, and it had the admiration of every resident and of every visitor. It was torn down, a few years ago, and the present Mint, a huge structure, was built on Spring Garden Street; rather an im-

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pressive building, put in a far from impressive location, but a disappointment when compared with the beautiful structure that it supplanted.

Paul Revere of Boston would have become a Philadelphian could he have obtained the position of Director of the Mint, for which he applied. But he had no political friends at our republican court and his application was disregarded. Combined artist and artisan that he was, he would have given the Mint and its products high distinction.

The Franklin Institute, on Seventh Street, is a classic building of unusual lines. It is nearing the century mark and its dark gray stone is growing grayer and darker with age. Across its front are four square-sided pillars; but on a second glance one notices that they are not really pillars, but pilasters so heavy and projective as to be buttress-like. It is a front of dignity, and of absolute plainness except for a row of classic wreaths across the square-lined frieze. The Institute, devoted to technical scientific education, is almost a century old, and proud though it is of its scientific library, it is even prouder in the possession of Franklin's electrical machine.

A striking feature of the city is the extent to which it has built enclosing walls. The natural tendency of old-fashioned folk here has been to put up walls of stone or brick around meeting-houses, hospitals, burial-grounds, gardens, schoolhouses, private gardens, public or semi-public institutions. It has served to express the Philadelphia desire for privacy and at the same time has added a great deal of

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picturesqueness. And Girard College carried the idea to such an extreme that its mighty extent of mighty wall is remindful of some British park-enclosing wall of endless length. And fortunately we have Girard's own idea, expressed in his own words, as to the kind of wall that should be built around the grounds of his college (which, by the way, was not to be a college in the usual meaning of the word, for boys were to enter under ten and were to leave at not over eighteen). It was to be "a solid wall, at least fourteen inches thick, capped with marble and guarded with irons on the top so as to prevent persons from getting over;" but he omitted to state whether the intent was mainly to keep the boys in or other boys out.

Within the walled enclosures are numerous college buildings which have from time to time been erected, but noblest of all, and one of the noblest classic buildings of this or any other city, is the main building, with splendid lines of Corinthian pillars along the face and sides and back; there are thirty-four of these columns, and each is fifty-six feet high. The building is two hundred feet in length and one hundred and fifty in width, and a flight of ten steps surrounds the entire structure.

Girard directed, in his will, that the building be of white marble, plain sided and thus severely simple, with white marble roof and without pillars. The architect, when ready to proceed, reported to the building committee that the walls would not stand the strain if the building should be put up as the will

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directed. Fortunately, Nicholas Biddle, Nicholas of the Classic, was a member of the committee and its ruling spirit, and he saw the opportunity for a superb display of classicism. The building should go up precisely as the will directed—but, to safeguard it, there should be this line of mighty pillars on every side!

Girard was born in Bordeaux; from his youth he was a sailor; and it was a fortunate chance that put the English ships outside of the Delaware capes and led him to settle in Philadelphia. He Americanized Etienne to Stephen; he became a merchant; “mariner and merchant,” as he loved to describe himself, the words sounding rhythmically pleasant to him. A shrewd, hard-headed, rigid man of business he was, a man whom none thought of as a man of special feeling or of love for the nicenesses of life. Yet, tireless worker though he was, stern, severe, exacting, he was ready to give with a liberal hand for excellent service, and in his home he had fine food and wines, and costly china, and fine furniture. He loved to entertain French visitors, and he had a pair of shoes for each separate day of the week, and his underclothing was of silk; yet he seemed only a plain, hard, prosaic man of business! When the yellow fever devastated and depopulated the city he went as nurse into the houses that reeked with the pestilence, and went about with the burial parties who cried dismally their dismal cry, “Bring out your dead!”

When he directed the founding of Girard College,

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which was to be for the education of poor orphan boys, he gave preference, first, to boys of Philadelphia; secondly, to boys of Pennsylvania; next to those of New York, because that was the point he reached on his first voyage to America; and lastly, to boys of New Orleans, that being the city with which he first traded as independent owner.

His will directed absolutely that there be no religious instruction in the college, and to make this sure he further directed that no minister of any denomination be even admitted within the grounds. The boys were to be taught morality and patriotism, and high ideals of life.

The will was contested, and Daniel Webster was retained to break it; and the great orator was not above presenting, as his main argument, the claim that the will could not stand unless the distribution of property which was directed by it came under the head of charity, and that, as charity was not charity unless it was Christian charity, the will must be void. But the judges, listening tolerantly, merely smiled at such an argument in a State that had always stood for freedom of thought, and Webster went back to Boston defeated.

In front of Girard's store on Water Street, while he was still a youthful merchant, was a popular pump; the only drinking water of the city was from street pumps in those early days! And one day he noticed a pretty girl drawing a pitcher of water. The next day and the next he again saw and admired her. Her name was Polly Lum: a name all

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ready and ripe for romance! The ardent young French-American promptly fell ardently in love with Polly Lum and Polly Lum loved as ardently in return. And so they were married.

But only tragedy came. Poor Polly Lum's mind failed. Her child died almost as soon as it was born. It was necessary to place her in the Pennsylvania Hospital, and there she lingered for twenty-five years. And Girard's grief was pitiful when the end at length came, and he stood beside her dead body. Poor Etienne! Poor Polly Lum!

And after that the grim-seeming man went about in his yellow gig as before, but more alone, more lonely, more aloof. He thought of what good he could do with his huge and mounting fortune. He gave generously to the hospital that had sheltered his wife. In the War of 1812 he loaned without stint to the nation. He gave freely for public uses, and his will perpetuates broad public uses. To the end of his life a man strict in all his business affairs, there was a fine nobility about him, and always, in his letters of instruction to the captains of his ships, was the clause which strictly forbade them to receive on board any passenger or cargo other than his own, followed invariably by, "But if you meet with American seamen in distress you are to take them on board and bring them home free of expense."

But because his own life romance had been broken, because Polly Lum was dead and the child of Polly Lum was dead, and he was a wifeless and childless

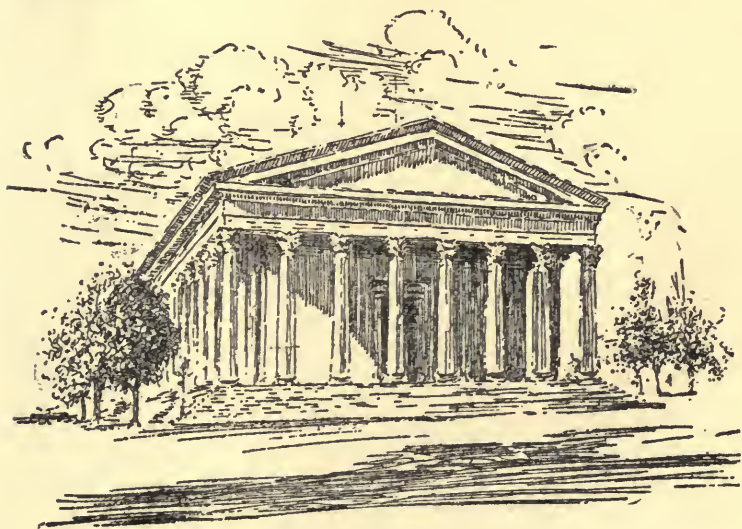


THE CLASSIC PORTICO OF THE OLD GIRARD BANK

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old man, his heart went out to poor and orphan children, and thus came his plan for the college, with its noble foundation of five millions—a huge fortune for that time—which has now increased to over thirty-five millions. That splendid building stands for stern and noble romance.

When, an old man of over eighty, Girard found himself facing death, he would not yield. Feeble, scarcely able to see, he went about his business affairs. He was knocked down and run over, but somehow managed to get home. But he would not stay in bed. “*I will get up!*” And he walked across the room, but only to grope his way feebly back again, refusing help. Then he put his shaking hand to his head, and his quivering lips whispered something about “violent disorder”: and with that he died.



CHAPTER XV

FROM CITY HALL TO MEMORIAL HALL



WHEN, in the very beginning, the proposed city was mapped out, what is now called City Hall Square was planned as the center. That was William Penn's own idea, and it was a farseeing idea. He believed that the city would so spread as to take in the territory between the Delaware and the Schuylkill, although to his associates and to the early settlers in general, what we know as City Hall Square was absurdly far away.

It was a positive Quakeresque delight to Penn to map out the gridiron of right-angled streets, and to put a square in the middle between the two rivers, and to plan four other squares, equi-distant from the central square, at regularly spaced intervals. Franklin Square is directly north of Washington Square, and east of Logan. Rittenhouse Square is

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directly south of Logan Square, and west of Washington. The comparatively modern names of these squares are apt to give the erroneous impression that the squares themselves were modernly planned, instead of having been marked out in 1682, and actually laid out not long afterwards. There was a preciseness about the plan, which appealed to Penn. And it may be noticed that, although the four subsidiary squares are regularly spaced, and equi-distant, as regards each other and as regards the north or south distance and direction from the center, yet there is divergence as regards the east and west distances from the center, because, owing to some unrecorded reason, the central square was laid out a little more to the westward than was planned. To be precise, it is four hundred and ninety-six feet farther west than Penn intended it to be; the change having probably been on account of some matter of swamp or rock or long since leveled hill.

The city was slow in growing to William Penn's plan. For generations it hugged the Delaware, and only reluctantly and gradually came to the ideas of its founder. To all except himself there seemed to be nothing central about the central square; and although, following his instructions, a meeting-house was built there, in what is now City Hall Square, as early as 1685, all effort to hold services there was soon abandoned.

Penn's plan was to have a meeting-house, a market-house, and the administrative buildings of the colony built in the central square; so that the

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placing of City Hall there was measurably carrying out his plan.

But it was a long time before City Hall came; for much of that intervening time, in the old days, there were gallows and stocks and pillory in this central square, in the good old-fashioned way. It was a time of few opportunities for amusement, and the people would not be balked of such as it was feasible to have; the spectacle of a man in the stocks, or a woman being whipped, or a man being hanged, was not lightly to be foregone. William Penn himself, so we have it on his own authority, could hurry from a burning-alive, in London, to a hanging in another part of the city. So it was naturally to be expected that hangings and other punishments would be a public spectacle here in this new country as they were in the old. It is amazing, considering the spirit of the times, that the criminal code and the practice of it, in Pennsylvania, were not more savage than they were.

Within a dozen years or so of the foundation of the colony a man from across the Delaware was tried for the murder of a Philadelphian; and the murderer was led to confess through showing fear that the corpse would bleed when he was commanded to touch it; the bleeding of a corpse being an infallible test in early days.

Of one kind of so-called crime, that of witchcraft, which so disgraced some other Colonies, there was never a trace in Pennsylvania, and this was owing to the firm and politic stand made by Penn himself.

FROM CITY HALL TO MEMORIAL HALL

Almost at the beginning, in the year 1683, such a case came up, for two Swedish women were charged with being witches. Following the laws of England, the laws of Pennsylvania were necessarily against witchcraft; but Penn himself was of the clearsighted few who even in those days paid no heed to the delusion. At the trial of the women he personally presided, determined as he was to have no Salem shadow on his Colony, and he so pleasantly befuddled the witnesses and so tactfully advised the jury, that the verdict was such as would have delighted Solomon: for the women were soberly held to be guilty of having been suspected of witchcraft, but not guilty of having acted as witches! And that ended witchcraft for Pennsylvania.

What is now Logan Square was also the possessor of gallows and stocks and other grim accompaniments; but it has also noble and fine memories, for here, in the time of the Civil War, the Sanitary Commission held a great fair, with immense throngs crowding the space; and most memorable of all is the memory that Lincoln was here during the fair, and that he spoke, briefly and effectively as always, and with a saddened gravity which came from his sorrowful sense of the pitiful loss of life that was pitifully continuing.

Washington Square is full of somber associations. Facing out upon this square was the old prison which won such terrible prominence in the time of the British occupancy of Philadelphia through the cruelties inflicted within its walls upon American soldiers;

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the provost being that Cunningham who is also notable in New York's annals of cruelty. It adds to the grimness, that it seems to have been a matter of money, Cunningham paying some man or men, higher up, for the privilege of exercising cruelties unchecked and then making what money he could, by cutting down on rations, and by levying blackmail from those who could pay for some shadow of humane treatment; meanwhile dealing starvation and death on every hand, partly for the very wantonness of it, partly to frighten more men into finding some means of getting money for him. He was paid by his government one guinea a day; but he grew enormously rich.

It was a time of swindles and extortions, and the huge sums involved might be thought to be exaggerated did they come on the authority of Americans alone; but details are given also by an Englishman, the historian Trevelyan, nephew of the historian Macaulay. And those who think that what we call "graft" is of modern or American invention, need to be reminded of such facts as, that the quartermaster who provided teams and horses for General Howe's campaign in Pennsylvania cleared, by that single transaction, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. And, so the British tell us, many a Quaker meeting-house hereabouts was turned over to this or that British officer, for the use of his men, with huge sums paid ostensibly for rent; when not a penny actually went to the Quaker owners.

Great part of Washington Square was a Potter's

FROM CITY HALL TO MEMORIAL HALL

Field, and thousands of American soldiers, who died in prison, were buried there in unmarked graves, and there too were buried thousands of those who died when yellow fever swept the city.

A vague story which has come vaguely down, is that a young girl, of unusual beauty, having committed suicide, was forbidden burial in a churchyard and so was buried here; and that her family, filled with bitter anger at such treatment, were buried here beside her, when they came to die, each one giving formal directions that this be done and each in turn being laid in an unmarked grave. I have not come upon the story with dates attached, or any names, but it doubtless represents, with at least shadowy basis of truth, some forlorn episode of the long ago.

In the central square, now City Hall Square, the gallows stood so long as to threaten to become permanent; but fortunately there are also picturesque recollections in regard to this central space. What a sight it must have been, when Rochambeau was encamped there with six thousand French soldiers! And what a sight it was when Anthony Wayne camped there with his soldiers on the return from the splendidly successful campaign in what in the 1790's was the wilderness of Ohio! And it has been thrilling to see, frequently, our own soldiers camped there, around scores of great motor trucks, on the last part of their journey from some inland city to some city of embarkation.

At the beginning of the eighteen hundreds, a

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pumping station was built here, for the new city water-works, and as the distinguished Latrobe was the architect, his structure, designed on his favorite classic lines, was likewise distinguished. A fountain, too, was here set up; a fountain made by the wood-carver, William Rush; but as it was supposed to represent Leda and the Swan it brought heavy criticism upon the artist, for Leda was not a lady, from the city's standards, and the fountain was banished. And after a while the pumping station itself vanished, when the water-works were established beside Fairmount.

In the 1870's the huge City Hall was put up. It has a lofty tower, surmounted by a statue of Penn. Philadelphians grow eloquent over the marvelous height of this tower, comparing it with various cathedral towers of Europe as to altitude, and pointing out that it reaches up five hundred and fifty feet above street level. That, however, is two hundred feet less, in height, than that of the Woolworth Building, in New York, which rises to seven hundred and fifty feet; so that in at least one direction modern business distances old cathedrals. Theoretically, the tall tower dominates the city, but in reality the height is successfully hidden and appears rather low. Although, from a long distance away, there are a few viewpoints whence there is an excellent effect, there is nothing of this near at hand; yet, in a way, City Hall has attained unique distinction, as being the only huge structure in the world which gains no dignity by its size.

FROM CITY HALL TO MEMORIAL HALL

On street cars crossing Broad Street you will see men and women bending and bobbing and swaying and peering outward and under and upward, as if devoutly posturing before a shrine, and the thought comes of their thus doing honor to the high-exalted image of William Penn up there on his tower, looking benignly and broad-brimmedly down; but it is really only that it has become the custom for every one to try to get a look at the far-up City Hall clock.

For a great city, and a city which has led in art, Philadelphia is oddly short of statues that can be deemed excellent; in fact, the central portion of the city has few statues of any sort. There are some set about City Hall, however, among these being an unobtrusive statue of the "merchant and mariner," Girard. The statue which attracts the most attention is an equestrian of General Reynolds, and, without being a great work of art, it is a spirited and adequate representation of that gallant officer who, born near Philadelphia, was killed in the mighty battle, fought on Pennsylvania soil, at Gettysburg. Few, however, of the many who look with pride and interest at this statue of a Pennsylvanian, know that the statue is by that recipient of so much of nationwide ridicule, Rogers of the plaster groups! This Reynolds shows that he could do, with skill and spirit, more than his groups; and even they did much to point people toward artistic standards in an in-artistic period.

Against the south front of City Hall is one of the

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masterpieces of sculpture. (As I write, it has been boxed and removed on account of subway work, and may not be put back in its original position here.) It represents the "Puritan," the best of the works of that brilliant Irishman, Saint Gaudens; it is a replica of the original, which was put up beside the Connecticut River, at Springfield; and down here in the Quaker City the "Puritan" stands with odd effect.

This statue, and that of Penn far up in the air, (literally "skied," if ever an artist's work was!) represent vividness of contrast. For the Quaker stands, on top of the tower, a travesty on Penn, a travesty on Quakerism, impossibly benign, impossibly peaceful, impossibly lacking in manliness; when it should have been remembered that Penn was a man of mental and physical vigor, of court training and bearing, a forceful man, who was determined to carry out his ambitions peacefully. And here is the contemporary Puritan as Saint Gaudens visualized him, with Bible in one hand and sturdy staff in the other, equally ready to fight or to pray, sternly stepping forward, domineering, aggressive and unbending.

In the past, Fairmount Park has been the most difficult to find and reach of any large park in any of the cities of the world, and this in spite of the fact that it begins within little more than a mile or so from City Hall. It is, too, by far the largest city park in the United States, and indeed in the world unless Denmark is justified in its claim of a four-

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thousand-acre city park as against the more than three thousand of Fairmount.

Recently, at great expense, a parkway has been begun, and is indeed far on towards completion, stretching diagonally, in a broad straight line, from City Hall to the Spring Garden Street entrance of Fairmount Park, passing, on the left, the attractive building of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and on the right, facing out from Logan Square, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a building all in brown stone, with a big dome rising from its center; passing, too, on the right a felicitous entranceway which has been made, with all the reposeful effect as of age, into an old and high-walled graveyard and schoolyard of the Quakers, so as to have a fine entrance from the parkway; and it is hoped that the entire parkway will in a short time be admirably bordered.

At the Spring Garden Street entrance, at the end of the parkway, is a statue of Washington, of bronze on a granite base, which is notable among statues for the way in which it has been cluttered about with huge bronze animals and fish. This statue has been very much an object of admiration in this city of art leadership. The entire scheme displays marvelous thoroughness, not only with the variety of animals and fish and the number of huge symbolic human figures lolling in bronze, but in medallions which represent every man who had any important part in the Revolution! It is noticeable that the general effect is very like that of one of the big monuments, a "denkmal," such as one sees in the big German cities.

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Even Washington, surmounting the heterogeneousness on horseback, is not permitted to ride as he actually rode, but like a German officer, and the tail of his horse is twisted into German-looking ringlets. It is a complete example of German "thoroughness." And all this, because it was actually designed by a German professor!

This monument was erected by the Society of the Cincinnati, to honor him who was not only the first President of the United States but also the first president of that society. Contributions for its erection began to be collected over a century ago. And when money enough was gathered, the making of the monument and statue to honor this greatest of all Americans was entrusted to a professor of Berlin, who was something of a sculptor, and who made the monument in Germany and shipped it over.

Here, where Spring Garden Street crosses the Schuylkill by a long double bridge, with its two different heights for traffic, is the hill which in the long ago was specifically known as Fairmount and which gave name to the park.

And here, at the river's edge, is a notable architectural achievement; here a beautiful classic effect was long ago secured, when the water system of the Schuylkill, for the supply of the city, was new.

A considerable space is terraced and paved and balustraded, with the broad river stretching off, and the water, for the full width of the river, tumbling over a low fall; at one side is the double-bridge, at the other, and stretching up the bank of the stream,



THE CLASSIC TEMPLES OF THE OLD WATER WORKS

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are the boathouses of the pleasure craft, known as the "Schuylkill Navy"; and facing out toward all this are the classic structures.

There are three Greek temples; the center, the largest, being open like the temples of Pæstum. The proportions and the Doric pillars of all three temple-like buildings are perfect; and they are not so large as to be out of place, but are quite smallish; they are precisely right.

Stone abutments of dull gray rise perpendicularly from the water, with a line of semi-lunettes, and with divisions in each of which is built a delightful little balcony, just above the level of the water. The abutments are topped by a line of balustrades and it is behind this balustrade that the temple-like structures stand, in their uniform light gray, which would be still more effective if white.

It is beautiful, restrained, delightful; in this city so distinguished for its classic architecture, this group, with its setting, is thoroughly distinguished; even though, through some vandalistic utilitarianism, two other buildings, fortunately small, have been erected between the original buildings of classic inspiration.

Underneath the terrace and the buildings, within and behind the abutment that rises sheer from the water, a utilitarianism that is altogether excellent has established the city's aquarium.

And here, among these water-works buildings, are preserved some excellent examples of the unusual wood carving of William Rush. He was a Philadel-

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phian; he was born in this city and died in this city; he was the son of a ship carpenter, and early began making figure-heads for clipper ships and then made wooden statues.

Here, several of the statues are preserved. Here, too, is his supposed Leda and the Swan; not the banished original of wood, but a replica that the city procured, in bronze; and it is not Leda at all, but a thoroughly irreproachable young woman, holding aloft a bittern; a graceful piece of work, deserving its bronze permanence.

It was a century ago that the wooden original was made. But as I paused to look at this bronze replica just the other day, a well-dressed, well-to-do mother and daughter swept up and eyed it for a moment critically. And then came a remark which could not have been made in any other city of the world, after the lapse of a century; it was a remark all by itself, neither preceded nor followed by any other words; it was the kind of remark which, to typical Philadelphians, illuminates and terminates every subject; for the mother said: "Polly Vanuxem posed for that;" quite as if it were yesterday! And with that the mother and daughter swept on. Again one sees that in this city a hundred years are but a day, in matters of family.

The vast park is a place of beauty. It is splendidly diversified, with levels and rolling sweeps, with masses of trees and trees in isolation. Through the park flows the delightful Schuylkill, and dotted here and there are old mansions which the city has

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preserved. Into the Schuylkill flows the Wissahickon, and the valley of this little stream has been made a part of Fairmount Park; and never was there a more altogether charming bit of park than this Wissahickon portion, with rippling water, and high steep cliffs, and trees and bushes and flowering shrubs, all combined in a sort of joyous beauty.

There is an enormous medleyed monument in Fairmount, of tremendous height and curious elaborations, which was put up under the will of a typefounder, Richard Smith. It is essentially a military monument, with the statues of various generals here and there upon it, and with the typefounder's own statue not very prominently perched.

It was in Fairmount Park that Philadelphia set her Centennial Exposition. It was nobly conceived, nobly planned, nobly carried out. The National Government aided with a loan of a million and a half dollars, and Philadelphia likes to say that the loan was repaid and that a dividend of \$1.73 was paid upon each share of stock after all expenses were met. The city still points to this financial achievement with justifiable pride.

The Centennial—one seldom adds the word "Exposition,"—did an immense amount for the United States in awakening and educating the entire nation. General foreign travel had not begun, so it was extremely illuminative that the best of the products and achievements of the entire world were shown here. And Americans of the different sections became acquainted with one another. And a

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certain invention was shown which made the people, when they went back to their homes, in this or that near or distant quarter of the land, tell amazedly that the human voice could now be heard for miles over a wire. And Japan and her art were discovered at the Centennial; before that Japan had been rather vaguely thought of as a sort of Chinese island.

The Centennial profoundly influenced the development of American art. It drew the North and the South closely together. Indeed it drew the entire nation into unity. It seemed as if every family in the land sent at least one representative. There were ten million admissions to the grounds.

When it was all over, most of the exposition buildings were swept away, and the park resumed its parklike aspect. One building, however, was retained; an unattractive structure, Memorial Hall; and it contains considerable collections of curios and paintings, with examples of early American artistry, notably in glass and silver and to some extent in pottery and furniture; a collection of silver spoons of America's early days being especially noteworthy.

The Centennial may fairly be considered the first broad national and international exposition of the United States, such a matter as the earlier Crystal Palace of New York not in any degree rivaling it. And when the Centennial was held it far outdid anything that Europe had at that time presented.

Philadelphia is a slow city. Her own people will

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either admit it or be proud of it, according to temperament. One is tempted at times to say that she not only will not follow the Bostonian admonition to hitch her wagon to a star but that she will be content with a hitching post. All of which would show a marked misconception of the city. For, slow as she is, she has been first in many things, from the proud beginning when she stood for religious freedom and for fairness toward the Indians. Possibly her claims are not justified in every detail, but it is a highly interesting list of claims that she makes; among them being the first medical school in the country, the first hospital, the first fire-insurance company, the first bank, the first water-works, the first monthly magazine, the first daily newspaper, the first religious magazine, the first juvenile periodical; and, although humor is not her strong point, the first illustrated comic paper!



CHAPTER XVI

THE FAIR MANSIONS OF FAIRMOUNT



JEFFERSON, writing from Paris, in 1787, sends to Mrs. Smith in London, the daughter of John Adams, some articles which she had wished him to procure. "Mr. Jefferson has the honor to present his compliments to Mrs. Smith, and to send her the two pairs of corsets she desired. He wishes they may be suitable, as Mrs. Smith omitted to send her measure." Picture the predicament of the tall statesman, at the Paris counter, and the restrained amusement of the clerk! The letter continues pleasantly, and concludes: "Mr. Jefferson begs leave to assure Mrs. Smith of his high esteem and respect, and that he shall always be happy to be rendered useful to her by being charged with her commands."

Other times, other manners! And John Hancock, when in Philadelphia as President of the Continental Congress, put his tremendous signature at the bottom of a pleasant note to his charming fiancée, "Dorothy Q.," who was then in the Connecticut town of Fair-

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field: "How did my Aunt like her gown, and do let me know if the stockings suited her; she had better send a pattern shoe and stocking. I warrant I will suit her.—I have sent you by Doer Church in a paper box, directed to you, the following things for your acceptance, and which I do insist you wear. 2 pair white silk stockings which I think will fit you, 4 pair white thread, 1 pair black satin, 2 capps, 1 fan, 1 very pretty light hat, 1 neat airy summer cloak." With this last item he puts the parenthesized note "I asked Doer. Church," but as to the others he presumably followed his own unassisted judgment. One is astonished at his bravery! And he modestly adds: "I wish these may please you. I shall be gratified if they do. I will attend to all your commands." After all, shopping was no easy thing in those pre-department-store days, particularly with the Revolution's disturbance of trade, and a man was expected to do his part. It is worth noting, as showing what a pleasant love affair it was, and that even being presiding officer of a revolutionary assembly could not make the big-signed John forget to be devoted, that he closed his note with: "Adieu, my Dr. Girl, and believe me to be, with great Esteem and Affection, Yours without Reserve, John Hancock."

It would seem from the above letters of Hancock and Jefferson that one need not argue any special intimacy, although it shows very friendly relations, between André—promoted from Captain to Major, the charming society man, dancer, friend-maker, and go-between—and the wife of Benedict Arnold, that,

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before the negotiations with her husband to make him a traitor became known, André wrote to her in Philadelphia, from New York: "It would make me very happy to become useful to you here. Should you not have received supplies I shall be glad to enter into the whole detail of cap-wire, needles, gauze, etc., and to the best of my ability render you in these trifles services from which I hope you will infer a zeal to be further employed. You know the Mischianza made me a complete milliner."

The home of Peggy Shippen, Peggy Arnold, Mrs. Benedict Arnold, still known as Mount Pleasant, one of the very finest of the numerous old-time mansions of America, is still preserved in the very scenical Fairmount Park (to use a word that Beaconsfield loved): and it is by far the finest of the old houses of the park.

In early days, rich folk delighted to come to this hilly river region, and the city, in an admirable spirit, has preserved the greater part of the fine houses that they built here. They are utilized mainly for restaurants or rest-houses; the one known as Woodford, among the finest, is the park-police station; and even though some of the houses have been sadly altered to meet supposed modern needs or ideas others are still very much as the builders left them.

The mansion of Woodford, built about 1740, is on the same side of the Schuylkill, the eastern, as is Mount Pleasant, which stands between what would be the line of Dauphin Street and that of Girard Avenue; Woodford being a little more to the north-

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ward, opposite the end of Dauphin Street. Woodford was for years the home of William Coleman, one of the close personal friends of Benjamin Franklin; a member of his Junto; a man of whom Franklin has written in the highest terms, for his clever head and irreproachable morals; a man justifying Franklin's encomiums by the fine way in which, late in life, he filled important judgeships.

This house, which was Judge Coleman's home, is a building of great attractiveness, of brick that has been dulled to variegated hues of softened reds and reddish yellows. Outwardly, there are quoined corners, and brick pilasters; and inside one notes, in particular, the cove cornices in the parlors, and an exceedingly fine stair in a square-enclosed room: it being thus enclosed to prevent the downstairs heat from mounting upward on cold days. It stands as a house ought to stand for one so honored by Franklin and who, like Franklin, honorably rose from modest station.

Shortly before the Revolution, David Franks, one of a Hebrew family that was prominent both socially and financially, took the house. But David Franks was of pro-British leanings; and it was one of the grim jests of those times that Benedict Arnold, of all men—his near neighbor and even at that time a traitor, although a hidden one—had him put under arrest on a charge of sedition.

Scattered here and there in the great extent of parkland, some on one side of the Schuylkill and some on the other, are such old places as Lemon Hill, with

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fine lines, even though spoiled by an encompassing balcony, and quoin-cornered Belmont, also sadly metamorphosed, and the almost quaint Letitia house, or Penn house, which Penn may very possibly have built, which was taken to pieces, brick by brick, in its original location in the city, and carefully rebuilt here.

Near the Penn house is Sweet Briar, a mansion built a century ago by Samuel Breck, who claimed as unique the distinction of having shaken the hand of President Washington, and also the hand of President Lincoln, and both of them in Philadelphia. And there is the Grove house, on a little hill, the spot where the family settled in the early 1700's; an old dormered mansion, the precise date of whose construction is unknown. And there is Solitude; not a mansion, this, but a little house of large memories, a house built by a grandson of William Penn, one John Penn, who came over at the close of the Revolution to look into the affairs of the Penn family. He seems to have been in some ways a queer sort; and assuredly, if he had not had some queer qualities, he could not have built this Solitude, for it is a house precisely twenty-six feet by twenty-six! The parlor is twenty-six feet by seventeen, and behind it is a hall which is twenty-six feet in length and the missing nine feet in width.

Penn's wealth and connections and family importance drew important guests here during his occupancy. This tiny house loomed large as a social center. And, in particular, there was a fête cham-

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pêtre given here, with tents and marquees all about, and as guests the people of the highest standing. This freakish house of John Penn, this house that Jack built, although it has no connection with the cow with the crumpled horn, has close neighboring with various other crumpled horns, for by an odd fate it is within the enclosure set apart for the city's Zoo.

Most of the houses built within the district that in course of time has become Fairmount Park were the country homes of wealthy folk who at the same time had their town-houses in the near-by city, the people of Philadelphia having early set the fashion of having both city and suburban living, following in this the example of William Penn himself, who not only had his home in Philadelphia but also built a veritable mansion, not on the Schuylkill indeed, but on an island in the Delaware, above Bristol; a mansion which has quite vanished away, but from which some pieces of William Penn's own furniture have been preserved.

When one thinks of the homes of the Schuylkill region, the Fairmount Park region, the mind goes at once to Mount Pleasant, noblest and most beautiful of them all, and far the most important, even though the importance was mostly a somber importance, from the character and the fate of some who lived here. One never forgets that superb Mount Pleasant was the home of Benedict Arnold.

It is interesting to note the estimation in which his wife is still held in this city. She was of one of the

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finest of Philadelphia families; she seems to have been bright and goodlooking; she was a Shippen; she was a social entity, of a family of important social entities; so her name is still held in high estimation. A hotel has her name and her picture on its daily menu cards, in the expectation that this will win popularity; and the best-known woman newspaper writer of the city uses the name of "Peggy Shippen," as a nom-de-plume, knowing that it will attract. Now, such things could only be in this city. All that Peggy Shippen did was to marry Benedict Arnold and to continue to be his wife, and to accept money, personally, from the British government, after her husband's treason became known; not extraordinarily good reasons for honored remembrance.

The continued and widespread honoring of Mrs. Arnold makes it worth while to mention that when the general married her he was twice her age, a widower—his wife having died so recently as since the opening of the Revolution—and that he had three children, the oldest being seventeen. He was living extravagantly at the time he married her, and was even then under charges which affected his integrity and on account of which, shortly after the marriage, he was officially censured.

That the young wife not only overlooked her husband's traitorous schemes, but that she actively aided them, was the belief of many, among them being Aaron Burr, a contemporary, than whom a shrewder man never lived, and to whom was open many a source of information closed to people in general.

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Washington himself probably felt doubts of Peggy's loyalty, but when the crash came, at West Point, her position was so painful that he gave orders to let her, with her infant child, go back to Philadelphia, courteously refraining from criticism; but the Council shortly ordered her into the British lines, on the expressed ground that her continued presence was a danger.

Not only was Arnold given English money and the military rank that he craved, but, in time, four sons of this "officer and gentleman," and his wife Peggy, were one by one, as they became old enough, taken into the British army: not as private soldiers, with muskets in their hands, to fight in an effort to blot out their father's disgrace, but as officers. One was made a lieutenant, another a captain, another a colonel, and the fourth a major-general. It is of still graver moment, so far as Benedict Arnold's wife, of the distinguished Philadelphia family, is concerned, that the British government paid to her personally, in addition to what it gave her husband and their sons, a pension of five hundred pounds a year.

Arnold's courtship had been ardent, just as his soldiering had been ardent. As a soldier, he had carried out plans, such as conducting an army through pathless Maine in the depth of winter, in the face of incredible difficulties and dangers; and as a wooer, a three-child widower, a man under a cloud, a man of no "family," the son of a bankrupt, he won a matrimonial prize. In his wooing he lost no time. He arrived in Philadelphia on June 20, 1778. Be-

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fore September 25, of that year, he was on the footing of a lover who had been paying his addresses and not without success, for on that date he wrote a long and passionate letter, with such ardent sentences as:

“Suffer me to hope for your approbation. Consider before you doom me to misery, which I have not deserved, but by loving you too extravagantly.”

Really, it seems as if John Hancock wrote devotedly, but this sort of letter quite out-Hancocks the big-signatured John. Arnold continues: “Consult your own happiness; and, if incompatible, forget there is so unhappy a wretch; for may I perish if I would give you one moment’s inquietude to purchase the greatest possible felicity to myself!” But Miss Peggy Shippen ought to have realized that all this did not ring true, that it was too studied and turgid. Better far the simple devotion of Hancock to “Dorothy Q.,” after all. And, indeed, it has been charged that this letter, which so captivated Peggy Shippen, was but a carefully made-up form, and that Arnold had sent it to some one else whom he would fain have married, before inditing it to Miss Peggy. But, at any rate, he goes on: “My most ardent wish is for your happiness, and my latest breath will be to implore the blessings of Heaven on the idol and only wish of my soul.” And so for the second time Arnold became “Benedict the married man,” for they were married in March of 1779. And it was at least as early as the early part of that year, although the precise date is not known, that his traitorous negotiations began.



THE HOME OF BENEDICT ARNOLD

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How General Arnold retained rank and place as long as he did is surprising, for it must have been known that he was living beyond his means and borrowing money right and left. But we may suppose that it seemed incredible that a man in whom great trust was placed, and who had shown himself personally heroic, could really do anything very wrong.

While his home was here at Mount Pleasant, and he was military governor of Philadelphia; for thus high had he been raised; he tried to borrow money from the Chevalier de Luzerne; but the Frenchman dryly replied that when the envoy of a foreign power gives or lends money it is ordinarily to corrupt the receiver; and for him to loan to Arnold would therefore degrade them both; and so he declined "with pain." All of which Arnold seems no more to have understood than does the painter in "The Doctor's Dilemma," who, when his brazen request for money is refused can only uncomprehendingly say, "Oh, if you feel *that* way about it!"

At Mount Pleasant, vividly full as it is of stirring recollections, one feels in an exceptional degree the very life and movement of history; almost startling are the impressions of the past in their intensity. The place seems still alive with sinister influences. It stands unchanged in an unchanged environment.

At the time of its construction, Mount Pleasant gave only suggestion of pleasantness. A rich retired one-armed privateer, Captain John Macpherson, was the builder; a capable, cheerful, even comical man. He published the first of Philadelphia directories,

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giving the names in direct house-to-house sequence, by squares, setting down the names and occupations when they were told him, and, when they were not, putting down some brief description to insure directorial immortality. "I won't tell you," stood for many a number; for directories were at that time unknown, and people were suspicious about being questioned. For 93 South Street he put down "cross woman"; for a number of houses: "What you please!"

But he had not only wealth, but considerable position, and he secured prominent guests at his table, such as John Adams, who wrote of Mount Pleasant that it was "the most elegant seat in Pennsylvania."

The great show place was for sale when Arnold came to high command here; and the general, fond of show and deeming show as in itself a means of retaining power, coveted and secured the place, in the same spirit in which some Roman general would have seized upon some mighty mansion in an ancient town. Arnold could not literally seize this house, but the way in which he took possession, and the way in which he pretended to settle the great place upon his wife, had all the appearance of seizing. Arnold's belief was that nothing was too good for him. And as military governor he had extraordinary powers, not definitely circumscribed.

Mount Pleasant stands in a finely wooded portion of the great park, one tree in particular, in front of the house, being of enormous size. The house is near the edge of a high bank which rises from the level

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of the Schuylkill, and there are fine views of the bending stream. There are still remains of a terraced garden along the bank, giving evidence that not only the house but the grounds were liberally planned. The house is double-fronted, and the more important front is away from the river, as if on one side one is expected to look at the river and on the other side at the house.

It is a noble mansion, a beautiful mansion, a distinguished, debonair, delightful mansion. It is of stuccoed stone darkened to a tawny or almost yellowish buff, with quoins of brickwork strikingly in contrast to the façade.

It is a high building, set in a high place; the impossible was attempted and made a splendid success, by adding height to this building in its perched location and at the same time thus adding to effectiveness. The basement windows are well out of the ground, surrounded with frames of stone; the chimneys are of enormous size; there is a prominent balustrade; the broad stone steps have iron banisters that are covered thick with vines; the dormers are high in proportion to their width; above the fine front door is a still finer window. The entire building so more than justifies itself!

On either side of the house are flanking wings, each of two-stories and a dormered garret. Rather, they are dependencies, and not wings, for they are not connected with the mansion itself, but stand closely subsidiary to it as a highly important feature of the general design.

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The inside of the house well carries out the impressiveness of the exterior. There is richness of cornicing. There is paneling of fine design. The carved and paneled over-mantels are of unusual beauty. There are pilasters and pedimented doors. Finest of all is an upstairs room, overlooking the river, with exquisite beauty of carving over the doors, over the twin cupboards, over the fireplace. This room must surely have been especially the room of Mrs. Arnold; but the entire house, rooms and halls and stairs, seems still filled with the gay society folk and the gayly uniformed soldiers of so long ago. And how soon it was all to vanish! Here in this house the essentials of Arnold's plot were agreed upon. Here Arnold urgently asked to be transferred to West Point. The tragedy of it all seems so very vivid, so very recent, here in this beautiful house where the general lived so haughtily, entertained so lavishly, plotted so infamously.

Immediately preceding the acquiring by Benedict Arnold of Mount Pleasant it had been leased by an enormously wealthy Spaniard, Don Juan de Mirailles, who had been sent to America by the Spanish Government as its official representative. Mirailles planned living in state, in Philadelphia, and, being of vast wealth, he fixed upon and secured this magnificent suburban seat; but found that, to be near General Washington, he must give up Philadelphia and go to Morristown.

At Morristown the career of Mirailles was tragically short. He was taken ill and in a few days

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was dead. And the funeral was such as would have given satisfaction to Arnold himself, lover of pomp as he was.

A Spanish priest conducted the services. Washington, with many officers and members of Congress, walked in a funeral procession that was a mile in length. Candles blazed in the sunlight, and there was the solemn intoning of chants. The body of the grandee lay uncovered, in the coffin, and was clad in a magnificent suit of scarlet, embroidered in gold lace, and there were also diamonds and jewels and rings. The grave was guarded by soldiers night and day, until the body could be taken up, with the intent of sending it to Spain.



CHAPTER XVII

A COLLEGE TOWN WITHIN THE CITY



THE University of Pennsylvania is unique in its location, among American universities, for it is not only within the limits of one of the very largest cities, but it is actually within a mile and a half of the very heart of the city, City Hall Square. It has, too, great amplitude of grounds although so near the center of a great city, for its buildings and campus cover well over one hundred acres, in West Philadelphia. People like to refer to the university as being "on the Schuylkill," but it is difficult to see why, for between its grounds and the river is a district of factories and railway tracks, which are not in evidence from the sweeping, peaceful university grounds, nor is even the Schuylkill itself in evidence except that it is crossed, on the way.

It is a great college town within the city, for there are not only its own broad acreage and its many

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buildings, but, round about are clubhouses and fraternity houses, and students' boarding houses, in profusion, and shops that cater to the students' needs. With its thousands of students scattered about among college buildings, and libraries, and dormitories, and museum, and campus, and also permeating the entire surrounding neighborhood, it is a college town, complete in itself. And Philadelphia feels that her very identity is concerned in it, so much has it meant to the city, and so many of the city's best have for generations been educated there.

It has been, in name, the University of Pennsylvania, since far back in 1791, before that being a college and before that an academy. It was founded, as most of the old institutions of the city that have lived were founded, by Benjamin Franklin.

His method was interesting. He felt such an interest in advanced and systematized education that he talked the matter with "a number of active friends," as he expresses it, especially his friends of the Junto. Then he wrote and printed and distributed without charge to the "principal inhabitants" a pamphlet entitled, "Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania." This was in 1749. Next, as soon as he "could suppose their minds a little prepared by the perusal of" the pamphlet he "set on foot a subscription for opening and supporting an academy"; and secured the sum, very large for those days and for a city of the size of Philadelphia at that time, of five thousand pounds. He presented the plan as that of "some

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publick-spirited gentlemen, avoiding as much as I could, according to my usual rule, the presenting myself to the publick as the author of any scheme for their benefit.”

The first buildings were what would now be deemed very far downtown, for they were at Fourth and Arch streets. Here, in a court behind old buildings which are not so old as those of the university, two tablets have been put up as a reminder that the university beginnings were there, in structures long since destroyed; but as a matter of fact here seems to be part of one building still standing, from as far back in the university's history as 1762, or perhaps earlier. It is reached by an unattractive and dilapidated little court, opening off North Fourth a little south of Arch; but it is itself only an unattractive and dilapidated fragment, after all, and is not, as it stands, either a dignified or picturesque fragment; nor is it altogether to be identified, with perfect satisfaction.

The college, so soon to be a university, shifted its quarters here and there, even taking at one time the so-called Presidential Mansion which the city built where the post-office now stands; it was hoped that the national capital would be retained here, and so a great house was put up for the occupancy of the successive Presidents; but in those days there was no provision for the household expenses of the President, on the part of the Government, and as President Washington thought he could not afford, personally, to keep up such a large establishment as the

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great house would demand, he courteously declined its use, as did President Adams in his turn.

The vital removal of the University was in the 1870's, and it was to the present location, in West Philadelphia. It has, therefore, no old-time structure among its many buildings, to add the gentle luster of age for the eye to observe, to accompany the honored luster of age that comes from a long line of distinguished graduates.

The period of its removal to West Philadelphia, its present location, was not a period of good architecture. It was the period of Queen Victoria, of President Grant, of President Hayes; and no matter how worthy, as rulers, were Victoria and Grant and Hayes, the periods of their rulership were marked by bad architecture. So the buildings of the University, still cluttering the campus, were of greenish stone, laid in painful, smooth-face regularity. The stone itself is unbeautiful, and unbeautiful is the architecture. But vines are beginning to beautify by hiding.

And a new era has come. A large area has been covered, in recent years, with a number of buildings of extreme distinction and of beauty and charm to equal the distinction. These new buildings are of delightful Tudor style, with quadrangles and balustraded terracing, with differences in ground levels which are suggestive of Haddon Hall, with mullioned windows, with felicitous passages, with oriel windows, with towers standing four-square, reminding, in their serene strength, of the towers of

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Cardinal Wolsey at Hampton Court. And these buildings, new as they are, are already acquiring the aspect of serene age!

It has been so customary for a famous Philadelphian to be a University of Pennsylvania man, that it has almost been taken for granted. And many a distinguished man from other parts of the country has also graduated here.

When Tench Tilghman is mentioned, in a Philadelphia book, one expects to find it first set down that, Maryland-born though he was, he was a graduate of this university, with the class year named, and only after that to find the statement that he was a particularly trusted member of Washington's staff, with the title of colonel. And when, continuing, one finds that Tilghman was ordered to gallop to this city of Philadelphia with news to deliver to Thomas McKean, he almost expects to find it first mentioned that McKean was an A.M. of 1763 and afterwards president of the board of trustees of the university, before stating that he was President of Congress and that it was on this account that Tilghman went galloping to him, rousing him out of bed in the middle of the night with the news that Cornwallis was taken, and getting the bells all ringing and all the people pouring out into the streets in the darkness, weeping, laughing, almost frantic with joy that the long agony was over.

A century after the death of Stephen Girard, the university is trending toward the opinions of Girard in an important point; for Girard, with his own in-

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stitution of learning, expressed strong disapprobation of the study of Latin and Greek, although he did not actually forbid it; and the University of Pennsylvania has gone far, in recent years, towards the elimination of these studies, if not by official action, at least by a great falling off in the number of students of the classics. But, after all, it was a man still more distinguished than any of those of this university, who got along, according to rare old Ben Jonson, with "small Latin and less Greek."

Some mile or so to the southward is a curiously interesting spot, known as Bartram's Garden. The house and the garden belonged to John Bartram, who was born near Philadelphia in 1699, and settled himself in this garden when a young man. He won distinguished fame as a botanist, his name becoming known not only in this country but in Europe; so far did his fame reach, that his name was called to the attention of King George the Third, who appointed him a Court Botanist, with the very practical and very thoughtful concomitant of an actual salary.

The quaint and curious house of stone that Bartram built here, far back in 1731, is delightful in its general effect. It is of no particular style; it is a cozy, rambling, individual house, which only a man of quaint originality could have built.

Bartram was satisfied with the way in which his life ran on, for it ran smoothly and happily, in a quiet current; and, devout Quaker that he was, he carved on a stone, and set it in over one of the windows, when he had lived in his house for forty years:

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“ 'Tis God alone, Almighty Lord,
The Holy One, by me adored.”

And this lettering is still there, with his name added, “John Bartram, 1770.”

But more important than his house was his garden, of five or six acres, sloping down to the edge of the river, for within it he set out great numbers of rare and interesting plants and flowers, and shrubs and trees. Some of his planting still exists, but year by year the plants dwindle out of existence, though the city has taken charge of the estate, house and garden together, and called it Bartram Park.

At this old house, Bartram received, as friends, the most distinguished men of his time, and Benjamin Franklin was one of them.

It was in the big convention hall in West Philadelphia that McKinley was nominated for his second term; a convention that was a maker of history, for if Roosevelt had had his way he would not have been Vice-President on the ticket, and the entire history of our country might have been different.

For Roosevelt knew that the vice-presidency had become a shelf upon which to lay presidential aspirants, and he was determined not to be shelved. And he repeated over and over his refusal to consider the vice-presidency, even from the depths of his bathtub, on the side of which he vigorously pounded, just a few hours before the nomination.

And there were political leaders who had determined to take advantage of this feeling on his part by putting his name in competition with that of

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McKinley for the nomination for the presidency itself. I do not know whether or not Roosevelt was aware of this, or whether it was deemed safer to go ahead without his permission. It is not improbable that he deemed it better to wait four years. But some leaders opposed to McKinley were determined to force a conflict. So the night before the nomination, there came to Mark Hanna, who was managing the entire McKinley movement, the news that the name of Roosevelt was formally to be put in nomination the next day; that the direct battle was to be precipitated.

Hanna instantly began to work. That night was the hardest of his hard-working life. Message after message was sent; conference after conference was held; he ordered, directed, advised, cajoled, finessed, threatened, promised, used all the arts and weapons at the command of a successful political manager of men. And, inspired by his tremendous earnestness, his lieutenants worked with tremendous earnestness under his control. Hanna knew that McKinley would probably win, in a direct fight, but he also knew that there was a possibility that Roosevelt could win. And he knew that at least there would be bitterness and schism if a conflict should come.

He did not sleep that night. He threw every particle of his immense virility into his struggle. And he won. When the convention met he knew that it was to be McKinley, unopposed, and that Roosevelt had been induced to consent to the vice-presidency after all. Hanna watched, ready and re-

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sourceful for any possible slip, while the nomination of McKinley went through as smoothly as if no one had ever thought of precipitating a gigantic battle.

Hanna watched it all with a grim happiness. I was beside him on the platform as the tumult and the shouting died and knew somewhat of the night's experience. It was a fiercely hot day, and the sun was beating through a skylight directly upon him. He stood there, silent, as if on the verge of a fever-chill; he was cold and gray, holding himself together by a mighty effort, and a more utterly wearied man I never saw. But he had won.

In West Philadelphia is Woodlands Cemetery, one of the large cemeteries of the city, presenting another example of how Philadelphia preserves noble examples of architecture of the past. A Philadelphian of wealth, William Hamilton, who loved to drive in a carriage with four horses, at a time when carriages were few, and who also loved the aristocratic display of postilions, built a fine mansion, before the Revolution, and called it Woodlands. The house and the fine estate around it were secured by the city some three quarters of a century ago, the estate to be maintained as a city cemetery, and the house itself to be preserved. And it stands there, a splendid example of the fine and impressive in Colonial architecture, with large pillar-fronted portico, and general effectiveness.

The quaint and whimsical author, Frank B. Stockton, who was a native of Philadelphia, lies buried in Woodlands Cemetery. He who wrote so humor-

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ously of water adventure, in "Rudder Grange" and "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," is buried here, near the Schuylkill, but it is no longer an attractive river in this vicinity, but dismally ruined by appearance of factories and smoke; and his funeral was on a dismal day of early spring, not at all fitting for a man who had given the world so much of honest cheerfulness; but distinguished men had gathered, from this city and from New York, to walk as pallbearers beside his body and thus do him the last possible honor.

In Woodlands is also buried the gallant seaman, Admiral Porter; adding another to the astonishing list of notable men of the navy who are buried in one or another of the cemeteries of the city.

As worthy of note as any of the brilliant admirals and commodores, is plain Joshua Humphreys, a Philadelphian, whose ancestry ran far back to the earliest days of the city, and whose descendants are still Philadelphians. As a young man, he assisted in making ships of war for our Revolutionary fighters. But it was in the early 1790's that he came into prominence. There was much talk of a needed navy at that time, and Humphreys attracted the attention of General Knox, Secretary of War, whose department in those days included the navy, as the place of Secretary of the Navy had not been created. Through Knox, the ideas of Humphreys were put before Washington, who also was deeply impressed. Then the matter was laid before Congress.

The result was, that Congress authorized the

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building of six battleships, and this Philadelphian, Joshua Humphreys, was directed, in 1794, to prepare plans for all of them, in accordance with the ideas that he had outlined and expressed in his proposals to Knox.

The ships were to be built, from his plans, at various ports: the *Chesapeake* at Norfolk, the *Constellation* at Baltimore, the *President* at New York, the *Constitution* at Boston, the *Congress* at Portsmouth, and the *United States* at Philadelphia; this last to follow not only his plans, but to be constructed under his personal direction; and it is a pleasure to know that Washington, profoundly interested, frequently visited his Southwark shipyard, on the Delaware, at the edge of the city, and watched the development of the battleship.

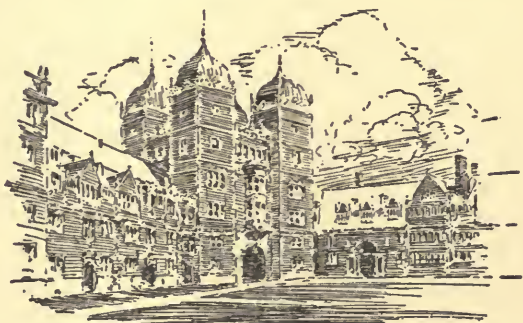
A letter from George Washington Parke Custis, written in 1844, to a grandson of Joshua Humphreys, says, of the first of these visits, "I well remember visiting with Washington the *United States* frigate at Southwark when her keel was laid, and stern and stern-post only up. The Chief expressed his admiration at the great size of the vessel that was to be;" and the letter goes on with details, concluding with: "Washington expressed himself, on his return in his coach, much gratified with all he had seen and heard in this, his First Visit to an American Navy Yard."

For his ships, Humphreys loved live-oak and red cedar. He was a master of lines, for speed and maneuvering, lines that were sharp and clear and clean, so that his ships cut the water like a knife.

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And never was there another man who had so much to do with so many famous ships. The *Constitution* won enduring fame as *Old Ironsides*. The *President* fired the first shot in our second war with England. The *Congress*, after a brilliant record in the War of 1812, remained in existence until destroyed by the *Merrimac* in 1862. The *Chesapeake* should never be forgotten, as the ship of the gallant Lawrence. The *United States* was sailed by the famous Barry, whose statue is prominent beside the old State House, and Barry wrote to Humphreys in regard to her that "no ship ever answered her helm better, and in all probability she will surpass anything afloat," and he said that Decatur (one of the many who are buried in Philadelphia!) was of the opinion that she would equal, in sailing, "anything that floats."

A letter written by Knox refers to Humphreys as "Constructor of the Navy of the United States," but he informally won the more delightful title of "Father of the American Navy."



CHAPTER XVIII

SOME DISTINGUISHING TRAITS



WHEN Doctor Benjamin Rush after the brilliant capture of Stony Point, wrote to General Wayne, from Philadelphia, that "Our streets rang for many days with nothing but your name. You are remembered constantly next to our good and great Washington, over our claret and madeira"; he expressed one of the marked traits of his city. For it is a city of the palate, a city that loves good things to eat and drink, a city of gustatory amenities, of old friends sitting about old mahogany, drinking old wine: and when the World War made it seem almost unpatriotic to eat or to drink it was a blow at the city's heart: not because—the distinction strikes at the very root of the matter—not because of undue love for eating or drinking, but because eating and drinking have from the beginning represented

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friendship and hospitality. For Philadelphia is a hospitable city: even though it loves to pronounce the word with accent on the second syllable. A phrase used somewhere by the lovable Charles Lamb to typify hospitality might well fit the typical residents, for "their kitchen chimney is never suffered to freeze."

But at the same time the Philadelphian loves dining for its own sake. To his mind, nature gave a discriminating palate with the intent that it should be given the chance to discriminate. To him dining is the friendly consideration of exquisite flavors.

Yet some of the most distinctive dishes have names that do not in themselves attract. Although I should be surprised to know of any born Philadelphian who did not like their most distinctive breakfast dish, scrapple, I should be equally surprised to know of any one liking it who was not Pennsylvania-born. And this, because of the inhibition of the name, the thoughts it arouses. And Philadelphians themselves like to tell of the visiting Englishman, who spent much time in this city, visiting and dining, and, after getting home again, on the other side of the ocean, told his friends of the city of Philadelphia, where everybody of family bears the name of "Scrapple," and where everybody in the city eats "biddle" for breakfast.

I doubt if the suggestion of "catfish and waffles" would appeal to many outsiders; but for the native-born it is a dish delectable. But it really ought to be termed "kitten-fish" and waffles instead of "cat-

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fish," for to the average person, away from this city, a catfish is a big fish, four feet or so long, with big whiskers, and always with a suggestion of something unpleasant, as if of the unpleasant water in which he is supposed to be captured, whereas the Philadelphia catfish, that they eat with waffles, is a small and delicate fish, and although it has whiskers they are not of the large and annoying variety.

"Tripe and oysters, with sherry" sounds like an unpromising combination, but it is said to be delicious if prepared as it used to be prepared in long-past days, when the hostess herself often made it with her own hands, from some old-time recipe. Creamed oysters make one of the popular dishes at parties, but the oysters do not appear to be creamed, they being in color a distinct brown, instead; but here, every one seems to think they are normal. After all, these things depend on one's upbringing; and the attitude of the citizen of this city toward "creamed" oysters which are browned is similar to that of a Cincinnati man, who was staying at the best hotel here, toward water. Asking for water, the waiter indicated the glass, full of it. But the man from the Ohio looked at it critically; then, "Water! That ain't water! Water's yaller!" So here, cream is brown.

But one kind of cream, ice cream, is superfine in Philadelphia as to smoothness and quality. And "Philadelphia poultry" is the name by which the best quality is called in New York. And "Delaware shad" have won wide renown. The *pièce de ré-*

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sistance at a reception at any one of ten thousand homes of the well-to-do is still, as for many years past, a delicious chicken salad. There are succulences innumerable. Delicious are the little cakes at a real Philadelphia party, round little cakes like pound cake, glazed in white, and formally a certain make had, on top, a little tombstone lamb in relief. They are not novelties; they are old daily realities.

To go into details regarding the cooking of Philadelphia would be but to emulate the tales of that mighty diner, John Adams, who left on record his descriptions of house after house where gustatory triumph was achieved. The city has but sustained the fine traditions of the past, when its dining hospitality was such that not only Adams, but many an English, French, New York or New England visitor expressed surprise and pleasure at the meats and sweets, the fruits, the wines, the quality and the abundance of it all. And Quakers joined in the competition of hospitality, for there was no religious ban, even with their plain simplicity, on the legitimate pleasures of the table.

Take a delightful old-time "Philadelphia Cookery Book," if you would know somewhat of the city's cooking from the standpoint of those of past days, who produced it, instead of only from those who ate it. Note with what painstaking care, with what knowledge of materials and proportions, with what generosity as to quantities the recipes are set down. Turn the pages at random, read anywhere:

"Prepare a tablespoonful of beaten cinnamon, a

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teaspoonful of mace, and two beaten nutmegs, and mix them all together when powdered. Mix in a tumbler, half a glass of white wine, half a glass of brandy, and half a glass of rose water. Powder a pound of loaf sugar and sift it into a deep pan. Cut up in it a pound of fresh butter." And so it goes on.

"Mix together a gill of rich milk, a large wineglass of rose-water and four ounces of white sugar. Add to it the beaten yolk of two eggs." And so on.

"Take ten eggs—" begins another. Ten eggs! No food shortage in those days! Under "To boil a turkey," it begins "Take twenty-five large fine oysters" and it goes on to tell all about it, to the chestnut stuffing and chestnut sauce—which, by the way, is made by "peeling boiled chestnuts and putting them whole into melted butter." To broil beefsteaks, one finds it is needful to have the steak three-quarters of an inch thick and to have ready on your hearth a fine bed of clear bright coals, entirely free from smoke and ashes.

Many Philadelphia dishes are distinctive, not that they are made only here, but that here they are characteristically cooked; as, crab-meat, or terrapin, or mushrooms; they make a wonderful mushroom soup, something I do not remember encountering elsewhere.

A specialty of Philadelphia's cuisine, like the *spécialité de Tours*, or the *panne-forte* of Sienna, is cinnamon bun. Made at a good confectioner's, it is not a commonplace affair, but is a light yeast-raised

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cake, a series of convolutions with currants and things, all mysteriously glazed with a sticky ooze of shining sugar and cinnamon. In the glazing is the trick of the making, for as with the glazed custards of France, the secret lies in the glazing of the pan, putting in the bun, baking it and turning it upside down. It is a luncheon joy for women and children rather than a man's favorite.

Then there is another bun, said to have been Dolly Madison's favorite when she was in Philadelphia and made for her during all her life: it is Spanish bun, a costly, delicate cake, with currants in it and, judging by its taste, mace and madeira; a kind of bun that undoubtedly came from the presence of the Spanish ambassadors and their suites; the cinnamon bun and the scrapple coming from the "Pennsylvania Dutch," the tripe and oysters from the English, and the planking of the Delaware shad from the Indians.

More than any other American city, Philadelphia possesses public markets that are great in capacity and considerable in number and convenient in general access. The Reading Terminal Market is in the very heart of the city, and the other markets are likewise convenient for one portion or another of the community. For two centuries the city has been justly famous for its public markets, and its few old broad streets, so very few in comparison with the narrow ones, were laid out, with the exception of Broad Street itself, for the sake of markets, which in old days were placed in their center; and a few of the

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old-time markets of that nature still remain, such as the one at Pine and Second streets, with its central building of quaintly interesting design. Even High Street had such a market, and it was taken away just before George Washington established his home on that street as President; and, when the market was taken away, the city changed the name of the street itself to Market!

Philadelphia has much that is fine besides food. The fine pictures in the homes of the present day, whether old houses or new, are prized inheritances from a prideful past or additions of the present day made in simulation of the past. The broad scale of living, the spacious rooms, the prints, the paintings by artists of the past or by our best Americans of to-day, the precious silver and china, all have united to give the fine homes of the city the quiet distinction that they have from the first preserved. And there is very much more of antique treasure, of furniture and silver and china, preserved in the homes of Philadelphia than in any other city of America, in spite of generations of generous giving to historical collections that are already so full that many a precious piece goes to museum garret or cellar.

Based upon acknowledged position that was unquestioned in early days and which still gives indications of being essentially unquestioned, two churchly sects divided and still continue to divide, between them, the social leadership; I should say that it is held with arrogance, so assured is the

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certitude of it, were it not that the two sects, the Episcopalians and Quakers, are simplicity itself in regard to it. And that is typical of the city: everything is just matter-of-course.

The women of this city dress exceedingly well and look exceedingly well. I remember an exceedingly handsome young woman saying, one day, with a sort of jesting wistfulness, "I am so much a Philadelphian that I wish, when I walk on Chestnut Street, that I were goodlooking enough for a man to stub his toe looking at me!"—as, I have no doubt, many a man did. And the women can do more than look attractive, for those of the better class have carried down and carried on excellent traditions. When John Adams wrote amazedly of the richness and abundance of food, his excellent Abigail wrote of the intellectual food, or at least of brilliancy and charm; and she expressed it by saying that the Philadelphia women could entertain a large company, of both sexes, by conversation alone, "without the aid of cards."

As an inheritance of custom from old days, the servants, whether black or white, are usually, on the average, well treated, and this results in making them, as a class, more than usually content and efficient. The quiet serenity of the general home atmosphere is also largely to be taken into account in explaining excellent servants.

So unusual has it always been to treat servants wrongfully, that a delightful ghost story, one of the few ghost stories of the city, is that the devil at mid-

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night used to drive about the city, in a black carriage, keeping beside him on the seat the ghost of a rich citizen, the ghost being condemned forever to undergo such nightly punishment because of some injury he had done a servant. I think that the coming in of the motor-car has made it impossible to keep the story alive; though it is not altogether apparent why this should be so, as motor cars have already had a great deal more to do with making ghosts than ever was the case with carriages. The name of the rich man who made such a remarkably unpleasant series of rides has not come down, though it should not have been difficult to preserve it, as there were only half a dozen carriages in the Colony in the pre-Revolutionary time when the story arose.

Of a new-rich family of the present day it is told with relish, that one of its automobiles is devoted to the sole purpose of carrying quitting or discharged servants from the great suburban home to the railway station and bearing new ones to the house; servants who can scarcely be spoken of as family "retainers," one would think. And concerning another be-castled household, there is a little tittle-tattle of gossip that they buy three kinds of meat, one for the master and mistress, the second for the dogs, and the third for the servants. If these tales are not true they may pass as among the "many inventions," to use a Biblical phrase, that are currently believed; and if they are true, they only mark by contrast the high average treatment of servants and employees in general which is part of the sense of civic pride.

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Servants are an important feature of life, for this is really a city of homes. There are nearly four hundred thousand dwelling houses, besides those of the suburbs. Here and there an apartment house rises high and prominent, but the population of such buildings is still tiny compared with that of the city's one-family homes. And the comparatively few tall buildings of any sort, whether for homes or business, explains the absence of the Chicago note, the New York note, the "absence of the note of the perpetual perpendicular" as Henry James expressed it.

In spite of the city's quiet Quakerism, in spite of its having so learned the secret of serenity, there have been times when it was far from serene. As if to show that in the heart of every city, as in the heart of every man, even of quiet cities and quiet men, there lurk sanguinary forces waiting only to be roused, this city has now and then developed ferocious mobs. Mobs long ago murdered negroes and burned buildings to express disapprobation of the Abolitionists. Mobs have flared into terrible activity to express hatred of Jews. Deadly mobs have arisen in deadly efforts to show that arson and murder were to be taken as convincing arguments against Catholicism.

Philadelphia is notably a city of politeness: a Northern city at the edge of the South, it has in this respect assimilated the best of each region, and there is a quiet permeative courtesy, with nothing of the false or the overdone or the subservient. It would be impossible for a Philadelphia gentleman to stand to talk with a lady, without keeping his hat off.

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“Sir” is common in general speech. An ordinary driver, for example, will say, “It’s over there, sir,” precisely as a well-bred man would say it. A man at a railway desk will say, “It’s the next desk, please”; and thus it goes: politeness and polite forms as a simple matter of course.

I was about to write, that the typical people are people of culture, but I think the city can more justly be referred to as a city of *savoir-faire*, one is so often struck with the thought that the good things of the earth are not new to Philadelphia, but long familiar: a silver spoon has long been very close to the Philadelphia mouth.

It is a pleasant feature, and quite characteristic, that men who are actively busy with professions or business are glad to give freely of their time to membership or trustee work with libraries or museums or charities: and as nearly everything in this city, of these kinds, is heavily endowed, there is not much demand to give more than time.

The consideration given to the old is a pretty thing to see. For it is not given as deference to helpless age. It is given by the younger to the older generations as a recognition that the older folk are distinctly worth while. They are treated as elder comrades, experienced and initiated, who are expected to enjoy and take part in social doings and whose conversation is both wise and entertaining. In consequence, nowhere else do people grow old so gracefully. There is no attempt at looking or acting young. There is cheerful acceptance of age, with the

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recognition of the fact that age makes people more worth while.

The generally permeative color of the buildings of the older portions of Philadelphia is burnt orange, of various shades of light and dark; there is sometimes almost a pink; and one comes to love the dulled old hues of the old brick combined with the dulled old white of woodwork and the gleams and shadows from glazed headers of purplish-green.

The houses that are still the homes of the well-to-do still have their steps of white marble regularly scrubbed, and still present to the eye marble lintels and copings, and white shutters on the first floor and green shutters on the second. And there are garden walls of stone or brick, in the very heart of the old city, with perhaps an arching gateway through which one looks into the ordered charm of a garden proud in the possession of ancient box and noble rhododendrons.

The narrow sidewalks of brick, set in sand, sloping markedly toward the gutters; a little squirmy underfoot after a heavy rain and hollow-tapping and ghostly under the heels of late and lonely pedestrians; are characteristic of the city's streets.

With its old houses, Philadelphia retains old customs. Its ton is still 2240 pounds; a point whose practical value is not to be overlooked in time of fuel shortage!

Men in evening clothes will walk, without overcoats, if the distance is not far. Women in evening clothes may sometimes similarly be seen walking

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to a friend's house (so many old friends live so close together!) or to the Academy. Among themselves it is still the little town of their ancestors, so they go about among themselves quite informally.

They still use the odd phrasing, to describe a man's business, "He's in coal," or "He's in leather," or "He's in sugar," or "He's in wood," or even "He's in meat." And distinctions are arbitrarily and perhaps subconsciously made, as, that to be "in leather" seems to be better form than to be "in coal."

Of a man of many millions who was "in meat" it is told that an embittered and unsuccessful acquaintance of his early days, after fortifying himself with drink, went and taunted him with his past; "I knew you when you stood behind the meat counter!" he said, and then stood frightened at his own temerity. And in an instant came the swift response, bullet-like from the bullet-headed man: "Yes—but I didn't stay there!"

Philadelphia has a look of settled wealth, of accustomed, habitual wealth. Some of the cities of Holland have this same look. There are brick-built level-lying streets in Amsterdam that have the very look of prosperous quiet that is here in Philadelphia. No other American city is precisely like it in this regard, and as to foreign cities one thinks most readily of the ordered living of Holland. It is a thoroughly confirmed and settled and content society.

In some degree, the insistence on having its own way is dogged; as in the determined holding to Jamestown as a summer resort instead of New

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York's Newport across a narrow watery strip. But if Philadelphia were not prepared to be dogged in adherence to traditional ways she would lose her traditions.

And even her humor is traditional. The old club members still tell to each other the old, old stories, as old-fashioned Scotchmen still tell tales from Dean Ramsay, calmly certain of their audience though they know that all of the audience know the stories word for word. Still the Philadelphian tells of the minister of this city, of a century or more ago, who, a wit to the end, murmured his final sally when struggling for breath on his death bed, "I cannot die for the life of me." And still it is told how the slender man, when overlaid with mustard plasters, entreatingly whispered the suggestion that there was really "too much mustard for the quantity of meat."

Among the most interesting manifestations of loyalty to custom is that which is represented by the "musical bread line," for it represents profound and unpretentious love of music. More than anything else, more even the honored Opera when it comes from New York, the city loves its orchestra: "our orchestra," as it is always affectionately referred to. The city loves it, not with any particular overplacing of its merits, but as one loves, say, one's own child, loving it and thinking everything of it, and taking it for granted that it is everything that it ought to be.

Winter after winter, the Philadelphia orchestra has given its series of concerts in the admirable old Academy of Music. Many a Philadelphian would

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feel as if he had ceased to be a Philadelphian if he, or even more importantly she, did not have an annual seat. At the Friday afternoons in particular, when women form the majority of the audience, each one goes to her own seat so naturally, for concert after concert, for season after season, that the ushers have little to do.

But a fine feature is that the seats in one large section are never reserved, but are sold for an admission of twenty-five cents on the day of the concert: and this is what makes that "musical bread line" so frequently in queue during the winter.

Because it is "our orchestra" that the people go to hear, it is a cheerful social function; and in the lobby and even more charmingly from seat to seat, women nod brightly to one another, and pretty girls nod prettily to each other, and if a friend is missing from her seat it is matter of concern, for absence means something portentous among these lifelong concert attendants. I know of a case in which even the birth of a child scarcely sufficed to keep the young mother away!

At these concerts, austerity of music or of audience is altogether absent, as is also the music student determinedly following the score, Boston-like, in a great black book. The music is given musically, as its composers intended it to be given; musically and with distinguished skill; and cheerful enjoyment is expected.

And this attitude toward music, and the delightful way in which the audience gather from center and

SOME DISTINGUISHING TRAITS

suburb for it, and the friendly spirit which makes these concerts such friendly gatherings of intelligent friends, is one among many of the ties which hold Philadelphians to their home town, and make such few Philadelphians as do go away feel glad to be back.

Even after seeing happy Philadelphians in their best loved haunts, or on such en masse occasions as the coming out after the orchestra, or on the south side of Chestnut Street on a sunny winter afternoon, one sees that the old story of what one of the Friends said to his most valued non-Quaker acquaintance is more than a story; that it is the reading of the riddle of the Philadelphia face, with its sense of sweet and pleasant infallibility in a world where all else is at least a little fallible; and the Quaker merely said, "All the world's queer, but thee and me:—and thee's a little queer."



CHAPTER XIX

THE BATTLE STREET OF A VILLAGE



GERMANTOWN'S long main street was the scene of the battle which bears the name of the town, and quite a number of the old stone houses that look out upon the traffic and life of to-day, looked out upon the struggle and the death of that battle day of the long ago. In spite of the many new buildings that have been put up, as the place has grown, the ancient houses at once attract the eye and vividly arouse the memories of the past.

Germantown Avenue, as it is now called, Germantown Lane as it used to be, leads out, a narrow road with crooks and bends, from old Philadelphia beside the Delaware, to Germantown, which was long a separate village but now is part of Philadelphia; and for most of the miles of distance that the road traverses on its way to Germantown, it passes through the uninteresting.

But one should note, several miles out on its way,

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the spot where it is intersected by Rising Sun Avenue, for the name of Rising Sun, curious to find in a city, antedates the coming of William Penn.

Two years before Penn landed, two young Palatines had settled beside the Delaware, at where now is the foot of Arch Street. They were Henry Frey, a carpenter, and Joseph Plattenbach, a blacksmith, and beside the river they built a combined carpenter and blacksmith shop, and they made a specialty of making and repairing tools for the settlers who even in those early days had come stragglingly along the river.

One day, a superb young Indian stopped at their door and silently watched them work. They asked him in, they showed him the use of tools; day after day he remained and day by day he learned from them. With a few words in common, and the universal language of signs, their friendship increased.

When, one day, he asked them to accompany him to his father's encampment, they went with him; and the camp was where Rising Sun Avenue now crosses Germantown Avenue; and they found his father to be the mighty chief, Tamenund, Tammany! For Tammany, the Patron Saint (or Sinner!) of New York, was a Pennsylvania Indian, with his headquarters near the present Doylestown. The name of Chief Tammany's son was Minsi Usquerat, meaning Gentle Wolf, so says the old German account; but the young men probably found that too difficult, for they called him Joseph!

After feasting and smoking with the great chief

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and his warriors, the young men gave Tammany one of their two precious flint-lock smoothbores, and went to sleep on heaped-up beds of bearskins in the central wigwam. In the first dim light of morning, before the sun-rising, Tammany awoke them, and led them to a little hillock, and, with his warriors gathered approvingly around, he pointed out broad boundaries of trees and brook, and formally made them a present of the many aced domain! And as they looked in admiration, at the extent of the gift, the sun rose gloriously, and they named their land the "Aufgehende Sonne," the "Rising Sun."

They sent letters home, telling of their success and good fortune, and just after the coming of Penn their parents sailed and joined them, bringing with them the sister of Frey and the sister of Plattenbach. In the face of the increasing number of whites, Quakers and Germans and Swedes, the Indians meanwhile had ceased their visits, vanishing farther back into the inland country.

It was natural that Plattenbach should fall in love with the sister of Frey, and Frey with the sister of Plattenbach; and one day, when a German preacher chanced to come up the river, and stopped where he saw the little shop, they piloted him to Rising Sun, and in a few days there was a double wedding there: and as the ceremony was concluded, it was noticed that many Indians, in full ceremonial costume, had gathered about the house, and the young men recognized their friend Joseph, the son of Tammany, now himself a powerful chief, who had come with his war-

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riors when the news of the intended marriages reached him.

The long-while separate village of Germantown merges crowdedly and imperceptibly into the city of which it is now a part, but its beginning may be said to be at Stenton, a mansion put up about 1728 by James Logan, a scholar, a philosopher, a man of affairs, the secretary of William Penn, and afterwards personal representative of Penn himself and the Penn family, and Chief Justice of the Colony. A very important man indeed was Logan, and liked and trusted by all who knew him. He was one of Franklin's friends, and was the author of a book which was highly considered in its day: "*Experimenta et Meletemata de Plantarum Generatione*," which was published—delightful touch!—at ancient Leyden, in 1739.

The mansion; and it is really a mansion; is maintained in the center of a tiny park. It is a little away from the line of Germantown Avenue, near the railway station of Wayne Junction, and is full of interest, from the first sight of its square-fronted hip-roofed and dormered exterior, of dulled brick with black headers, to the front steps of curving stone, through its door of simple dignity, into its brick-paved entrance hall (a feature of unusual interest) and throughout its charming interior. This house was among the most excellent houses, in an era of the excellent. Its hall, wainscoted in white, its splendid staircase, its beautiful wall-cupboard:—it is rich in points of interest.

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A great chief came eastward from the Ohio country, Wingohocking, and he visited, here, the powerful Logan, Secretary of the Colony and known to be a friend of the Indians; and Logan and he, in Indian fashion, exchanged names, that of Logan being given to the stripling son of Wingohocking, and the name of Wingohocking being given to a little stream, near Stenton, with the idea that, as Logan expressed it, "Long after we have passed away it shall still flow, and bear thy name." The name is still known, in Germantown, as that of the little stream, and that of a railway station; and as to the stripling, henceforth known as Logan, he rose to great fame in the region of the Ohio, as both statesman and warrior, and a speech which he delivered at a council has been rated, by no less an authority than Thomas Jefferson, as among the great speeches of the world:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him no meat," Logan begins; then, after telling of the killing, in cold blood, of his entire family, he goes on: "This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance;" and from this he continues, briefly, to the unforgettable end: "Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!" All of which makes a most curious connection with Stenton.

General Howe had his headquarters here during the Germantown battle. Afterwards, under a general order from him to burn buildings owned by



STENTON : AN HONORED MANSION

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“obnoxious persons,” two dragoons rode up with definite instructions to destroy Stenton, and at once went to the barn for straw. At that moment, up rode a British officer, with a party, seeking deserters, whereupon an old and devoted colored servant, ready of wit, told the officer that two deserters had just gone into the barn, on seeing him coming. At once they were dragged out and in spite of expostulations, hurried away: and the order to burn was not renewed. Seventeen houses, however, of American sympathizers, were burned through the order, between Germantown and Philadelphia.

Washington made his headquarters here on his way to the Battle of Brandywine, and he was silent, and more than usually grave. He was here again in 1787, when he was in Philadelphia on account of the Constitutional Convention: he rode out to Stenton because he had heard of Doctor George Logan, the then owner, as a progressive farmer, and wanted to see what he was doing, which was a customary thing with Washington, always interested, as he was, in good farming. He was especially interested, here, in the effects of land plaster: and he also spoke of his former visit there, in the gloomy times of 1777.

The battle that surged down Germantown Lane, only to go swinging back again, was at least well planned and, although a defeat, the audacity of it and its nearness to a success deeply affected the English. Indeed, its effect was much like that of Lexington and Bunker Hill, for it gave a realizing sense of the formidable character of the Americans

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and their leaders; and it also created a profound impression upon the French. It was an effort to drive the entire British army out of Philadelphia, and it came so near success that Howe actually gave orders to prepare to leave the city and retreat to Chester.

The battle took place on October 4, 1777. Germantown was held by the British (who had their main army in Philadelphia) as an outlying post, with Washington's army hovering still farther to the northward. Washington had recently been defeated on the Brandywine, he was outnumbered, and the British troops were trained fighters, so that no serious attack from him was looked on as possible. The Americans advanced in the early morning. The thunder of cannon was heard in Philadelphia, and reinforcements were hurried off, the grenadiers and Highlanders actually running for most of the several miles. At eleven o'clock the noise of battle suddenly ceased. The Americans had been sorely hampered by a heavy fog which had settled on Germantown and which was deepened by the powder smoke. As they swept on, a party of more than a hundred of the English took possession of the Chew house. Washington stopped, to attack this house, following thus the urgent advice of General Knox; and he was so delayed here that his advancing troops were beaten and driven back, and then his main body was also caught in the tide of defeat, a drum sounding for a parley at the Chew house being an important factor, as many, in the fog, took it to be a signal for retreat and were seized with panic.

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Both of Washington's favorite generals, Wayne and Knox, the two most picturesque figures of the war, next to Washington himself, were at Germantown, and neither of them distinguished himself there; Wayne not advancing as promptly as was expected, and Knox giving unfortunate advice by which, unfortunately, Washington was impressed. And here it is worth while noting the similarities between these two remarkable men. Knox was twenty-five when the war broke out, and Wayne was thirty. Each died at an age between fifty and sixty. Each was a handsome man, holding himself with the confident bearing that verged closely upon a swagger, without being a swagger. Each did one superlatively good thing in the Revolution: Knox got the needed cannon at the siege of Boston, and Wayne captured Stony Point. Knox was given land, as a reward for his war services, in our most northern possession, Maine; and Wayne at the farthest possible southern point, Georgia. Each did so many excellent things that it is odd that at Germantown both failed their chief.

After the battle, the British did not pursue; and the Americans continued to harass them with active scouting, and by cutting off supplies. The remarkable McLane was particularly active, and tried to enter Philadelphia in the disguise of a farmer, in an effort to get needed information, but was arrested at the city's edge, and sharply questioned, but acted and answered so well that he was released: at which he hurried off and, returning with a party of his own

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men, captured the officer and his entire command at their post.

The long and bending street gives an effect of houses of gray-plastered stone, rather than the reddish or pinkish aspect of old Philadelphia. There is also a permeative effect of ivy and box and dormer windows, in spite of the intrusion of much of unattractive modern. The admirable remaining houses of the olden time are set close to the sidewalk; and it is a street of wonderful doorways.

At the junction of Germantown Avenue, or Main Street as it is here often referred to, and East Logan Street, is a little graveyard where not only are early residents of the village buried, but also the British General Agnew, who was killed in the battle. Near here, on the main street, stood the house of the Cunard family, who fled to Nova Scotia as Loyalists; and a son of the family, born in Nova Scotia in 1787, went to England and founded the Cunard Steamship Line.

The house numbered 5106 adds another to the already long list of Philadelphia's important associations with the navy, for here lived that Commodore Barron who killed Commodore Decatur in a duel; an act that did not deprive him of standing with the Government, for he was Commandant of the Navy Yard when he lived here, many years after the tragic duel.

The broad-fronted, dignified old house at Number 5140 was for several years the home of Gilbert Stuart, and here he painted his famous portraits of Washing-

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ton. One would like to believe that a building of rough stone, in front of the house, an odd-shaped narrow building with an outside stairway, was his studio, but it seems certain that he worked in a barn which has been burned.

Those paintings of Washington, by Stuart, are among the most distinguished of the memorials of Philadelphia; of those portraits the city has reason to be immensely proud, even though it did not retain the best, but let it go to Boston, to the Athenæum.

Gilbert Stuart was seen by a friend, one day, carrying a Turkey rug into his studio. "You extravagant man! Why don't you get a Kidderminster?" To which Stuart replied: "Just wait and see to what use I shall put this." The use being, for Washington to stand on, for a full-length.

Every one of that time was interested in what Stuart was doing, and when the Comte de Noailles heard that a dress sword was to be pictured he sent, as a gift, to Stuart, a fine silver-hilted one. But Mrs. Stuart, after the portrait was done, took an ill will to the sword, and one day had the silver hilt thriftily made over into spoons!—which a little later were stolen by a servant.

One morning, Stuart was out when Washington came to his studio, but he returned a few minutes after the President's arrival, just in time to see Washington, in towering anger, thrusting a man, a servant, from the studio. Stuart walked discreetly by, and when in a few minutes he entered, he found Washington sitting very composedly. But the Pres-

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ident must have seen him pass, for he said that, contrary to Stuart's order, this man had turned the unfinished portrait face outward, and had then raised a great dust, by sweeping, "and perhaps he has ruined the portrait!"

When Gilbert Stuart painted him, Washington had just had a set of false teeth inserted, which gave a constrained look to the mouth, and made it difficult to paint him properly. For Washington, great man as he was, suffered from prosaic but painful tooth troubles, and as late as 1798 we find him writing to his dentist, about making new "bars" for him, and not to return the old bars because "I have been obliged to file them away so much as to render them useless to receive new teeth." The picture of the Father of his Country filing away at his false-teeth "bars" is not without pathos.

At Number 5203, on Germantown Avenue, a now done-over old house, Owen Wister, the novelist, the grandson of Fanny Kemble, was born; but the real Wister house of Germantown is Number 5261, a broad-fronted house of rough gray stone, plastered in front, with a notable recessed and pillared door. It was in this house that Sally Wister wrote her delightful "Diary."

A meeting-house, large but not old, stands at the corner of Coulter Street; with monarchs of trees, tulips and buttonwoods, about it, and a peaceful brick-paved path, and a peaceful graveyard shut in by a shingle-topped stone wall, and a pervasive air of peace, with vines and box bushes and gentle shade.

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Diagonally across the street—for all of this comes in our progress up Germantown Avenue, or Main Street—stood the house where lived for a time that man of striking idiosyncrasies, Bronson Alcott. He taught school for a time here, but neither his profound talks, nor such charming and advanced methods as taking his pupils on walks along the Wissahickon (not then a park) with the intent of gaining, through natural beauty, a happy influence upon their imaginations, nor any of his methods of developing the growth of mentality, were successful in gaining friends, nor was it appreciated that in his school-room there were busts of Christ and Socrates, of Shakespeare and Newton and Locke. He was a remarkable man; and his daughter, Louisa M. Alcott, once wrote, after meeting him at a train on a bitter day, that “he looked cold and thin as an icicle, but serene as God.”

Alcott was another of the New Englanders who did not gain a footing in Philadelphia; and yet, his was a successful stay, here on Germantown Avenue, for here it was that Louisa M. Alcott was born. In his diary, Alcott noted the birth, and quaintly added, “This is a most interesting event”; as indeed it proved to be to the vast number who, in later years, came to love “*Little Women*.” The family returned to New England when Louisa was about two years old.

Facing into the old Market Square is what is known as the Morris house, built shortly before the Revolution, and used by President Washington, for

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portions of 1793 and 1794, as his residence. It is a house of plastered stone, with two dormers with curved and interlaced lines, with a pillared door in a paneled recess, with windows of twenty-four panes, with exquisite cornice, with vines growing prettily across the front—in all, a house quite fitting for a great President's temporary occupancy. The house gains reserve through being set back some six feet from the sidewalk, small though six feet seems; and it is given an air of complete peacefulness by a great garden beside and behind it.

Washington came in 1793, on account of the yellow fever scourge, with his secretary and several men-servants, and kept bachelor's hall. The house had not then become a Morris house. It was at that time owned by a wealthy Hebrew named Isaac Franks, who rented it to Washington, making as precaution a careful inventory of the furnishings and household belongings; and one notes such items as andirons and tables and decanters and "elegant wine glasses," and a china punch bowl and some girandoles, and a double set, of seventy-two pieces, of Nankin china; and in the stable, some hay and fowls and ducks.

Particular to a degree was Franks when he came to make out his bill, for he claimed that one fork was missing and that a japanned waiter was damaged to the extent of six shillings; also, three ducks and four fowls were listed as not answering to roll call and charged for as fourteen shillings and six pence. Franks also charged the expense of two trips, to Germantown and back. one to see about getting the

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house ready and the other to see how much longer Washington was going to remain: and it seems rather humorous that he found that the mighty George had gone!

But when it came to keeping accounts no one, of whatever race, was superior to the master of Mount Vernon. He was a free spender and a generous man; but he always knew to a penny where his money went. And so he questioned the bill of Franks and after some months came to a settlement for not more than half of the total that Franks had claimed.

It was a battle royal, or at least a sharp duel between two experts at financial fencing, and as Washington won he was magnanimous enough to express a willingness to rent the same house, for a time, the following year, and the defeated Franks acquiesced.

During this second occupancy, in the summer of 1794, Mrs. Washington was with him, and her two grandchildren, Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis.

For this second season Franks charged something over two hundred dollars, and I do not find that Washington a second time disputed with him.

The house, in spite of andirons and china, needed much more furniture for Mrs. Washington's presence, and two loads were sent out from Philadelphia at a charge of six dollars; but the charge to haul the same things back to Philadelphia was seven dollars. And such things are delightful to know. They do so humanize it all.

A little away from the main street, but a few

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minutes' walk from the Market Square, lived one whose name, to those who remember back for some forty years or more, is among the most familiarly known of all American names; for here lived Charlie Ross, of the tragic and unexplained abduction.

The ancient Germantown Academy is at School House Lane and Greene Street, and it has a worn stone sill which is doubtless the same upon which Washington stepped when he visited here. The Academy is a long-fronted building of roughish gray stone, topped by a quaint little belfry tower, and with balancing little stone houses on either side.

An unusually picturesque old house, understood to be the oldest house in Germantown, stands at the corner of Main Street and Walnut Lane. With its gable end to the street, and its long low white front, trellised with ivy and roses and honeysuckle, it is a place of great attractiveness.

A house at Number 6043, with a fluted-pillared doorway, a house of admirable lines, a Shippen house in the old days, has some association with pillagers and General Cornwallis, who told Mrs. Shippen that he had saved a sofa for her by sleeping on it, Cornwallis being in command in Germantown, under Howe, immediately before the battle; and on the day of the fight there was some of the very bitterest of the struggle close around this house, which long showed marks of it; but another interesting connection has to do with a later war, or at least a later warrior, for in time a school occupied this house, and its head-master was afterward head of Washington



THE CHEW HOUSE OF GERMANTOWN

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and Lee University; and one of his daughters became the wife of Stonewall Jackson. A little farther, and one comes to the old Mennonite Meeting-House, built a few years before the Revolution: it is a little building of stone of irregular sizes, and its interesting-looking little graveyard is a little above the present level of the street.

Still farther, and the most important house of all is reached, the old Chew house, standing far back from the street, within its acreage of an entire city square, and looking out just as it looked out on the battle day. The British made this so successfully into a fort that it caused the defeat of the Americans; and it still bears marks of cannon balls and musketry. It is a dignified building of much distinction; a building of light gray stone, with pillared door, and dormers with odd little curvings at their base, and a pair of stack chimneys, and a gable above the front door which is matched by a slightly larger gable in the center of the cornice, and a pair of little stone lions at the door, and great urns on the roof; and with small balancing-buildings on either side of the main structure. And its interior, beginning with a splendid pillared hallway, satisfactorily bears out the impression gained from the outside.

The Chew who owned the house at the time of the Revolution was Benjamin Chew, Chief Justice of the Province, who, as I notice in a recent and elaborately printed Philadelphia publication, was "fortunately away from home at the time of the battle." One would never suspect, from this discreet phrasing, that

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Chew, on account of disloyalty to the American cause, had some time before been placed under arrest and carried down into Virginia as a prisoner.

A young Virginia lieutenant was among those who vainly attacked the Chew house; a lieutenant who was to become famous in later years in civil life, and who at length died in Philadelphia; and it is vastly interesting to know that this lieutenant, who gallantly joined in the gallant attack upon the home of the Chief Justice, was himself the afterwards immensely distinguished Chief Justice of the United States for more than thirty years; for he was John Marshall.



CHAPTER XX

OUT THE OLD YORK ROAD



THE Old York Road, one of the principal highways leading out of Philadelphia, was not planned as a road to York in Pennsylvania, but was to have led to the city of New York. But ideas changed and plans changed, and the highway, beginning importantly, gradually becomes little more than a macadam-surfaced country road, leading now and then through a country village, and through miles of pleasant countryside, till it reaches the Delaware River and, as a highway, comes to an end. But it ends at a picturesque American town which has attracted artists to paint there.

Approaching the York Road from the center of Philadelphia, one may ignore the portion of it within an unattractively crowded region, and strike into it by going straight out Broad Street; which is really a street of generous breadth and not broad merely by contrast with the mostly narrow thoroughfares of the city. Broad Street boasts of being the

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longest straight-line city street in the world; its entire length, within the limits of the city, and without a crook or bend, being ten miles, from the great League Island Navy Yard, at the extreme southern end of the city, to Olney Avenue, up to the northward, where the York Road goes across in a diagonally wavering line. As I write, work is in progress which will increase the length of Broad Street; but here we leave it and follow the Old York Road.

Immediately south of the junction, we pass, facing Broad Street, at the right, a hemicycle of massive and grooved pillars, standing unrelated to any building, monoliths of almost Druid-like effect. They are at the entrance to the grounds of the Jewish Hospital, and are the pillars which fronted the beautiful United States Mint, on Chestnut Street.

Edging York Road immediately north of Olney Avenue, where the extension of Broad Street begins, is a double line of trees which were set out in the long ago by Fanny Kemble, the actress, then Mrs. Butler. She wrote, at the time—it was three quarters of a century ago—that she had set them out, but had not done it very well, though one sees by her phrasing that she was really quite proud of her tree planting, as every one is of such achievements who, having lived only in cities, goes out to live in the open country and the open air and under the open sky. The only fault with their planting seems to have been that they were set a little too close together, so that in the course of many years

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they have somewhat interfered with each other's growth; but the brilliant Fanny's planting cannot be blamed if, at length, they succumb to street extension.

Behind these trees is the house, still standing at the time I write, but likely soon to vanish, where Fanny Kemble came to live after her ill-advised marriage to Pierce Butler; a house that now is all of rusty brown, a rambling house, with double-storied balconies across its front. She came back again for a time, many years after—long after the divorce—and in her memoirs she now and then mentions pleasantly having her grandson, a young lad, at this house with her; that young lad being now the distinguished author, Owen Wister.

For several miles the York Road leads through a region of pleasant homes, with here and there, on the main road or on the roads which lead off alluringly on either side, old pre-Revolutionary mansions still inhabited by the socially elect, or modern costly seats of the socially ineligible, set within costly estates.

Passing through Oak Lane, Ashbourne and Elkins Park, and on toward Jenkintown, the entire region is also dotted with stone houses, of recent construction, which admirably reproduce in design the Colonial architecture of the past. In all, no other city in America, and no other city abroad except London, has quite such excellently built and at the same time architecturally attractive and well-poised suburban homes as has Philadelphia, and although

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the greater number are out the "Main Line," many of the most admirable stand at one place or another in the general neighborhood of the Old York Road.

At Ashbourne is the home of John Luther Long, who performed a remarkable literary *tour de force*, for he wrote the story which, through its popularity in its original story form, and then on the operatic and moving-picture stages, has won its place as the classic story of Japan, "Madam Butterfly"; and it was a *tour de force* because, although the author's parents had lived in Japan, and he had often heard them talk about and describe it, he himself had never seen that country.

Jenkintown has an aspect much like that of a busy little English town, and it has a small library building of most excellent classic design. And three miles to the westward, on Church Road in Wyncote, is the home of George Horace Lorimer, whose "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son" sold by hundreds of thousands and was translated into a dozen or so foreign languages. His home is a large, pillared stone house, looking out over a broad lawn that is bordered thick with rhododendrons and evergreens.

Beyond Jenkintown the York Road passes the grounds of the Huntington Valley Country Club, which seems to be known by golfers everywhere; and the club is notable for its delightful entertainments, such as a memorable outdoor presentation of "Pomander Walk." The road swings on through Abington, passing an oldish church building which

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is proud of being the home of one of the first Presbyterian church organizations in America. On this spot stood the original building; and here the mighty Whitefield came out from the city to preach. A little farther, and Willow Grove is reached; a place which for years has presented an astonishing example of the vast and varied extent of entertainments, with free concerts by the best bands and orchestras, that a trolley company will offer for the sake of inducing vast throngs to take trolley rides.

Here the York Road takes an almost unnoticed turn to the right, leaving what seems now the main road, and in a few miles you come to a dry open field, at a road crossing, with a stone set up, and you find that it is a memorial to that unfortunate inventor John Fitch, who left his home in Connecticut and tried, here at the edge of Philadelphia, to perfect his idea of a boat to be propelled by steam, only to be beaten in the race by Fulton, who was born near Philadelphia. The invention had been almost perfected, by one inventor or another, for years, but the most notable who strove for the honor and the priority were these two.

Throughout his life Fitch just missed being successful. He was a clock repairer, a silversmith, a maker of brass sleevebuttons, a jack of all trades. Following years of sailing in youth, he wandered again after marriage, on account of the scolding habits of his wife, who looked upon him as a Rip Van Winkle and could not understand that his dreamings could possibly be of so much value as

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hoeing the potatoes. He went down the Ohio River, aiming for New Orleans, in the course of the Revolution, and was captured by the Indians and then held prisoner by the British. His one great idea in life was steam navigation, and when he was settled here, beside the Old York Road, he succeeded in so impressing twenty men that they put in fifty dollars each and with the money he built a model and made it go. That the Governor and Council of the State presented him with a silk flag represents all that he got out of his precious idea. He went to France to forward his plans, but failed, and came back to America, and went again out into the wilderness, and in 1798 drowned himself, thus ending a career of which one is reminded by this stone, set in an oddly dry location for a steamboat inventor. That he stood six feet and two inches in his stocking feet, and that he had very black hair and black eyes, is about all that is remembered of him.

Fulton went, like Fitch, to France in the hope of gaining necessary help; and how he found it makes one of the most romantic of tales. It is told in the memoirs of the son of Albert Gallatin, the great financier.

While the Reign of Terror was raging Fulton, who had been in Paris, decided to make his way to London. Waiting for the boat at Calais—not then the familiar channel steamer of the present day!—he noticed a young woman who seemed to be in such great trouble that he spoke to her, when it appeared that her husband was ill in England, that she had

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made a secret trip to Paris on account of some property matters, that she found both herself and her husband proscribed, that she had no passport and might at any moment be arrested, and that arrest would mean the guillotine. Fulton acted with typical American gallantry. He had a passport which had been made out for Mrs. Fulton and himself. His wife was not with him. "Let me call you Mrs. Fulton as far as Dover," he said. Together they crossed; at Dover they parted; and Fulton did not even know her name.

Some years afterwards, in Paris, when times had altogether changed, he was in a crowded theater and caught sight of a beautiful woman, handsomely gowned and bejeweled, who motioned him to her box. It was the lady of Calais, and now her husband was with her, one of the wealthiest of French dukes; and it was through these two, in their gratitude, that the money was secured by Fulton which made possible his success. I do not know on what authority young Gallatin had this, but he and his distinguished father were long-time dwellers in Paris and were just the kind to learn of such a curious story.

Over and over, one sees what romantic actualities lie waiting in this country for the poet or the novelist. Sir Walter Scott himself would have liked Fulton's fine gallantry—and I mention Scott again because of his persistently deeming that America could offer only trees, leaving history and romance to Europe!—and Scott would have liked still more

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the history and romance of Graeme Park, because of its connection with the Scottish uprising of 1715 in favor of the Stuarts.

Sir William Keith, governor of Pennsylvania from 1717 to 1726 (technically, like many of the Colonial governors, Deputy Governor, but Governor in actuality and always referred to as such), built, at the beginning of his term of office, a mansion, still standing, in Horsham Township, twenty miles north of Philadelphia, in an estate now known as Graeme Park, in a region of gentle undulations, of running brooks and splendid trees. Of excellent lineage, he was fascinated by the old British idea of having a distinguished mansion and a widespreading estate far from any town.

He first came to America to assume a comparatively minor post in Virginia, but returned to Great Britain to take part in the rising of the Stuart adherents in 1715. After the crushing of the attempt, Keith escaped, and even succeeded in hiding the fact that he had taken part, although it was known that his brothers had participated. And he was actually able to secure the post of governor of this great province, under the King against whom he had taken up arms! The fact of his having been in rebellion was strongly suspected, and from time to time charges or innuendoes were advanced, but no definite proof could be adduced, and he retained his high office.

I have read that he escaped after the defeat of Sheriffmuir by hiding in the house of a family

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named Graeme till the pursuit was over; and that is probably the story which his enemies tried to fasten upon him.

At any rate, when he came back to America, as Governor of Pennsylvania, he brought with him the son of the Graeme family, who became a well-known doctor, and married Keith's stepdaughter, and became owner of Graeme Park after Keith's death. Writing of it, in 1755, to Thomas Penn, Doctor Graeme said: "I have a park which encloses three hundred acres of land. I have double-ditched and double-hedged it and I dare venture to say that no nobleman in England but would be proud to have it for his seat."

The estate has lost much of its impressiveness from the neglect of generations since its grand old days, but there are still to be seen the wrecked and grassed-over remains of terraces, and wrecked stone walls in the fields or where once were the elaborate gardens.

The house has also lost the glory of two centuries ago, and stands bare-fronted, looking out forlornly into a grove of giant locusts and sycamores; a tall, prim, four-dormered house of chocolate-colored field stone. It is in a location rather hard to find, but the wellnigh lost road upon which it is tucked away still retains the name of Governor's Road.

The interior is even more desolate than the outside, but there are striking remains of the early grandeur in the splendid paneling of the entire principal downstairs room, in the pediments and cornice-

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ing, in the remains of most excellent handiwork, in the great chamber on the second floor, with its semi-circular door-heads.

But, for Keith, it all ended unhappily; for he went back to England and died in a debtors' prison, and his widow lingered on, in wretched poverty, a recluse, till her lonely death, here in the heart of old Philadelphia. But the general misfortune did not affect Doctor Graeme, who even took to himself the naming of the estate!

Graeme had a brilliant daughter who, sent over to England for a time, attracted attention by her wit and good looks. At the racetrack, one day, she made a successful bet on an unpromising horse, and her cleverness and vivacity led an odd-looking but somehow distinguished man to ask for an introduction; and it was Sterne, of "Tristram Shandy."

Returning to America she secretly married, against her father's wishes, a man named Ferguson: and on the day on which she had decided to confess her marriage to her father she watched in trembling fear, from a window of this old house at Graeme Park, as he approached—and saw him suddenly fall in the pathway, only to be carried into the house, dead.

Returning from Graeme Park to the York Road through little Hatboro, we again turn northward, and follow for miles through pleasantly diversified country, passing an ancient house in which, before the march to the Brandywine, which was down this road, Washington had his headquarters, and near

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which his army was camped, and where Lafayette, who had met the Commander-in-Chief in Philadelphia, first actually joined the army.

Then more miles, and tiny Buckingham is passed, a place with a gentle flavor of the long ago, with an ancient crossroads tavern which is, or at least was, famous for its chicken dinners, for Cibberite diners who might exclaim, "Off with their heads! So much for Buckingham!" The tiny village retains the full name, but the county, following English-fashion, carries but the abbreviation "Bucks."

The road bends to the eastward, and the hills are more prominent, and picturesque New Hope is reached, overlooking, from its terracings and irregularities, the broad Delaware; a place of sweetly charming impressions, especially for such as know the charming little villages of Europe; a place to which painters have learned to pilgrimage. There are fine old doorways and a high-perched church, there are numerous little old homes, there are unexpected water courses, and a canal with mule-teams pacing slowly tandem, and there are waterside gardens; it is a town crowded between hills and river; and here, the road ending its ambitious effort to reach New York, one may go where he will: and nothing is more delightful than to cross the bridge across the Delaware, and swing down the farther bank to Washington's Crossing: the spot where Washington crossed the Delaware on that memorable Christmas night in 1776 when, in spite of snow and sleet and bitter cold and drifting ice, he got his men over the river, led

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them to do the impossible, and won a glorious victory.

I have seen it published, with the authority of a very high name in matters of history, that Washington, just before Trenton, a year before Valley Forge, wrote that "the game is pretty near up." But this is one of the half-truths which are so utterly misleading as to be absolute untruths. To his brother, Augustine Washington, General Washington wrote, in December of 1776, "If every nerve is not strained to recruit the new army with all possible expedition, I think the game is pretty near up"; which is very different indeed from taking the words without their context; and farther on in the same letter he writes, "However, under a full persuasion of the justice of our cause, I cannot entertain an idea, that it will finally sink, tho' it may remain for some time under a cloud."

The cloud rose very shortly after this; but King George thought it would settle down again, for, writing to Lord North to express regret for the disaster at Trenton, he added, "But I am certain by a letter I have seen from Lord Cornwallis that the rebels (the double "l" is the "King's English"!) will soon have sufficient reason to fall into the former dejection." But Cornwallis, the English were to learn, was not a particularly reliable prophet as to "rebells."

It is thrilling to be at the very Crossing, even though on a warm day of summer, when there is nothing to see but bungalows and canoes and a rail-

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way bridge which now spans the stream from one low bank to the other. A simple monument marks the spot; and one thinks of the boy who, looking critically at the well-known picture of the Crossing, remarked that Washington certainly did not stand up in his boat!

The road leads on to busy Trenton, where Washington took the English and Hessians so completely by surprise. Within that city, one need not, as at Germantown, look for definite memorials of the battle: but a noble battle monument, with a fine inscription, seems to dominate the entire city.

A battle could scarcely be of more importance to a nation than was this of Trenton; and the losses point out that the importance of a battle does not depend on the number of men killed. For Washington lost only two men killed and two men frozen to death, and even the enemy lost less than two score officers and men killed; but they did lose almost a thousand prisoners!

The great Robert Morris is not a monumented man, well though he deserves to be. And I speak of this here, because, turning toward Philadelphia and recrossing the river, to the Pennsylvania side, I came upon the only monument to him that I remember. And even this is not a monument, but an inn-sign; one of the most fascinating of old inn-signs to be seen in America, in front of a shabby-looking old inn, with factories now crowded close about; and Morris is pictured as a rotund man, offering to the Father of his Country a bag, looking like an English

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plum-pudding, and tied with a string, but meant to be a bag of gold, representing the noble offering, by Morris, of his private fortune, which saved the nation.

Rather than return direct to Philadelphia from Trenton, one may run up to tree-shaded Princeton, only a few miles away; the most beautiful of American college towns, the nearest approach to Oxford on this side of the ocean. The university was founded before the Revolution, and the town has much of the atmosphere of the stately past, and offers some superb college architecture of the present day.

Washington went to Princeton a few days after the Battle of Trenton. Cornwallis had hurried up from New York, and had so hemmed in the American army at Trenton that destruction seemed inevitable. But on the night before the arranged-for destruction was to occur, Washington left his camp-fires tended and burning, to let Cornwallis believe that he was patiently waiting to be destroyed, and marched off by an unexpected road to Princeton—for although Washington did not use a French word to describe it, nor employ artists, he well understood the practice of numerous kinds of “camouflage.”

The thunder of cannon from the direction of Princeton told the amazed Cornwallis that the destruction of the American army must be postponed. And at the college town, Washington charged in upon the British encamped there, and most completely defeated them.

A portrait of King George the Second hung in their

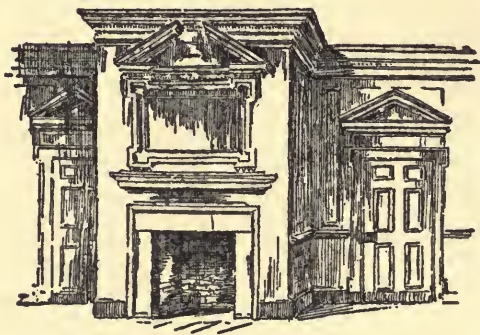
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honored old Nassau Hall, and an American cannon ball irretrievably damaged the painting, and some time after the battle Washington sent two hundred and fifty dollars from his own purse with an expression of regret that the college should have suffered the loss of a portrait. To which the college replied that it was not a loss, and that, if Washington would permit—which he did—they would give Charles Willson Peale the money, to paint a portrait of Washington himself to put in the King George frame. And the portrait is still there, with Washington wearing his sword, in the foreground, and Nassau Hall in the background, and the gallant General Mercer dying in between: and I hope it is not wicked to remember that, as there was no portrait of Mercer to follow, Peale painted in the head of Mercer's brother, adding a languid expression to fit the feelings of a dying hero.

Both Trenton and Princeton, though fought with small American losses, were of immense importance and were splendid examples of daring generalship. When Napoleon expressed to Lafayette his feeling that our Revolutionary battles were small, Lafayette enthusiastically explained that it was not a matter of smallness of numbers but of largeness of success. And it has been said that Frederick the Great, with somewhat of over-enthusiasm, once declared that the Trenton and Princeton campaigning was the most brilliant in military history. When, after the surrender at Yorktown, Washington gave a formal dinner to the principal American, French and British

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officers, he offered as a courteous toast, "The British Army," and made pleasantly complimentary remarks as to Cornwallis, its head; at which Cornwallis, meeting courtesy with courtesy, spoke with praise of Washington and declared that history would in time come to see that the war had really been won at Trenton and Princeton, even more than at Yorktown.



CHAPTER XXI

THE WAYNE LINE



A COUPLE of gentlemen with bags of human bones ride fascinatingly through early American history. Cobbett took the bones of poor Tom Payne in a bag and traveled with them to New York City and across the ocean to

England, and there lost them one day in leaving an inn; as a man will even now forget his packages in leaving an inn.

And there was Anthony Wayne, buried far out on the very verge of civilization, but with the highest military honors, under the flagstaff of the fort at Presque Isle, now quiet Erie. To his family (there are now no direct descendants, only collateral, but he then had a son) it seemed wrong to leave him in that lonely and distant spot, and so the devoted son journeyed thitherward to the then far West, and he gathered up the bones from where they lay in the shadow of the fluttering flag of the fort on Lake Erie, and he placed the bones in a bag and adjusted his

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honored burden across his horse's back, and then came slowly homeward, picking his way heedfully over the mountain trails and through the great forests, with day after day of tremendous solitude. And thus did General Anthony Wayne come riding back to the home of his ancestors.

Local annals long ago changed the horse to a gig to give the journey more of supposed dignity; but nothing could be more impressive than the horse. And gigs were not common in those days on the trail to the verge of civilization. Now and then an ox-team, now and then a heavy cart; and the rest was horseback or on foot: and horseback was doubtless the method of the relative with the bones. It is possible that friends met him, with wagons or carriages freely offered, but I picture him as appreciating the fitness of things and solemnly completing his homeward journey on horseback to the old Wayne homestead. And this great citizen of Philadelphia—for his home, although technically not in the city, was less than fifteen miles away—lies in old St. David's churchyard.

To Americans of the region of Lake Erie, the body of General Wayne, the man sent out to retrieve the crushing disaster of St. Clair, the man who so splendidly justified the friendship and confidence of Washington by his tremendous victory on the banks of the Maumee, was buried with honor at Erie, and although they know, out there, that his bones went a-horsebacking, they feel that his spirit is still with them.

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What a personality was his! How tremendously he impressed himself! With the insight of true greatness he saw in Washington a greater than himself and trusted implicitly his guidance and judgment and followed implicitly his orders: and with what verve and dash, with what cool fearlessness!

I have noticed, in unspoiled country regions of Ohio, how Wayne is still remembered: if, for example, there are still traces of some ancient and forgotten corduroy road through a woodland swamp it will be referred to as "General Wayne's road," though it may be many miles from where Wayne actually took his troops.

The suburban towns that lead out from Philadelphia on the Main Line, which might well be termed the Wayne Line, stand in such continuous built-up sequence as to make it impossible to see where the city ends and the suburbs begin, or where suburb merges into suburb, and they are among the charming features of Philadelphia. And that the suburbs here, as elsewhere around the city, end at fifteen miles from the city's center, leaving the region beyond that to be deemed country, marks a curious difference between this city of restraints and the far-flung city of New York, whose suburbs only begin at very little under fifteen miles and thence stretch out to fifty.

The station names of Wayne, St. David's, Paoli, names which arouse such thoughts of Anthony Wayne, are near together at practically the end of Philadelphia's commuting distance; in fact it was

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well expressed by an intelligent colored youth who, as a sort of reward of merit, had been sent on an excursion to Niagara Falls and who kept his eyes very wide open and his memory active, and on his return was ready to tell exhaustively, had that been desired, of what he had seen; and who began, with the unconscious Alexander-like desire of his race for new words to conquer, "The houses w'uh thick as fah out as Pianola."

Haverford, with its college, is among the first of the stations, and soon comes Bryn Mawr, the home of Bryn Mawr College, among the most notable of girls' colleges, with beautiful buildings and a pretty scholastic air: and, in time of peace, very beautiful May Day pageantry.

The name of Bryn Mawr is remindful of how very important the Welsh were in early days. For it is not a Welsh name chosen for mere oddity. Welsh names are surprisingly common in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and they represent an important factor in the early days of settlement; and even Penn, though his immediate ancestors were English, deemed himself of Welsh extraction. Bryn Mawr and Bryn Athyn, Cynwyd, Llanerch and Penllyn, Gwynedd and North Wales, Radnor and Merion, Tredyffryn, Crumllyn and Duffryn Mawr—such are among the many Welsh names of the general neighborhood, which have adhered since the days of early settlement.

The suburban towns of the Main Line, making in reality one continuous suburban settlement, with a

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general effect of charming homes set in charming environment, unitedly form a highly attractive approach to the home of the distinguished General Wayne.

Some two miles from Paoli, where Wayne suffered a famous and unfortunate defeat, stands the house which was his birthplace and home, a house adequate to his reputation, a house of brownish field-stone, softly weathered, with a central door topped by a hood of interesting irregularity, with two dormers, with two great square twin chimneys, with a kitchen wing (now the library), containing a fireplace so huge as easily to permit of clambering up or down—so much a matter of practicality, this, as to have a grating set in to prevent this very thing from being done.

The house dates back to half a century before the Revolution. It is a broad and substantial mansion, and still contains the greater portion of the great general's household furniture. It looks out over a pastoral country, and is set about with great trees, and in an old-time garden beside it grows an enormous box bush, at which the British troopers, on the night of the Paoli fight, slashed with their sabers when they came galloping here in the hope of capturing the defeated general: defeated once, but never afterwards!

That the Paoli affair is still so important in memories of the Revolution, and that the name is so generally familiar, is due to its having meant so much to so important a personage as Wayne.

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After the British landed at the head of Chesapeake Bay, and fought the Battle of the Brandywine, they struck north toward the Schuylkill instead of aiming straight at Philadelphia, the intent being to swing across to the Delaware, north of the city, and hold Washington and his army helpless. But fortunately, Washington was watchfully aware of the danger, and prepared to leave the city rather than be hemmed in. Meanwhile General Wayne wrote him that he was closely watching the advance of the British in the vicinity of Paoli and hoped to inflict such a blow as would be fatal to their plans.

Wayne encamped at Paoli with 1500 men. A mile away were 1800 additional Americans, ready to join forces with him. But in the night, a few hours before the joining was arranged to take place, General Grey, a stern, swift man, a soldier of uncanny celerity, swept in upon Wayne's camp. Before the attack, every British soldier was ordered to knock out his flints. The surprise must depend upon the bayonet alone. It was a splendid attack. All was over in a few minutes. The large force from only a mile away, which started at the first firing to Wayne's aid, came up only after the British had got off, taking booty and prisoners with them. It was not a "massacre," as it is so often called, but a successful surprise attack. For once in his life Wayne was caught napping, and with difficulty made his own escape from the rout.

One of General Grey's most gallant officers, an aide-de-camp, aiding him in that impetuous rush,

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was André, who was so soon to ingratiate himself in Philadelphia society, following the occupation of the city by the British, after Washington withdrew. Philadelphia has always so loved André as never, whether in early days or recent, to resent his lines on General Wayne in "The Cow Chace"; for André thought it delightfully humorous to describe Wayne, whom the British themselves knew to be an officer of the highest honor, and one who observed the decencies of warfare, as directing his men to "ravish wife and daughter" of the Loyalists. The very extravagance of the idea caused it to be unheeded; and, in justice to André, it may be considered, on account of Paoli, that his personal knowledge of Wayne must have given the impression of a careless commander with whom versifying liberties might be taken.

André so loved to write doggerel verse about others, that perhaps he would have been amused, had it been possible for him to read them, by some lines written about himself by James Smith, an Englishman, of the once well-known "Rejected Addresses":

"Within the lines taken, a prisoner brought off,
They troubled him with a line more than he thought of;
For, finding the young man's dispatches not trim,
To shorten my story, Bob, they dispatched him."

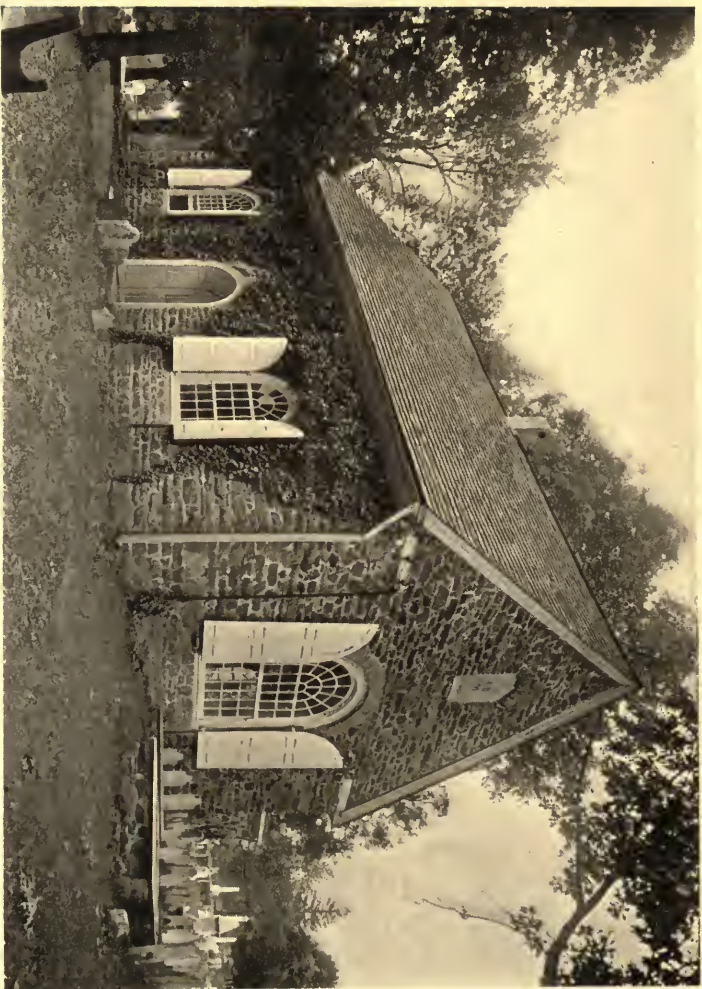
In the Wayne homestead, above his portrait, hang the general's sword and pistols. He was a handsome man; he carried himself with an air, and a very

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fetching and gallant air it was. But, after one of his victories—it was Stony Point—Congress voted that a medal be struck in his honor, and a representation of himself was put on the medal. But how changed a man! Gone is the upright military bearing, gone is the look of cheerful openness, gone is the bravery, the ruffling daring, and he is bashfully receiving from an Indian woman a “mural crown,” such as Romans were given who stormed a walled place; it is really like the old-time pictures of a cinctured Eve handing an apple to a reluctant Adam. That an alligator also figures adds to the queerness of it, and the inscription describes Congress as “Comitia Americana” and Wayne himself as “Antonio”!

When the news of Wayne’s death, far out in the Ohio country, came creeping sadly eastward through the black forests, it is said to have somberly ended a twilighted romance, a romance of middle age. And, if the story is a true story and not some one’s fancy, his death meant as much to the woman he was to have married as if she had still been in the full flush of youth: indeed, it must have meant much more.

There were two Mary Vinings of that interesting town to the southward, old Wilmington, and they were aunt and niece. Regarding each of them, tales of their beauty and of hosts of admirers have come traditionally down. Not only were there American admirers, but French and British officers also joined the devoted circles. The aunt is said to have been



ST. DAVIDS: THE BURIAL PLACE OF ANTHONY WAYNE

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vainly courted by Cæsar Rodney himself, than which it is impossible to say anything stronger in little and loyal Delaware.

The niece did not meet the man she wanted, among the throng of admirers. She passed her girlhood days, and the early years of young womanhood, without marrying; and then, so at least the old story runs, was made love to by Anthony Wayne, then a widower, and the two became engaged, and even a set of china was picked out by him as a wedding gift to his bride. And then, absent in the West, he died.

Gradually, she faded away. She lost the beauty that had so drawn admirers. She lost her money. Plain of face, and poor, she lived in one room in a little boarding house, and only once in a long while would creep off to the old Swedes' Church of Wilmington with her face hidden by shawl and bonnet, so sensitive was she in regard to her lost beauty. And her poor and humble existence dragged on for a quarter of a century after the death of Anthony Wayne.

Wayne himself lies buried in the little churchyard of a little church which dates back over two centuries, for its cornerstone was laid in long-ago 1715. All about is the sweeping beauty of gentle landscape. It is like the church of Gray's "Elegy" existent here in America, in its quiet charm, in the sweetness of its surroundings, the glimmering landscape, the drowsy tinklings, the solemn stillness, the turf heaving in many a moldering heap—all of that is here, with all the serenity and peace.

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It was a church of the Waynes before the time of the doughty Anthony, for among the vestrymen of 1725 was an earlier Anthony Wayne, his grandfather. For years, no pews were built, for each family supplied its own bench. Later, ground space was sold, upon which the members built their own pews. The little church has an outside stone stairway, leading to a gallery, now partially removed, whose erection was supervised by Anthony Wayne, the vestryman grandfather. In all, it is a charming place to give impressions of delightfulness and of times that are long, long past.

The rector when the Revolution began was William Currie, and he had then been rector for thirty-nine years. For him, the only right course was to support the King. But he could not do this and remain rector. So he resigned, and remained quietly at his home, loved and honored. After the treaty of peace absolved him from his oath to royalty, he again assumed charge of the church, and was rector until his death in 1787, at the age of ninety-three; and the sturdy old man is buried underneath the chancel window. Sturdy stock, whether American or British in sympathy, was honored where the influence of the Waynes was potent.

During the war the church was abandoned, and the lead of the windows was melted for bullets.

Longfellow, who did so much to blazen and perpetuate the fame of New England and European worthies, wrote somewhat of Pennsylvania men also. He wrote some verses about Bayard Taylor, whose

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home was at Kennett Square, southwest of the city, and they began with that superb line for a literary man's eulogy, "Dead he lay among his books." And he wrote of the church beside which Anthony Wayne lies buried; he wrote of old St. David's, and instantly at the thought the attention is aroused. Longfellow could not but write sweetly of a church that has so sweetly endured for over two centuries, and he could not but write nobly and romantically of so noble and romantic a man as Wayne.

But there comes a strange disappointment. St. David's is not in New England or in Europe and the lines are rather weak, about

"The narrow aisle, the bare white wall,
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and tall."

And Anthony Wayne was not a New Englander or a knight of old—and there is not a single word in regard to him, no mention that the great man lies here! Nor was it that the body of Wayne was not here when Longfellow wrote, for the horseback ride of the dead general was even then a thing of the years that were past.



CHAPTER XXII

THE THREE B'S OF THE RIVERSIDE



THE three old towns of Bristol, Burlington and Bordentown are grouped pleasantly near together, up the Delaware; the three B's of the riverside. Yet neither those interesting

old towns, nor any other of the old-time towns near Philadelphia, are connected with the city, or have had close relations with it, or intimate influence on it, in any large degree. Neither the three B's, nor Chester, nor Wilmington, have been of an importance to Philadelphia even remotely approaching that of Salem and Quincy to Boston. Philadelphia has drawn but slightly on her suburbs: and I am not referring to the new suburban towns which are merely the city itself extended beyond the city limits, but to the interesting, old-time, town entities. Philadelphia has grown by herself, has developed within herself, and the ancient nearby towns have

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separately grown by themselves: and this unusual condition has had much to do with the growth and maintenance of Philadelphian individuality.

Bristol is an ancient town, traditionally American. In early days it was of high importance, and the glamour of that distinguished past still remains. The little town sleeps with its full length stretched along the Delaware, which glows and gleams in its great shimmering width beside it; it is a one-street town, for Radcliffe Street, running beside the river, holds what there is of interest.

The "Spanish Ambassador" is still a fascinating name that lingers in the imagination in regard to Revolutionary days; or "Spanish Minister," as the title is alternatively termed, and it seems in particular as if it lingers here in ancient Bristol, even more than in Morristown, although in that town one of the Spanish ambassadors was buried, in velvet and diamonds, with remarkable pomp. Not that there was in those days, any literal "Spanish Ambassador," or even "Spanish Minister" but that there was a succession of representatives, really *charges d'affaires*, sent over by Spain in the early days, with somewhat of informality of status, as if Spain were trying to be ready to please the United States and, should affairs go wrong with us, at the same time not to please us so much as too formally to commit herself in the eyes of Europe.

One of these picturesque representatives was that Spaniard with the picturesque name, Don Josef de Jaudenes Y Nebot; he pronounced it Waudeneth;

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whose portrait, and that of his wife, the lovely Dona Matilde Stoughton de Jaudenes, who was a Massachusetts girl, smile at us, in gorgeousness of jewels and color, from the canvases by Gilbert Stuart in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Another was Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, a Spanish Marquis, who was sent over by King Carlos the Fourth in 1796, and, making his home in Philadelphia, which was then the seat of the American Government, married one of the most attractive of Philadelphia girls, Sally McKean, daughter of the Chief Justice, and later the Governor, of the State, and one of the social as well as political leaders.

We have a glimpse of pretty Sally McKean, at one of the receptions of "Lady Washington," Mrs. George Washington, and Sally, as she has always been called, wore a blue satin dress trimmed with white crape and flowers, and petticoat of white crape richly embroidered, and a festoon of rose color caught up with flowers. Of the marquis himself, President Washington has left an agreeable but cautious description. "A young man, very agreeable and easy in his manners, professes to be well disposed towards the United States, and as far as a judgment can be formed on so slight an acquaintance, appears to be well informed."

The couple, like Jaudenes and his American wife, were painted by Gilbert Stuart. The marquis is represented as a dashing, good-looking man, with oval face, high eyebrows and longish chin, a ruffled-fronted man, looking very confident indeed of him-

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self; and Sally McKean, the Marchioness D'Yrujo is a stately and lovely young woman, with low-cut dress and short sleeves, and a necklace of pearls, and pearls in her dark hair.

In those days Bristol was a fashionable summer resort for the rich folk of Philadelphia, and there were baths and dancing and pompous display; and a yellowish old house is pointed out as being actually "the house of the Spanish Ambassador," and little tales are still told of such things as how he bridged a tiny brooklet within the grounds and how he used to fire a tiny cannonette and in general comported himself in a boyishly human manner.

An odd-looking, quaint-shaped humorous little town building, amuses the townsfolk, who tell of it as having been put up almost at a day's notice to save a bequest for the city which had been forgotten and had almost lapsed by expiration.

The gardens bordering the waterside, the houses, with here and there an ancient one, looking out across the widespread sweep of water, the shading trees, the general air of a stately and vanished time, make the long street pleasantly suggestive.

Bristol dates from a tiny settlement made a year before the settling of Philadelphia; and Burlington, reached by a little ferry, on the other side, the New Jersey side, of the river, is a few years older than Bristol. Chancing into Burlington one day recently, I picked up a fine specimen of glass, a wine-glass. That it was old was evident; full examination at home pointed to about 1680, according to English

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authorities. I hesitated to believe in my own good fortune; "But," said a collecting friend to whom, with admiration and expression of doubt, I showed it, "do not forget that Burlington is an old town in which the old may naturally still be found; for it was founded in 1677, several years before the coming of William Penn."

The High Street of Burlington leads away at right angles from the river, and is amazingly rich in colors, the houses and stores offering swift alternations of red and yellow and brown and green and white, all dimmed and dulled and some of the colors even dingy. For it is, in appearance, a decrepit old place, showing its age with a sort of disconsolate bravery. There is a sprinkling of the very old, among the first buildings away from the river, among such as are merely fairly old, and in a few blocks there is still more of the atmosphere of the old. Some of the houses are beautiful in design, and there is much of pleasant greenery, and much of English ivy creeping over trees and walls, and the old houses are mostly set close to the sidewalk, with gardens behind. There are also sedate little side streets, with here and there a charming ancient home. One of the yellowish old gambrel-roofed houses has the date of 1703 set in its ancient gable. There is a peaceful tree-set church, not itself old but grave and quiet as if it were old, and there is an ancient burying-ground with the date above its gateway of 1702. There are still to be found, tucked away here and there, big houses of the early aristocracy, some of them still

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showing their silver doorknobs; and the "Bankside," facing out toward the river, still gives evidence that it was once a place of dignified charm, in the days when Governor William Franklin, the son of Benjamin, had his home there.

But the most interesting association with Burlington is that here the Leatherstocking author, J. Fenimore Cooper, was born, in the house at what is now 459 High Street; a yellow-chimneyed, red-roofed, white-plaster-fronted house, with little high stoop and slightly recessed door, a house beside which stand some ancient dying trees. Cooper and Burlington have no association apart from that of his birth here, for his parents were but passing through, and had not expected that the future novelist was to be born a Burlingtonian; but even this much of association is worth while, with so entertainingly distinguished a man.

A few miles above Burlington, on the same side of the Delaware, is Bordentown, a name which arouses a flood of memories and of romantic thoughts, for Joseph Bonaparte, who had been King of Naples and King of Spain, built at Bordentown a stately mansion, and when that burned, another stately mansion; and a long succession of titled men of the vanished Empire, generals and statesmen, made this part of the Delaware River region glitter with their presence and their fame.

Patience Wright, who won fame as a maker of wax portraits, was born in Bordentown, and, going to England to work at her art, made friends of the

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great and powerful, including the King and Queen, who used to visit her studio, and invite her to Windsor. She called the King "George" and the Queen "Charlotte," but finally lost their favor by ill-advisedly insisting that the Colonies were sure to win, which could scarcely be a favorable line of conversation for royal ears. Although known nowadays for her small portraits, she made some of life-size, including one of the great Chatham; and I remember a letter from Franklin, to a friend, in the 1780's, about the marriage of a certain Fitzmaurice, who had once intended to get Mrs. Wright to make a wax-work woman to sit at the head of his table!

Richard Watson Gilder was also a native of Bordentown, the son of a minister and educator, the Gilder home consisting of a new central portion and an old-time wing, all painted white, with lilacs and rhododendrons growing large and free, and a scalloped wooden front fence, and a box-bordered path leading to the front door.

Tom Paine lived in Bordentown for a time; just where, is not locally remembered, but it is remembered that he spent much of his time at an ancient inn, still standing, of plastered stone, with a rose-vine espaliered on the gable end.

Here in Bordentown was the home of Francis Hopkinson, one of the Signers, and among the most prominent of American leaders. The house is still standing, to some extent altered from its early appearance, but at the same time considerably the same. It is at the corner of Park Street and Farns-

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worth, and is a house of red brick, with a fine pent-roof, in a charming curve, above the door. The house was occupied and looted by Hessians, and a number of Hopkinson's books were carried away. One of them was inscribed that it was a gift to Hopkinson from the author, William Smith, Provost of the College of Philadelphia; which was shortly to become the University of Pennsylvania; and this book was afterwards recovered and returned, and it was found that a Captain Ewald, who had taken it, had written on the fly-leaf, in German, that he had had the honor of meeting the Provost; and in reference to Hopkinson, to whom it was inscribed as a gift, Ewald wrote that he was "one of the greatest rebels," but that, "considering his carefully selected library, and his mechanical and mathematical instruments, he must also have been a very learned man."

A son of Francis Hopkinson was the Joseph Hopkinson who wrote "Hail, Columbia!" In the "Pennsylvania Chronicle and Universal Advertiser," of September 5, 1768, was a notice of Francis Hopkinson's marriage, and it read: "Bordentown, Sept. 3. On Thursday last, Francis Hopkinson, Esq., was joined in the Velvet Bonds of Hymen to Miss Nancy Borden, of this place, a lady amiable both for her internal as well as external accomplishments."

It is odd that these three old towns of the Riverside should still, all of them, be quiet and old-fashioned places, of distinctly old-time atmosphere,

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because a great part of the Delaware River region has been taken by mills and factories, that have brought hosts of workmen, largely foreign born. I came, one day, upon an entire village of Poles, quite as foreign in aspect as if it were in Poland, except that the Poles had not built Polish houses but exceedingly ill-looking American ones, bare and hot and machine-made. But the population were all Polish, and a Polish funeral was in progress, with tables outside the house, covered with white, and a priest in full canonicals leading a procession, all walking, with candles flaring in the sunlight, and a band playing music, and the Stations of the Cross standing prominent. Some of the newly-built-up regions are rather pleasant and cheerful, but some, like this one, are unattractive of aspect.

But Bristol and Burlington and Bordentown still seem American, and especially Bordentown. And Bordentown is also a town of pleasant amenities, from old and young alike. It is set upon a low bluff, rising from flats to the southward and from the waterside. One finds such old-time American names as, just to mention a few at random, Skidpole and Rigg and Budd and Bellmere, and some of the streets bear sweet personal names, such as Mary and Elizabeth, and others names of families, such as Crosswick and Farnsworth. And I do not remember any other town with such thriving and permeative growth of box, in single plants, in clumps, in hedges.

Napoleon himself, when he planned to escape to America, put his finger upon the Delaware River,

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near Bordentown, on a map of this country which he had been studying, and declared that it was here that he would prefer to make his home, between the cities of Philadelphia and New York, and at a point where ships with news from France could swiftly reach him. It is probable that his brother Joseph knew of this. But, at any rate, Joseph, so recently a powerful King and brother of the now deposed Emperor, fled from France, and reached Philadelphia in 1816, and after a short stay in that city settled at Bordentown, where he purchased over a thousand acres of land at the northern edge of the town, and put up a splendid mansion, which he filled with costly furniture and works of art: for exile had not impoverished him. The house and its contents were burned, in 1820, and he built a second time, as grandly as before. But this house has also been destroyed. A curious point in regard to the estate is that it is not actually upon the river, but upon a long bayou, separated from the river by a tongue of land.

A large house now stands in the park, on practically the same building spot that Joseph Bonaparte chose. It is a house put up, some years ago, by a wealthy Englishman who for a time owned the place; a "Croshus for wealth," as I was locally informed; and I was also told that the Englishman was "about seven feet high." King Joseph is often, I noticed, referred to as "Bony," but not with any desire to be disrespectful to his kingly memory; sometimes the more formal will refer to him as "Mr. Bonaparte." A row of old houses, near the Bonaparte estate, long

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ago given the name of "Murat's Row"—members of the Murat family having been among the dwellers here—is frankly referred to as "Mewrat's."

Great part of the original estate is still held as an estate, by the present owner, an American. Here and there are ruins, gaunt and bare, of subsidiary buildings put up by Bonaparte, in various parts of the estate, and these ruins are preserved out of regard for the memories of the place. Bonaparte built a number of such buildings, for friends or for members of his household staff. One such house is still standing, a two-story house of buff-colored stuccoed stone, with a decidedly French air. .

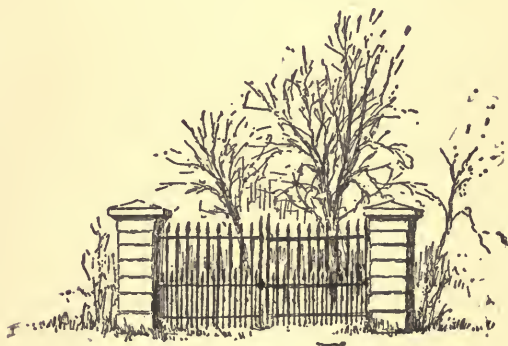
It is still told that Bonaparte used to be liberal in opening his park freely to Bordentown dwellers, and that on the big skating places every one was allowed to skate, and that he would amuse himself by tossing pennies out upon the ice to see them raced for by the children, or roll out oranges.

You notice at once that it is a park of planted trees rather than of natural trees. In the still immense enclosed park space there are glorious oaks, and there are the rare holly trees, and there are two box trees that are enormous in size, and there are beeches that are feathered to the ground, and there are ravines thick-banked with huge and glorious native rhododendrons.

A strange feature of the King Joseph estate is the tunnel construction that is still existent; great brick-vaulted passages, now mostly in ruin, leading from no one can tell precisely where to destinations

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similarly not understandable. Perhaps they represent some idea that was never fully carried out. And they add a touch of mystery to the glamorous romance of exiled royalty, and the brilliant throng of royalty's friends, here on the banks of the Delaware.



CHAPTER XXIII

ROMANCE IN TOWNS TO THE SOUTHWARD



CHESTER, ancient place that it is, is a town whose outwardness of picturesque glory has wellnigh vanished. Nor is it the original of the Pennsylvania "Old Chester" of Margaret Deland; for the home of the fine Doctor Lavendar, to which she gave that name, is a suburb of Pittsburgh, which was never called Chester at all. Chester, the actual Chester, and very literally an "old" Chester, is on the western bank of the Delaware River, thirteen miles from the center of Philadelphia, and, pleasant waterside town that it once was, has lost its old-time aspect through having become a place of large modern manufacturing interests.

The settlement of this now very modern and smoky town was in far-away 1643, while Charles the First was still reigning, and the Thirty Years' War had not reached its close; or, to indicate still more plainly how very old this supposedly new country of ours really is, it may be said that the reign of Louis the

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Fourteenth, which seems so far distant even when one is in France, and which the French themselves consider a reign of long ago, began in the very year that this city of Chester was settled, for in that year Louis, a boy of five years old, became king.

It was the Swedes who first came, carrying out the ideas of the great Gustavus Adolphus, dead in the decade previous. Upland was the name first given to the place, and when Penn landed here, on his first journey across the ocean, to take possession of his grant of land, he thought somewhat of making Upland his own capital city. But he seems to have preferred, on consideration, to have a town entirely his own, founded and carried on under his directions, rather than to have it said that he had but taken up and carried on a settlement of the Swedes. And, too, he doubtless deemed the location of his future Philadelphia was better for commerce, and for intercourse and trading with the north, through its being where the river was not so broad but that it could readily be crossed, while at the same time it was still deep enough for the largest ships: and one must needs smile to think of the conception of the largest ships, of those days of mercantile and explorative expansion, and what would have seemed the incredible size of ships of to-day.

In deciding to give his loving name of Philadelphia to a city of his own dreams, instead of to a settlement of the Swedes, Penn none the less took away the name of Upland, probably to indicate definitely that the place was his, and gave it instead the name

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of Chester, having asked one of the men who crossed with him, to suggest a name, and the man, being a native of Chester, promptly suggesting the name of his home town.

Almost entirely though the place has lost its antique aspect, it still retains, in the very heart of its busy business district, a relic of the distant past; it is a building, which although not so old as the founding, was put up long ago, for it was built in the ninth year of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, while George the First was still King. It is on busy Market Street and is a building that instantly attracts the attention. It presents toward the street a quaintly gabled front, heavily corniced and with a shingled pent-eave between the first story and the extremely low-windowed second story. Above this rises a quaint little tower, mounting in three diminishing cubes, and topping this is a tiny spire, six-sided, with tiny windows at its base.

It is claimed that this little ancient building has the honor of being longer used, continuously, as a public building, than any other building in the United States. It was at first the court house of Chester County, then the court house of Delaware County, then the hall of Chester Borough, and since 1866 it has been the city hall of the city of Chester. It has associations with Wayne and with Lafayette, and it is odd that it has none with Washington.

Washington passed frequently through Chester, it being on the highway between the northern and southern cities, and he stopped here for a short time

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before the Battle of the Brandywine, and for a still shorter time after that battle.

Washington had advanced, this far below Philadelphia, to watch for the coming of the army of General Howe, that he knew was on the way from New York with the intent of capturing Philadelphia. And Howe's plan was really an able one. Deciding not to follow the obvious approach of the Delaware Bay and River, which was at least to some degree defended by boats and landward forts and various stretched or sunken obstacles, he sailed up without opposition to the head of Chesapeake Bay instead and, landing without difficulty, prepared to march across country.

Washington, however, although he would have preferred to meet an advance from Delaware Bay, had not lost sight of the possibility of the advance by way of the Chesapeake, and he at once marched to meet the British, who were landing at a point due west from Chester. And among the hills of that region, still a beautiful and sparsely settled countryside of hills and trees and streams, with the River Brandywine indicating the principal line struggled for, the battle was fought. Much of the region is still of the same aspect as of long ago. An ancient stone house, now almost two centuries old, at Chad's Ford, beside which Washington calmly remained, on horseback, even after cannon balls began to fall about him, is still standing; and still standing, at another part of the battlefield, is old Birmingham Meeting-House, where, on the day of the battle, it chanced that

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some meeting was in progress. Suddenly, some disturbance was noticed at the door, and, disturbance not being normal at a Quaker meeting-house, some of the men went out and found that news had come of the British advance, with the excited addition, implicitly believed although it was not true, as such tales are always believed in time of war, that the invaders were murdering men and women and children indiscriminately.

In a little while the fields and slopes were glittering with British bayonets, and then up came the Americans under General Sullivan, in an effort to hold the graveyard wall as a key of defense, and some of the fiercest of the day's fighting took place here, and many of the wounded were carried into the meeting-house, and it is still told that a number of American women composedly and steadily carried water to the fighters and the wounded in spite of protests as to the danger that they were in.

The Americans were defeated: and Washington fell slowly back upon Chester, there wrote a dispatch to Congress describing the engagement, and then began his preparations for withdrawal to the northward, leaving Philadelphia to the invaders, rather than be hemmed in there by them.

It may be mentioned, as among the oddities of history, that "General Grant" took an important part in the battle and that "Governor McKinley" was captured as a direct result of it; McKinley being Governor of Delaware, and Grant being the English officer who, in 1775, had declared, in his place as a

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then member of Parliament, that he could march from one end of the American continent to the other with five thousand men, as the Americans could not fight.

It was up the road which leads through Chester to Philadelphia, from the southward, that Cæsar Rodney had come galloping, when his vote was so sorely needed for independence; and it was just a little below Chester that he galloped across that exceedingly curious semi-circular boundary line that separates Delaware from Pennsylvania; it having been "on a circle, drawn at twelve miles distance from Newcastle, northward and eastward."

Just across this odd semi-circular boundary, one comes to Naaman's, Naaman's-on-Delaware, at Naaman's Creek; not thus christened with thought of the man of the Bible who favored the waters of Damascus, but commemorative of an Indian chief whose name was supposed to sound something like this.

An old house stands here, picturesque, and interesting, and dating far back, and close beside it is a block house which is still older. This block house was built by the Swedes and was attacked by fiery Peter Stuyvesant of New York in his effort to gain all this land for the Dutch, before the coming of William Penn.

Continuing, in a few miles Wilmington is reached, a very ancient place, named first in honor of Christiana, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus; now a busy manufacturing center, but somehow retaining

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the suggestion of the fine flavor of a fine past, in connection with excellent things of the present day. There are still some comfortable oldish mansions, and there is an unforgettable annual peach market, and there is an unusually attractive public park, and there is a good hotel, which would be considered unusually good even in a much larger city. I mention this last item because, although in the heart of a region of good eating, a region of delicious fish and fruit, there used to be hopelessly impossible eating offered to the visitor.

The one notable memorial of the past is Old Swedes Church, which was built in 1698 and is believed to have been in continuous use as a church longer than any other building in the United States. In the gable of the church is an old inscription joining the names of William Penn, and "that most illustrious King of the Swedes, Charles the Eleventh, now of glorious memory," and King William of England; not William and Mary, for Mary had died, thus ending the joint British rule. There have been preserved such odd details, in regard to the building of this ancient church, as that the "sawyers" received six shillings for each one hundred feet, with food and lodging free and with the timber ready to their hands, and that the glazier, a man for whom they sent to Holland, was to have sixteen pence a foot for his work, in addition to free board and lodging.

The church, no longer Swedish but known as Holy Trinity, is a queerly quaint old structure, with an

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outside stair within a sheltering porch; it is a stone-sided church, entered by fanlight-topped doors through a projective square-cornered brick tower, which is surmounted by a little open cupola for the bell. And the surrounding graveyard is crowded thick with graves.

Romantic in high degree is the general aspect of old Newcastle, but a few miles away. And in spite of the fact that Newcastle possesses important manufacturing establishments, and in particular some steel works that have such of the very latest devices as to make the town notable among mill men, it still has much of the notable picturesque. Small though Newcastle is, it still possesses so many of the fine old-time houses as to give a permeative effect of the charming old-time building. There is still profusion of beautifully dormered-roofs, there are brick-walled box-gardens, there is wealth of clambering ivy and wistaria, there are mighty elms and horse-chestnuts, there are medleys of red brick, mellowed with age, there are gardens thick with greenery and rich with the flowering beauty of the crape-myrtle, there are delicately dentiled cornices and fine doorways.

Most important of the homes, although not the oldest, is the Read house, down near the water, with its front of unusual beauty, its dignified arched doorway, its solid paneled shutters, its fine Palladian window, fronted by an iron balcony, and a "captain's walk" on the top of all—the name so delightfully given to the outlook walk, balustraded, which surmounted many a house along the Atlantic coast in

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the old days, and from which the owner, a merchant or ship owner or retired ship captain, could look out over the sea.

The court house in its elm-alleyed square, with its central portion supposed to be over two hundred years old, has a dignified front, and regular lines, and balustraded roof, and a charming cupola rising on slender arcaded supports; this cupola marking the mathematical center of the arc, the semi-circle, that forms the northern boundary of Delaware.

Finest of all the memories of this riverside town is that of the bequest of William Penn, of a tract of adjoining woodland, to furnish firewood for the poor, forever; and although the trees long ago vanished, as the town expanded, his bequest was not lost, for the town authorities established a fund, from the lease of the land, to be devoted forever to his purpose.

By the time that Newcastle is reached, the Delaware River has begun to broaden into Delaware Bay; and the saddest memory of the long stretch of water, reaching on to the Capes, is that of the great number of refugees, Loyalists who left their homes when the British evacuated Philadelphia and went on board the fleet and sailed for New York to begin their journey to Halifax; for it was June, and a hot June such as only a Delaware River June can sometimes show, and a calm fell, so that days and nights of sultry heat succeeded each other, and thirteen days were passed before the Capes were reached; the unhappy exiles spending the time, as the ships loitered

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and drifted on, in making melancholy social visits from ship to ship.

The northern of the Capes is Cape May; and here there has grown up a great colony of seaside cottages, with many hotels; it is a seaside resort that is principally for the quietly well-to-do, a seaside town of piazzas, a town bowered in myriads of glorious hydrangeas. And a few miles to the northward, along the shore, is the thronging, glittering gay and noisy Atlantic City, visited annually by hundreds of thousands from every quarter of the land, but in particular the great playground and resort for Philadelphians; an ocean-side resort that attracts at every season of the year, with those who go in winter of a different class from most of those who make it their summer visiting place; a great city has sprung up by the sea, with myriad enormous hotels, with shop after shop, with buildings for plays and music, with a magnificent beach for bathing, with a marvelous feature, its broad Board Walk, extending for miles, and thronged with wheeled chairs and promenaders.



CHAPTER XXIV

VALLEY FORGE



VALLEY FORGE still remains, in general appearance, much as it was when Washington and his army were there. The bettering of

a few roads, the putting up of a few monuments, have only slightly altered the aspect; here are still the woods and sweeping fields, the slopes and ridges, and here and there are still two or three of the old gray farmhouses of Revolutionary days. The river still flows by in imperturbable serenity; Valley Creek still ripples on past Washington's headquarters, with its brook-like message, that men may come and men may go but it goes on forever; quite overlooking, in its haste past the old gray house, that Washington's memory will also go on forever.

Washington, "e'en in defeat defeated not," deliberately drew off his army after the Battle of Germantown, which followed that of the Brandywine. The British, scarcely sure even that the victory was

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theirs, cautiously watched, without attacking or opposing him.

Washington held a council of war, and listened to advice to hover close and make another attack, and other advice to retreat inland to Lancaster, or even to the farther side of the Susquehanna and as far as York. With grave courtesy Washington listened. From the first moments after the Germantown fight, however, he seems to have thought of holding a position about Valley Forge, near enough to threaten the British in Philadelphia, but at the same time far enough away to make an attack upon himself difficult and especially from a man of General Howe's slow temperament.

So, after tentatively skirmishing, marching, bending here and there, warily offering no chance, hiding his plan from all but a few till ready that it should be known, he located in the chosen spot on the banks of the Schuylkill, less than twenty miles from Philadelphia; this Valley Forge camping ground being a space of irregular boundaries, extending a mile and a half, in a general way, east and west, and about the same north and south.

It must have seemed curious both to himself and to Howe, that Howe had already had part of the British army at Valley Forge, but had not kept it there! On the northward enveloping sweep, after Brandywine, Howe had pushed on past Paoli to the Schuylkill at Valley Forge, and thence had turned back in his hopeful effort to catch Washington napping—which, in spite of the vast number of “beds

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in which Washington slept," was a very difficult thing to do.

Howe was always dreaming of catching somebody, and wondering why his plans miscarried, not realizing, usually admirable and really sagacious as his plans were, that he himself was too slow to carry them out with success. Had he given his plans to General Grey, the victor at Paoli, to follow, the thunderbolt dash of that officer might have accomplished something. But, of course, against a man like Grey, Washington would not have campaigned with the same tactics that he used against Howe.

At the beginning of the Valley Forge days, when the Americans were still shifting and maneuvering, news was carried to Howe, by a spy who had unusual means of gaining knowledge, that the young Frenchman, Lafayette, by whom the Americans set such store, was going to march to an exposed new position with 2500 of the best men of the American army. Howe was beside himself with joy. Every detail of the intended march and position was put before him. He would undoubtedly have Lafayette in his hands! So absolutely sure of it was he that he committed the almost incredible folly of inviting a number of the ladies of Philadelphia, social leaders with whom the British officers had promptly established social relations, to meet the gallant French nobleman of whom they had been hearing so much, and who was so shortly to be in Philadelphia! And he actually had a ship ready in which to send Lafayette to England in triumph.

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His plan almost succeeded. But the American scout service was remarkably efficient, and Lafayette himself displayed cool-headed resource, and the ladies of Philadelphia were disappointed—or at least General Howe was.

The story of that winter at Valley Forge is a story of dreadful hardships borne with unconquerable spirit. The American army numbered 11,000 men when December of 1777 saw them definitely established. The British, in Philadelphia, had 19,500. But Howe never attacked, though from time to time he made reconnaissances in considerable force, only to find the Americans alert and ready.

The Americans so watched the roads and the city as not only to check materially the British scouts, but also to interfere with the carrying into the city of food for the British army and for the inhabitants; severely punishing by whipping, or even now and then by hanging, farmers who disobeyed absolute orders and persisted in trying to help the British and get real gold, instead of helping the Americans and getting for their food only the rapidly depreciating Continental currency. This cutting off of landward supplies was matter of great concern and importance to Howe. And Washington well understood, what has been almost looked on as not having been discovered until our contest with Germany, the practical value of food in helping to win the war.

The encampment at Valley Forge was defended on the east and south by a ditch—portions of the original still remaining and other parts restored—

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six feet wide by three feet deep, with the mounding up of the earth making a height of four feet: materially different from the trenches of to-day! On the west, farther from Philadelphia, no attack could be made by way of the steep-banked creek valley in the face of Washington's infallible scout service and the fatal exposing of the British flank which would be entailed. To the north was the Schuylkill River; a defense amply sufficient.

The probability, but by no means the certainty, was that Howe could have captured Valley Forge by a front attack in force. But his own loss would have been huge, and he remembered Bunker Hill, he remembered the British retreat from Concord. Had he returned to Philadelphia, after either a victory or a defeat, his march would have been harassed at every step. And even to capture Valley Forge would not have amounted to much, for the Americans would have fallen back before him and it would have been fatal to have carried pursuit far. There had even been a bridge built by the Americans across the Schuylkill; and the soldiers were very proud of that bridge, for on each arch was some favorite general's name and on the central arch that of Washington. The bridge itself has long since gone, but its location is still pointed out.

It was a winter of suffering. There was desperate shortage of food and clothes, even of shoes. It was a winter of bitter cold, of freezing, starving and dying.

Two officers were sent to explain the situation to

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Congress; official reports, so it was supposed, not having sufficiently stirred the members: though the fact was that Congress, during that gloomy winter, was almost at the end of its resources.

General Knox and Captain Sargent were chosen by their comrades as a committee to visit Congress—it was not an act warmly approved by General Washington, but he permitted it—and the general and the captain dressed with care to do honor to the nation's representatives. But it so happened that Knox was of a girth that only long-continued starvation could even begin to subdue and that Sargent was so particular a dresser as to be almost a military dandy: and so, when the two reached Congress, and told their heartbreaking tale of suffering, one of the members dryly remarked that although he had for some time been hearing stories of want and of nakedness in the army, he had never seen a fatter man than the one who had just spoken nor a better dressed man than the other!

An admirable conception is materializing here at Valley Forge; a conception of something to stand for centuries; a Washington Memorial. It will consist, when completed, of a combined group, including tower and hall and chapel and a Cloister of the Colonies; the chapel having been built, and the cloister being well under way. In all, the grouped Memorial will be imposing in plan and size.

The monuments here and there, at different points, at Valley Forge, add to the effect of the general scene without destroying naturalness of aspect; and among

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others the Pennsylvanian Muhlenberg is honored, the clergyman who, at the conclusion of his sermon, had declared that there was a time to keep peace and a time to fight and that this was the time to fight, stripping off his cassock as he spoke and appearing before his congregation in the uniform of an American officer. And near by is a monument to that still greater Pennsylvanian, Wayne. And for such as do not find here a monument to their favorite general, there is, on a commanding spot, a National Memorial Arch which, standing nobly for all, may remind us that all were in essence equal, and that the humblest men who devotedly gave their lives gave as much as any officer could give, and without the uplifting hope of fame.

The old house still stands which Washington, as commander, made his headquarters. It was the home of the owner of the forge that gave the creek valley its name; such old forge-masters' homes being a feature of quiet little Pennsylvania valleys. It is a good-looking house, although neither large nor elaborate; built with paneled simplicity, with old-fashioned fireplaces, and with window-seats whose tops lift up and within which—an interesting human touch—Washington kept his papers! The many-paned windows are wooden shuttered, the cornicing is heavy, there is a round window in the gable, there is a little pent-roof over the door; it is one of those admirably unpretentious houses that were built in that happy period when everybody unconsciously built right: as conversely there have been times not

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so felicitous; such being among the most curious of points concerning social development.

To see Valley Forge at any time gives one a profound thrill. "Here the old Continentals, in their ragged regimentals" bore incredible hardships in the hope that we, their successors, might live under a free government. And it adds immensely to the vividness of a visit to Valley Forge to choose a special day.

Years ago, before the chapel of the Washington Memorial was even begun, but after it had been planned, I was there on an autumn day when, with all their banners gayly spread, members of a society of Colonial Wars marched from the station to the chosen chapel site, carrying aloft, among them, fluttering flags that bore the insignia of the original Thirteen Colonies. No American could see such a simple bugle-led march, or be one in such a march, along the bending woodland road, amid the glorious fall colors, through a piece of land rich in tremendous memories, without being deeply moved.

But I have had a still more thrilling experience. I went there on last Washington's Birthday, for I wanted to see Valley Forge as nearly as possible as it was on February 22, 1778.

The day was wretched and cold. A dismal snow, raw and wet, was falling. Wet snow lay deep in the fields and among the gaunt bare trees. The only visitors besides myself, were two companies of uniformed Boy Scouts. When I walked off into the loneliness, it was loneliness, indeed, except for the

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omnipresent spirit of the past: and the snow began to swirl and drive, with slow dismalness, and at times it was so thick that I could scarcely see for the distance of a stone's-throw, and then the air would lighten and brighten a little and I could once more see distant slopes.

The Boy Scouts, eager to see everything and go everywhere, had divided into a number of little parties, and from time to time, out of the snow mistiness, now from this direction and now from that, there came the sound of drum and bugle: and from time to time, out from some thick clump of bare trees or from some mass of evergreens, or, suddenly emergent, breasting the crest of a hill or leaping a stone wall, or walking steadily along some road, were the Boy Scouts, repeopling as with ghosts, in the snow storm, the fields and the hillsides. And at noon they built outdoor fires, and there they cooked their mid-day meal, and seeing them from a little distance the picture and the impression were well-nigh complete.

Then again the lonely fields of snow and the silent solemnity: and the sinister crows flapped slowly by in twos and threes; and now and then the dismal wind gave a curious moaning sound among the evergreens, and I thought, for it was a day for impressions, of the moaning cry that used to sweep across these fields, taken up dolefully by company after company of hungry men, "Bread, bread, bread!"—And it was a relief to see again the Scouts and their campfires.

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It is a curious fact that within the limits of Pennsylvania there should be both Valley Forge and Gettysburg, each marking the most vital point in a war for national existence, and it would be strange, but by no means incredible, if Pennsylvania, the Keystone State, should in some way, now unsuspected, be again vitally tested, to show that the keystone of our national arch still holds the arch unbreakable.

Somehow, by bravery, self-sacrifice, endurance, the dreadful winter at Valley Forge passed. Spring approached, and the men became cheerful, hopeful, almost happy. The Orderly Book of the army, for the weeks and weeks of that dreadful winter, is crowded with advice and orders regarding behavior, health and sanitation, and on April 8 comes an order which summarizes an easier atmosphere. Frankly, it has become warm enough for the men to wash their faces! and therefore,

“Want of uniformity in the Soldiers Cloathing, and its indifferent quality, so far from excusing slovenliness, and unsoldierly neglect in other respects, ought rather to excite each man to Compensate those blemishes by redoubled attention, to the means which he had in his power. For instance; the Soldier may always shave his Beard, appear with clean hands & face, and in general, have an air of Neatness, which will be auspicious under all disadvantages.”

And it interested me to find, in that Orderly Book, that when the engineers are mentioned, it is as “ingenieurs.”

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At different times after the close of the war Washington visited various places connected with his battles and campaigns, and not alone the places which had witnessed his successes. He revisited Fort Washington on the Hudson. He even made his home in Germantown, looking out on the street up which his grimly resisting troops were driven. But it has been supposed that he never went back again to Valley Forge, its memories being so poignant, so full of crushing sadness.

Yet a story has drifted down, of a Virginia farmer who through some freak of fortune found himself living on a farm at Valley Forge. On a sunny afternoon, while plowing, not far from the headquarters of Lord Stirling (that picturesque claimant of a peerage who was one of Washington's personal friends), the farmer saw a dignified man, mounted on a big horse, riding slowly toward him, followed by a black servant.

The dignified man stopped his horse, and, as he looked gravely around, asked the farmer a few questions about soil and crops and markets; and this, to me, marks the story as not improbable, for Washington, keen farmer that he personally was and conversant with every detail of his own great estate, was always and everywhere eager to learn in regard to farming methods and results.

So the grave man on horseback, dressed gravely in dark clothes and speaking with such slow deliberateness, was interested in the aspect of the fields.

"But I don't know so much about this country yet,

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for I am from Virginia," said the farmer at length.

At which the face of the grave man on horseback brightened: "I also am from Virginia," he said: "I am General Washington."



CHAPTER XXV

AS FAR AS YORK AND LANCASTER



RUDYARD KIPLING has pictured the country out toward Lancaster, but with an odd confusion in his mind of the Quakers and the "Pennsylvania Dutch." "It's a kindly, softly country there," he writes; "back of Philadelphia among the German towns, Lancaster way. Little houses and bursting big barns, fat cattle, fat women, and all as peaceful as Heaven might be if they farmed there."

But the "Pennsylvania Dutch" country is neither kindly nor softly, but gives an impression, on the contrary, of extreme hardness, both in houses and people. And the term, "small houses" fits neither "Pennsylvania Dutch" nor Quakers.

Toll gates, on the principal highways, are now done away with or soon to be: but I well remember the general type of toll-gate keeper: neither kindly nor softly, she, and apt to be wiry and leanish, rather than fat. I say "she" because the type used to be female, rather than male; and with a caution which

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indicated unhappy experiences with human nature, the toll bars used to be not only down but padlocked down, nor was the grudging key turned till the toll was actually in hand. As the gates were only a mile or so apart, especially in the district southward from York, the pleasures of motoring may be imagined.

But the general countryside, out "Lancaster way," to use the Kipling expression, is exceedingly prosperous; and after you have noted the evidences of good farming on every side you are prepared for the local claim, backed by the official reports of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, that Lancaster County is almost the best in the entire United States for farming prosperity. After that, you look with new interest at the big houses and the well-tilled farms.

The people who formed and still form the mass of the population came mostly from the Lower Palatine country, and they not only came in large masses, but settled in large masses, giving a general "Pennsylvania Dutch" character to the important region west of Philadelphia, covering in a general way the counties of which Lancaster and Reading and York are the principal cities. The people who mainly settled that region have never affiliated with Philadelphia, nor have they sent their own people to the westward. They have, by a certain massed stolidity and solidity, tended to keep Philadelphia within its own borders, and have thus had a powerful influence in aiding the natural Philadelphia tendency to what may be termed insularity.

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At the same time, this region has produced some notable people, as if to show what it could have done had it been occupied by an assimilative population, instead of by a race who have for a hundred and fifty years kept so to themselves and lived so among themselves that even now their language is largely a patois, composed in considerable degree of monosyllabic gutturals, and where the single word "Ain't?" pronounced with nasal intake, serves not infrequently for the total of conversation. It is astonishing, and it is amusing, how much can be nasally expressed by that one word.

In spite of schools, the people pay, naturally, less attention to rules of speech and grammar than do most communities, and they can be amusing without intending to be; as, two youths who were one morning comparing notes about motor-cars, on the main highway through Pennsylvania from east to west leading through Lancaster. "Gee, there's Connecticut!" exclaimed one, impressed; to which the other, with superior scorn, "That ain't nothin': I seen a car from Texas this mornin' already yet!"

A recent Governor of the State loved to tell of a personal experience with "Pennsylvania Dutch" speech. Calling at one of the houses, there was no response to repeated gubernatorial pulls at the doorbell. But at length the housewife happened casually to come around the corner of the house. "Oh," she said, "did you bell? It didn't make!"

That the people retain the religion that their ancestors brought to America in pre-Revolutionary

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days, and are Mennonites, has aided materially in keeping them together and in holding them away from the rest of the State. And at the street markets in their central city of Lancaster may still be seen the poke bonnets and the primly characteristic types of dress that, like their religion, aid in keeping them a people apart. And at these decidedly pictorial markets, the fact that you see market women standing beside their own trays and baskets is no indication of their being financially humble, for the family wealth may represent many thousands of dollars. Motor-cars are locally increasing, for practical use and not for pleasure—pleasure figuring but slightly in the Mennonite ideas of life!—and Lancaster County has more motor cars in proportion to its population than has the city of Philadelphia. But the people travel about very little, and seldom get even so far as the city of William Penn. At a recent county fair—it was in 1913—a special reward was given for the best corn grown by youths under twenty-one: each of the winners was given a trip to Washington, with all expenses paid, to see the public buildings and the President; and of the twelve who won and went, not one had ever before been outside of the limits of Lancaster County and for at least one it was the very first ride on a railroad, for even the shortest possible distance.

But, as if to show what the general region could have done had it been more assimilative, and not so dominated in spirit by the men of the Palatinate, it

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is well to remember that James Buchanan, the only President of the United States that Pennsylvania has furnished, was a Lancaster County man: not born there, but in the county out beyond Gettysburg, where far back in the 1780's his Irish father settled, coming across the ocean to this new land, and where the future President lived till his early manhood, when he became a Lancastrian. Fulton, successful inventor of the steamboat, was born in Lancaster County. The Murrays, parents of Lindley, were Lancastrians, and Lindley himself was born there. And the mighty "Thad" Stevens, of Civil War days, was a Lancastrian.

Farther on, crossing the Susquehanna at sleepy, picturesque Columbia, known in the old ferry days as Wright's Crossing, with much of old-time lore as to the early pack-trains and settlers, we get to ancient York, which now seems far away from Philadelphia, for somehow the crossing of the Susquehanna gives curiously that impression. York was a well-known town in Revolutionary days, and for quite a while the American Congress held its meetings there when Philadelphia was held by the British. But the building where Congress met was long ago destroyed. As in Lancaster County, there is a generally permeative effect of brick houses, and of gardens and farms and people of foreign aspect. And, as if to offset the Palatine and Mennonite ideas, the very thought of York and Lancaster in juxtaposition brings up thoughts of roses and of England!

In the vicinity of Lancaster and the Mennonites,

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another ancient sect, that of the Dunkers, established itself in the long ago, and traces still exist, for there are still Dunkers who dress and live according to old-fashioned forms.

What seems to have been an offshoot from the Dunkers was the Order of the Solitary; and although this order has disappeared, it has left two great quaint buildings as memorials of its very strange existence. For it was an order of Protestant monks and nuns, and at Ephrata, twenty miles north of Lancaster, buildings that are still standing were put up a century and a half ago; huge wooden buildings, broad of front and broad of gable; with two stories and half a dozen windows in each gable, which runs up sharply to its point. The buildings are curiously un-American in look, and the oddness of effect is largely increased by the smallness of their many windows.

The interior is still more extraordinary, low-ceilinged, heavy-beamed, raising thoughts of the plastered and timbered monasteries of Switzerland; and that the mode of life was of much severity, as tradition tells, is evident from the cells of the inmates, for these cells are each but twenty inches wide, and a narrow bench, with pillow literally of wood, was the provision for sleeping, and the connecting corridors are so narrow that two persons can barely pass. That the men and the women, occupying separate houses, lived lives of celibacy, and ate from wooden plates and drank from wooden cups, can readily be believed. These old community build-

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ings, still standing here, are among the most curious mementoes of the past in America.

Near Ephrata is Lititz, a town established by another of the numerous distinctive sects, of foreign origin, that chose Pennsylvania as an abiding place. Lititz, well over a century and a half old, was settled by the Moravians, and is still essentially a Moravian town, a peaceful, quiet place, with an air of scholastic seclusion, with academy buildings and shady quadrangles, and with its ancient spring still offering its healing water as of old.

The Moravians have never been in the least a queer or morose or self-centered sect; they have not been a people who have set themselves apart, but have always been a cheerful-minded folk, welcoming the cultivated things of life, and welcoming, too, the saddened and the unhappy. And here, to Lititz, came that Baden-born Sutter who, after wandering over a great part of the world and serving in various armies, settled in California, under Mexican control, and amazedly found himself owner of the stream and the mill where California gold was first discovered. He deemed himself the possessor of untold wealth, but his title, when California was transferred to the United States, was declared not valid, and appeals to courts and to Congress, year after year for many years, were in vain. He went to Lititz for the waters of its spring; he liked the quiet people and the quiet people liked him; and when he died in Washington, in 1880, many years after the discovery of gold was almost forgotten, but while still struggling for Con-

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gressional redress, his body was taken back to Lititz and was buried in the Moravian cemetery there.

The principal settlement of the Moravians was made at a place which they named Bethlehem, on the Lehigh River; and here there are a number of peaceful old buildings, put up before the Revolution, still standing; one, in particular, of gray stone, built around a courtyard, and surmounted by a charming little bell-tower. Music is an important feature of Moravian life, and the Moravians of Bethlehem have in this respect attracted the widespread attention of music lovers.

The Easter morning services are beautiful and striking, for, long before sunrise, trombone players go from point to point in the town, awaking the people with their playing, and the players gather within the turret of the plain old Moravian church and play ancient chorals, and, in the darkness, gradually the people assemble in the church, and there is a fine and simple service, and then, led by trombone players and choir and bishop, all march slowly from the church to the ancient burying-ground on the hill, and a hollow square is formed, and there is the briefest of services; and gradually the dawn has been coming, and the thin pale light of early morn has been brightening, and the moment the services at the burying ground are completed the sun, as if awaiting that moment, rises into view on the distant horizon.

Longfellow wrote of the nuns of Bethlehem giving a banner to the romantic Polish soldier, Pulaski:

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some verses exceedingly full of misinformation regarding the Moravians; for there were no "nuns of Bethlehem," and no "swinging censors burning," and no "faint light on the cowed head," and such imaginings.

The building is still standing in which Lafayette, when wounded, was nursed back to health; he having been wounded at Brandywine, and, remaining on horseback for hours directing his troops, in spite of his wound, was finally compelled to give up and was taken to Philadelphia and thence to Bristol. At Bristol he was come upon by Henry Laurens, successor of John Hancock as President of the Continental Congress. Laurens was on his way to York in Pennsylvania, and had Lafayette carried with him as far as Bethlehem and there left him in charge of the Moravian Sisters, who gave him every possible care.

So warmly did Lafayette appreciate the personal care of Laurens, that he wrote fully of it to his wife and it deeply impressed her. Laurens himself was afterwards, when on his way to Holland as Minister, captured by the British and taken to London (I remember stopping at an old and pleasant inn, at Salisbury in England, where they proudly told that the building had been honored by the presence of Charles Dickens, who did some of his writing there, and by that of Henry Laurens, an American, who spent a night there on his way to London; they forgetting or not considering as of importance the fact that Laurens was a prisoner, but just feeling proud

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that a distinguished American was there!); and in London he was put into the Tower; and the wife of Lafayette at once wrote urgently to Vergennes, begging him to use all the influence of the French Court to have Laurens restored to liberty. But Laurens was not released until General Washington was able to give Lord Cornwallis for him in exchange!



CHAPTER XXVI

SOME BENEFACTIONS, OLD AND NEW



BENJAMIN WEST, when asked to make a donation for the benefit of the Pennsylvania Hospital, of his home city of Philadelphia, promptly replied that he had no money to spare but would gladly paint a picture and give it. He was at that time an honored and popular painter in London, but he devoted himself to the making of a painting large in size and fine in design, a painting of "Christ Healing the Sick," with over one hundred figures in it. Then there arose an amusing difficulty. His English admirers offered him three thousand guineas for the painting, for a British gallery! At which West, considering that he really could not afford to do otherwise, sold it, but made a replica for America; and that replica, when it arrived, was exhibited to the public and, in paid admissions, earned four thousand pounds for the Pennsylvania Hospital in the first year!

The painting hangs in what is now used as the entrance hall of the hospital, in tawny beauty, with

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soft-hued pink and blue and grayish-white; the figures are life-size and are admirably grouped, and one sees why it was that Benjamin West attained his eminence.

It was over a century and a half ago that this still-existent hospital was founded, and it has a noble record of accomplished good. It was started upon its existence by Benjamin Franklin, as was so much that is old and excellent and possessed of the secret of life; and the oldest of the buildings was put up "In the year of Christ, MDCCLV, George the Second happily reigning," as may still be read on the cornerstone, the inscription having been composed by Franklin, and continuing with the statement that the hospital was "piously founded for the relief of the sick and the miserable."

Individuals freely gave money for it; Whitefield sent a considerable sum; the British Parliament turned over to it some funds unclaimed by a land company. In 1759 some players gave "Hamlet" for the benefit of the hospital; which was deemed quite shocking, plays not having received the approval of the "best people"; but it was decided that the hospital charter gave no right to refuse money and so the condemned "Hamlet" enriched the treasury by precisely forty-seven pounds, two shillings and sixpence.

The hospital began in a quite businesslike way, the managers being fined for absence from meetings or lateness, the "towne clock" or the watch of the oldest member present being the standard of time;

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such being the reverence for age, in Philadelphia. Had it been New York it would not have been the watch of the oldest director but of the richest; if in Chicago, not the oldest but the youngest.

At one time, in early days, a charge of eight cents was made for the privilege of walking through the crazy ward, and many availed themselves of the privilege of enjoying such a delightful amusement.

The hospital is large, and nobly beautiful. It faces on Pine Street, between Eighth and Ninth. The broad central structure is of umber brick, freely faced with dull gray marble with six white marble pilasters, Corinthian topped, supporting the cornice, beneath a pointed pediment, in the center of which is a window longitudinally oval. Surmounting all is a low superstructure, of white-painted wood, with huge round balustered top. There are long and stately balanced wings, each dormered and each with an octagon tower; the center and wings of this main part of the hospital extending for a frontage of two hundred and seventy-six feet.

The broad pleasance in front of the building, with its queer little lead statue of William Penn, the gift of John Penn, of "Solitude," is enclosed within a high-topped brick wall and a stretch of iron fencing which stands on a base of marble-topped brick; and an ancient wistaria goes clambering over rail and wall and buttonwood tree and gateway: and through the special wistaria gateway, such is the proud declaration, no visitor has entered since the Marquis de Lafayette! But when General Joffre came to



THE STATELY PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL

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Philadelphia, in the course of his journey through the United States after the Marne, arrangements were made for his honored reception, at the old building, and he was to be admitted through the Lafayette gate—but alas! not understanding the importance of it, his engagements were so many that he could not come!

The main entrance (not used, however, as a side entrance is used instead) is of unusual dignity; up some balustraded steps of stone, through a fan-lighted doorway, into a hall rich in pillars and pilasters and leading back to a remarkable stairway, widespreading in its double upward sweep, and rising, in ramp after ramp, in open airy charm, to the third floor: a wonderful old stair in a building which is one of the most excellent memorials of the past, in its architecture and in its record of good deeds done.

Philadelphia is a wealthy city, but has never had the reputation of being a city of “predatory wealth,” and this may explain why it stands high as a city of benefactions. I shall not mention the greater part of them, for the greater part are like the charities, both organized and unorganized, of other cities. But she has also charities and benefactions that are unusual, or unusually administered.

The huge Stephen Girard fortune, left by him principally for the maintenance of his College, with its more than fifteen hundred pupils, who are fed and clothed and sheltered and taught, but also to carry out public spirited ideas, as well, for the benefit

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of the city, involves the building of dwelling houses, with improvement of the waterfront, and the management of coal mines. Over four hundred and ninety dwelling houses have been erected in South Philadelphia under the provisions of the Girard trust fund, and they are all furnished with heat and light and hot water from a central heating plant operated by the trustees. More than seventy million tons of coal have been mined on coal property managed by the estate, since the death of Stephen Girard.

Girard left his money wisely, under wise directions for the meeting of changing conditions. But in too many cases a millionaire, after spending his life and his utmost brain power in heaping up a fortune, merely throws it away by some carelessly planned charity.

A dozen or so years ago a rich Philadelphian lay dying. To one or two of his close friends he had spoken of a scheme of rivaling, for girls, the splendid endowment of Stephen Girard for boys. He died; and it was found that he had not left so much as had been anticipated for the rival to Girard, but that he had done a great deal, for half a million was set down for land and buildings for a home for the dependent orphan daughters of Masons. But he had put the matter off for so many years that he died within thirty days of signing, thus making the bequest inoperative under state law. Careless enough, that; but his immediate heirs decided to carry out his wish as if he had legally expressed it, and beautiful build-

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ings were put up and the doors were thrown open for the reception of the dependent orphan daughters.

However, there seemed to be none, Masons as a class not leaving dependent orphan daughters, as the astute financier could, with little trouble, have learned. From time to time, within a few years, a girl was found; and then it was decided to include dependent widows of Masons. More time passed; and it was at length decided that it need not be absolutely necessary that the beneficiaries be connected with Masons at all. And, though much good will continue to be done under the bequest, it will not be quite along the lines intended.

The great success of the Girard beneficence stimulated, a few years ago, another rich man to imitation. He willed that, after the death of his wife, his fortune should go for the founding and upkeep of a school and home for Pennsylvania girls, who should merely be poor and white and healthy, and have neither father nor mother living. Other millions were to go for maintenance. The man died and was gathered to his fathers; whereupon it was pointed out that the dependent white orphan girl has, at least in a few of the Eastern States, become as extinct as the dodo—needy orphan girls being amply cared for by agencies already existent; and the courts were asked to break the will on the ground that its provisions were such as could not be carried out; the whole thing becoming thus a muddle because of the futility of good intentions without careful investigation and planning, nothing being certain

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except that the millions would not be used as their owner intended.

There used to be an admirable charity which I fear has been abandoned: the giving, without charge, to poor men, shaving soap and the use of razors. There is a fund, established over a century ago, in 1816, with an invested capital of almost one hundred thousand dollars, whose income is to "be laid out in premiums" to be distributed "among ingenious men and women who make useful inventions . . . and along with which shall be given a copper medal": a notable bequest in that it included women among possible inventors, although it was made in a time when women were not greatly considered in such matters.

Three quarters of a century ago a fund was left by will, in regard to which the testator, with bizarre ingenuity, specified that the beneficiaries were to be widows—"white and respectable and American-born"—whose husbands had died within one small specified section of the city, Southwark! The testator never stopped to think that his little fortune of eight thousand dollars or so might grow, as it has, to nearly two hundred thousand. With his few thousands he was as careless and as dictatorial as others are with their millions, and even specified what form his beneficence should take—that of fuel. If it had not been that, in being so pharisaically eager to do good only for the "respectable," he forgot altogether to say "needy," those who are carrying out the old will might find few objects to benefit by

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it, hampered as it is by such provisions, including the absurd one that the necessary husband shall have died within the limits of Southwark. One is tempted at times to say that the old adage needs altering to "Where there's a will there's a waste."

There are two associations whose aim is to assist, unostentatiously and tactfully, business men who have met with misfortune or whose affairs have become complicated. One of these associations has a considerable fund, established many years ago, and still added to from time to time by thoughtful testators. A once-wealthy merchant, dying, still fairly rich, at the age of ninety, left his estate to his only child, an unmarried daughter of nearly seventy, and the daughter turned over the entire estate to the association, which in turn assumed her comfortable care and maintenance as well as the care of the estate which she was helpless to manage.

Charitable help is given, in general, so kindly and tactfully in this city that it is even more amazing than it would be in other places to find that a woman of wealth who is given great credit for her devotion to charity, loves to sit in self-satisfied vanity, halting poor applicants as they approach her throne and, as they stand humble and abashed, shaming and mortifying them by spraying them thoroughly with an atomizer. "Charity doth not behave itself unseemly," remarked Saint Paul, as if anticipating something of this sort.

One of the most sunny-minded benefactions in the whole country is that of the well-known Philadelphia

music publisher who left his fortune to found a pleasant home for all music teachers who may need a haven for their old age:—thus all those that he had known, who had used his music and come in his store, may enjoy a heritage from him, as well as many another to follow.

The Octavia Hill Association seems to have been wisely planned for the carrying out of admirable plans, devoting itself to the purchase of insanitary rookeries and their redemption into excellent and livable homes, and the renting of them at reasonable rates; and it seems to be doing excellent constructive work.

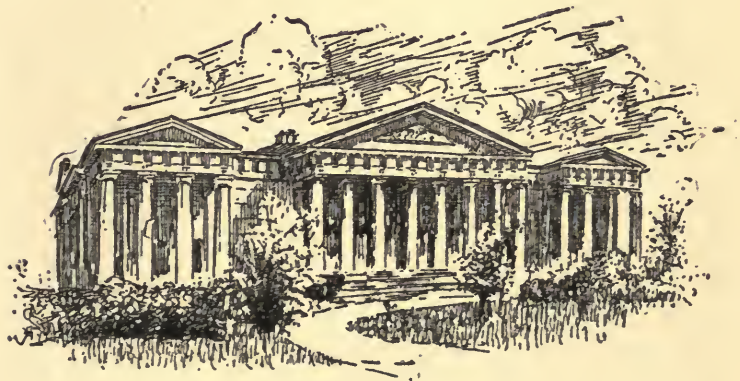
Among the vast number and variety of Philadelphia benefactions, I have been especially impressed by the picturesque character of at least a few, and perhaps more than a few, that are carried on in old-time homes left by the testators, in the midst of the old-time furniture and household belongings.

There comes in particular the memory of a building, gloomy and gothic, standing in a wild, grassy park thick with gloomy evergreens. Little orphans, some eighty or a hundred of them, sit at long mahogany Empire banqueting tables. The side-board is carved with four bearded Egyptian caryatids; and the little orphan who had been deputed as house-guide wondered if they represented Abraham Lincoln!

On state occasions the table is set with great silver-branched candlesticks, with silver salvers and pierced open-work sugar-baskets; a veritable wagon-

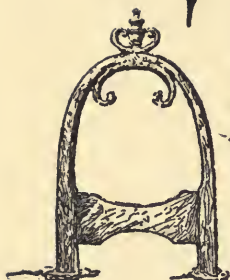
SOME BENEFACTIONS, OLD AND NEW

load of such treasure being kept in a great vault hidden within the stone wall of the house, a hiding-place as large as a room and stacked and piled with the rare old silver left by the founder to her school. Little orphans dust antique girandoles, dangling with cut pendants. There are exquisite Heppelwhite sofas, slender, frail, fine, bleaching in the sunshine of long school corridors. There are phalanxes of Louis Seize chairs and fascinating sets of old china. And it seems like a fantastic dream.



CHAPTER XXVII

SOUTH OF MARKET STREET



THE Philadelphian is a man of the habitual. Before he is born it is known from among which small group of possible doctors must be chosen the one who is to usher him into the world, in which, from the very circumstance of his existence, he is to bear such an important part; even the silver spoon in his mouth must be hallmarked by silversmiths accepted for generations; the tailor who makes his sailor suit as a child is named by the social law, and as he grows to manhood he must go to another fixed tailor, not being permitted the luxury of a choice except perhaps within a circle rigidly small, for it would be inconceivable that men who had not made for the quality all their lives could be allowed to make the quality's clothes; he is year by year waited upon by the same clerks in the same stores, and thereby, in Philadelphia, clerks grow old in the service and, chancing to see some new young face, one looks around to see who has at length died to make such infusion of new blood possible; he has his

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hair trimmed where his grandfather's hair was trimmed; the most typical of the barber shops migrated to its present quarters thirty years ago, one of the barbers has stood behind his chair for thirty-seven years, and of the other ten, the average term of service is fifteen years. The Philadelphian buys his groceries at the store where his father dealt, and his "licensed victualler" is the man who sold meat to his ancestors—or it is the son or the grandson of the catering class selling to the son or the grandson. The school to which as a boy the Philadelphian is sent is as fixed a matter as if it were of the Medes and Persians; land is bought through the same agencies; money is put in the same banks; the Philadelphian has his clubs chosen for him by unbreakable usage; the law firms of the rich continue to handle the cases of the same clients and their estates and descendants; it is the socially authorized lawyer who draws the will of the Philadelphian, the socially authorized surgeon who uses a knife upon him or gently bends above him counting his last heart-beats, and it is the socially customary undertaker who tiptoes in and begins the final arrangements for bearing him away to the narrow home where he shall rest forever among others of his kind.

When S. Weir Mitchell wrote "Hugh Wynne" he set forth Philadelphia. Ostensibly and intentionally he wrote a novel of the city in Revolutionary days, but unintentionally he at the same time expressed the continuing spirit of the city. This

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author, who died but a few years ago, was the leader among Philadelphia authors, from number of books, and acknowledged literary position. He was a Philadelphian of Philadelphians, a man of family, choosing his wife from the elect, a dweller in the proper part of Walnut Street, in a house with the proper arrangement of windows to be a notable house, a man of social position, of wealth, a gentleman, a *bon vivant*, a man who knew human nature and knew the world. A doctor by profession, he made himself the leading litterateur of Philadelphia, as Oliver Wendell Holmes, a doctor by profession, made himself the leading litterateur of Boston: each doing his principal literary work after passing middle age. Mitchell won international reputation as a nerve specialist; and when, in Paris, he went to ask advice regarding himself from the most famous French specialist of the day, the Frenchman, not catching the name but learning that it was a matter of nerves and seeing only that it was an American, said to him courteously, that he need not have come to Paris but should have consulted, in such a matter, Doctor S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia. (It was amusing to notice, the other day, in a book on Pennsylvania history and men written by a former Governor of the State, a slight, not to say slighting reference to Doctor Mitchell as an "authority on snake bites and nervous troubles!" A little venom that, for the doctor to specialize on! After all, with all of Doctor Mitchell's literary and professional standing, he did once in a while exasperate, for he was an

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“arranger,” and his friends used to point out slyly, that when he was asked to make an address, there was likely to be a portrait of himself available to hang on one side of him and a bust for the other side!)

Doctor Mitchell saturated himself with Henry Esmond and John Ridd. He was to do for Philadelphia what Thackeray would have done had Thackeray been a Philadelphian; and “Hugh Wynne” is a well-written book, a gentleman’s book; the characters and motives are fairly weighed, and good manners are always presented on the part of those from whom good manners should be expected.

And throughout, one sees that unintentionally, but none the less obviously, the very spirit of Philadelphia is presented: you see the Philadelphia of to-day even more than the city of Revolutionary times, even though not a single connection of Philadelphia with the Revolution is missed; and you are made to realize of what vast importance it was to the army, to Washington, to the new nation struggling for existence, that Hugh Wynne, Philadelphian, gave his active adherence to the cause. Washington is immensely admired: but Hugh Wynne, telling his own story with gentlemanly modesty, makes it clear that, although he never did anything of importance, the entire Revolution was influenced profoundly by the fact of his being in the service. And that, after all, is Philadelphian to the core—the importance of Philadelphians just because they are Philadelphians. And if Philadelphians failed to feel this, with, like Hugh Wynne,

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gentlemanly modesty, the city would not be the extraordinarily delightful city that it is.

Always, and no matter how unfair or otherwise it may seem, the part of Philadelphia that is its representative part, the part upon which other portions of the city model, the part which represents the city to the outside world, the part which gives the city its traditional charm and idiosyncrasies, its individuality, its personality, its distinctive picturesqueness, is represented by "South of Market Street."

Now, this does not mean that those who live in the thus designated district, or in the suburbs but affiliated with that district, think of themselves as monopolizing the city's ability or character. For they most certainly do not do this, and they are altogether too well-bred and too innately modest for any such ideas. But they believe, and they expect you to believe, that their district represents the ultra-desirable, and, whether it is or is not a mere fetich, the idea is accepted.

Of course the idea has its absurd side, especially when it is realized that even "South of Market Street" means only a small part of that district, geographically. But, after all, I am dealing with facts and conditions as I find them. And, in essentials, so many of those who are not of the favored district try to follow the methods and adopt the pose of those who are, that it is assuredly not altogether absurd.

With serried rows of houses all alike, with peace-

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ful charm, and orderliness, and quiet restraint, the district gives outward and visible signs of what it deems its inward and social grace: and in this, again, square miles of the city that are not south of Market Street try to follow the example, with the result of general orderliness of building, likeness of building to building, throughout the city.

The fine old unpretentious homes in this district of Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce and Pine streets, are likely to have little gardens behind them, and there may be charming overhanging back balconies facing the south, and there are clambering wistarias and espaliered grapes; and the houses face the street in unbroken rows, with the kitchen approached from back alleys, except where, in some places, the rows are broken by deep-penetrating, brick-paved, knocker-gatewayed, narrow paths.

The typical Philadelphian likes to be able to trace his family through six generations, counting his own as the sixth; it is a figure fixed, in a way, by social demands, although four or five generations, or even three on occasion, may be made to pass; three being absolutely requisite, as without three there could be no grandmothers. One of the "first family" Philadelphians was saying to me, only yesterday, and appreciating the humor of his own situation, that although he could himself go back for six generations, six was his limit, whereas he had just bought a dog that had a formally guaranteed pedigree of twenty generations.

The representative people of the city practice the

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amenities. In their voices, their manners, their very gestures, they aim at a sort of set standard; they and their houses and their streets are distinguished; and again, more or less consciously, the rest of the city aims at the same standards.

The best of Philadelphia living is decorous rather than decorated: it has a quiet perfection of detail that comes only with generations of similar living. There is no hesitation in a hospitality that is six or seven generations old. It is not plain living; distinctly not that: but "plane" living in the sense that upward struggle is not necessary: the great-grandfather saw to that and established the plane.

No matter how little or how much basis there is for their claim, those who live in the geographically favored region take their own claim very seriously. As a Chicagoan would say, "They put it across." Live in the wrong neighborhood, and although your wealth, manners, education, furniture, your house itself, may be quite as good as if in the best district, you and your house are anathema to them. They will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, but they will not eat with you, drink with you, nor, to complete the Shakespearean summing up, pray with you. Even in religion you must be in the right social circle and the right church.

And all this is without conscious offense given or taken. And the Philadelphian simply does not struggle against a force, call it a prejudice if you will, which is too strong for any merely human being to attack. One might as well attack the fact of cold

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weather or the equator. The thing to do, seems to be to imitate.

Rittenhouse Square stands in the public eye as the representative of "South of Market Street." Its atmosphere is that of dignified serenity, and at the same time of cheerful living. Homes of dignity look out upon it, and perhaps you will notice, in particular, an oldish and square-fronted house of classic design, built of white marble, or another white marble house, more recently built, with little iron balconies that hold green box bushes. And an odd feature is, that although this square stands as representative of old Philadelphia, and although the square itself was planned in Penn's first planning of his city, it does not present old houses, as does most of the socially favored section. But it presents an air of permanence; and this, in spite of the intrusion of two apartment houses; an essentially new feature which is but just gaining a foothold in this city of individual homes.

The sunny square that holds the sifted few is a cheerful place, with its rhododendrons and azalias and grass and trees. It is a paradise for nurses and children, and for that noble animal, fast vanishing under modern conditions, the dog. In the center is a stone-paved space, with a low-stone-walled pool, enclosed within fine balustrades. There is also a fine Barye lion; and, far up on the corbeille steps that pinnacle a narrow brown stone dwelling, a comical stone lion seems to have climbed and is looking comically down at the lion of the terrace.

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“South of Market Street” feels that the Opera is its own; and this, in spite of the fact that the Opera House is north of Market Street, and very considerably north! Each Opera night is a gala night for the “South”; but the best of all classes and districts, the best of every part of the city, love music and love it intelligently, and at the Opera the city is seen at her prettiest. Between the acts all Philadelphia meets and greets in the lobby or behind the boxes. And I do not know whether it is prettier to see the young women, charmingly sweet, simply dressed—and one realizes how such a fine type of young womanhood grows and flourishes under the sheltering gaze of parents and uncles and aunts and a settled society; or to see the older folk, with no sign of doddering age, alert and intelligent, examples to the young of how to grow old gracefully, and treated by the young with a natural deference which is deference to the higher intelligence that has come with age more than it is a deference to age itself.

The Assembly is unquestionably a possession of “South of Market Street.” It represents the acme of social exclusiveness and has from the first done so. It dates back for more than a century and a half, to the winter of 1748–9, and one cannot attend without the right to attend; and the right to attend has always been jealously guarded. A woman is at the top of the social ladder if she is invited by the managers to be one of the patronesses; there being three, one elderly, one of middle age, and one the bride of the season. And a man is at the top if he is

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asked to take one of the patronesses out to supper. If a man who is definitely within the charmed circle marries a wife who is outside of it, it usually puts the wife inside. But a daughter, marrying a man who is out, merely puts herself outside. It is still remembered, that when a woman of wealth, a Miss Hillegas, married a jeweler, she was automatically deprived of her right to attend the Assembly balls;—this happening over a century ago!

Always, in this city, among those who are taken to be the representatives of the city, Time does not exist; it is a city of yesterdays quite as much as of to-day. It was over a century ago that a tragic political happening caused Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, to lose not only the confidence of the people but the personal confidence of George Washington. Descendants of the Randolph family live in Philadelphia; and on the wall in one of the rooms of their house hangs prominently a portrait, with its face to the wall. It is the portrait of Washington; and this keeping of its face to the wall is to continue, still, the bitter feeling of the time of Randolph's downfall.

To hear two "family" folk running down the identity of some one of a "family" name is really like nothing so much as a couple of terriers worrying a bone. Back and forth go question and answer and comment, and all with first-name familiarity. "Now, Peter's father—" "If it were the family branch of John, he would have to be a grandson of—" "He must be one of the Harriet family. You know, she married—" And so on, ad infinitum,

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worrying over every clue, picking clean the bone of relationship: and finally, as must necessarily be the case where every ramification of every real family is known, the problem is triumphantly solved and the man or woman is put into the right pigeonhole. There is some mixing of metaphors here, but after you have listened, at one time or another, to a number of such discussions, you can't help mixing metaphors.



CHAPTER XXVIII

A FEUDAL CITY



MORE singular than any other fact in regard to Philadelphia, is it that this city, in which independence was declared, possesses essential characteristics of a feudal city. Although it was here that the representatives of the people announced that all men are created equal, Philadelphia really believes that people are very unequal indeed; that they always have been unequal and that they are going to remain so.

It is amusing to hear the familiar story of the girl who, visiting in England, said that "if her father were English he would be a duke"; but it takes on a somewhat different aspect when one knows that it represents a very real feeling. In the Revolutionary period—not long ago as this city counts time!—one of the Whartons was so important that he was often referred to as "Duke Wharton."

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People of "station" are treated with an awesomeness that elsewhere in the United States goes to none but the extremely rich. Here it is not a matter of riches, except in so far as most of the "privileged class" are actually rich, through cumulative inheritance and the piling up through years of business and real-estate fortunes. But even if one of the class is far from rich, he is still treated with deference. I remember noticing, in a store, that a not-rich member of one of the oldest families came up quietly and was quietly waiting his turn. But suddenly and also quietly the floor-usher saw him waiting. That one of that name should wait was inconceivable! And there was shocked urgency in the tone with which a clerk was summoned and told: "Mr. — is *waiting!*"

Now, that was rather nice after all, the man being poor in fortune though proud in name. But it is not pretty to hear, ordinarily, the hushed awe in the voices of such as worship when "Mr. This" or "Mrs. That" is referred to. One is reminded of the individual, somewhere described by Dickens, who would rather be knocked down by a man who had blood in him than picked up by one who hadn't.

Here, things are because they have been; they shall be because they are—or, at least, that represents the city's general idea. And yet, some things change; as in the matter of schools, which have been getting better and better, with more and more attention paid to public high schools; the idea of the city having largely and undemocratically been, in the past, that

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children should be sent to private schools or else be but meagerly educated.

A curious custom in house-renting is very general and is not the custom of other cities. For house-agents handle the rent-rolls for the owners, in a very English fashion. The agents may be large trust companies or little spider-like house-agents in little local offices near the properties. Many a tenant in alley and tenement or in house of comfort and size, has no idea who the owner is—or, to use a phrase often on Philadelphia lips, “to what estate it belongs.” And there is no appeal past the agent.

The feudal feeling, once noticed, is recognized in the very atmosphere of the city; it is sensed in a host of things. And the feeling is kept alive and supported by imitation. Philadelphia’s intense and admirable respect for the ancient organizations, the old-time clubs, benevolences, associations, is displayed by the publication of numerous volumes in regard to them; yet one looks in vain for the memoir-like quality, for the reminiscent, for the Samuel Rogers kind of book, for satire, for record of achievement, for national interest. No. It is only a matter of which men belonged, when they entered, who succeeded them. Page after page, name after name, grandson after grandsire:—and these bound volumes are matters of living interest; these lists of grandsires are the “Burke’s Peerage” and the “Landed Gentry,” the “Domesday Book” and the “Almanach de Gotha” of Philadelphia. And between two such books, on a shelf at one of the libra-

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ries, I noticed a large and important-looking volume which I found to be a record of the last convention of the plumbers of the city, with pages of names, of members and officers past and present: and this close imitation is mentioned because it is typical, and because imitation tends to the continued honoring of what is imitated.

That the "exclusives" stay by themselves and draw a circle about themselves, and that the poor stay by themselves, and the undistinguished but well-to-do by themselves, marks outwardly, more than any other single manifestation, the feudal structure of the city.

On pleasant afternoons of early spring Chestnut and Market streets are thronged, packed, positively jammed with slow-moving masses of people. And still the two throngs do not mingle! Market Street remains Market and Chestnut remains Chestnut; the people of one street not going to the other, each class naturally keeping to its "station," yet with neither one class nor the other definitely formulating such an idea.

Now, go just a little distance south to South Street. This is "South of Market" but south with a difference. For here is the center of the region of the negroes and they throng this, their main street, on pleasant days in early spring, as Chestnut and Market are thronged, and especially in the evenings. For long sections, for square after square, there are brightly lighted little shops, principally for meat or fruit; and so much meat is shown, such shoals

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of fish, such innumerable counters piled high with fruit, that it seems as if all the meat and fruit in Philadelphia must be here. There are endless lines of sidewalk stalls and curb-carts. There is a curious prevalence of little photographing shops, appealing to the darky vanity. There are "beauty parlors." There are endless "tonsorial parlors," with darky barbers shaving darkies, or freely clipping, and around the chairs upon the floor are circles of curly wool. There are no pawnbrokers, but "loan offices." There are endless saloons, with constant streams of blackness in and out. The pool rooms at one cent a cue cater to an unbroken string of players. Hat stores are a feature, for hats are one of the weak spots of the dusky dandy. A few motorcars stand in front of the vaudeville and moving picture houses, and in some you will be sure to see the colored chauffeur waiting, the others having been driven by the colored owners themselves. At the ticket offices are formed massed queues of negroes. Mainly, the street is orderly. Mainly, the men and women are carefully or even flashily dressed, for this is the Great Black Way.

But you never see the blacks trying to promenade on the streets of the whites. You never see the white poor on the streets of the white rich. You never see the privacy of the "exclusive" streets infringed upon. Always and everywhere it is each class by itself.

It was because Philadelphia was a feudal city in Revolutionary days, as it is to-day, that the

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Mischianza was such a success. It could not have been a success in either Boston or New York. But here it fitted naturedly. The home and spacious grounds of "Duke" Wharton were chosen, and it was a revel of gorgeousness, of mediæval gayety and tournaments, with slaves wearing silver collars and silver bracelets, with Knights of the Burning Mountain and Knights of the Blended Rose, with jewels and wine and music and dancing—and Washington grimly waiting at Valley Forge.

This is a city to which such things come naturally. And here there are still perpetuated the honors paid in feudal times to the "Abbot of Unreason" and the "Lord of Misrule." This dates, here, back to the very beginning of the Colony, and ancient rhymes came too, and during Christmas week groups went about, fantastically dressed. With the Revolution there were changes, and St. George and the Dragon became General Washington, and ancient rhymes vanished and such modern verses appeared as,

"Here am I, great Washington,
On my shoulder I carry a gun!"

The groups of mummers increased in the city's congenial atmosphere. Gradually, these groups or companies, known as "Shooters" because in old days they indulged in a general firing of guns on the last night of the year, consolidated and increased their celebration, and for many years past, on the forenoon of New Year's Day, they have marched up Broad Street, gorgeous company following

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gorgeous company, with marvel of colors, with rivalry of expense, with thousands of dollars paid for a single costume with its train carried by a score or more of glittering pages.

The most curious thing about this distinctly feudal annual demonstration, done on such an extravagant scale, is that the participants are mechanics, laborers, small shop-keepers, from parts of the city deemed humble parts, who emerge once a year and dazzlingly take possession of Broad Street. Men freely spend the savings of a year to make a show. Marching clubs are prodigal of their money. Political leaders and merchants of the submerged regions from which the mummers come are given the chance to help.

There is nothing restrained about the colors or the costuming. The colors are crass and strong and there are myriads of "diamonds." A favorite formation with the vying and unbelievably berigged companies is for a tall man, in the center, to have his head through an immense satin panoply, spread out curb-wide, and carried by brother mummers, satin-robed, high-ruffled, marvelous as to tawdry headgear. For hours the bizarre pageant goes on: the paraders marching or dancing, music blaring, feet tapping time: in all, an extraordinary survival of feudal days.

Within a few years past, this city has shown its peculiar ability in the way of pageants, by two mighty historical ones, given, as if for intentional contrast, by the other extreme of society from the Mummers, and superbly and perfectly given, one on Broad Street and one in Fairmount Park.

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Philadelphia is really, one comes to see, an astonishingly delightful city, with astonishing contrasts and unexpectednesses.

It shows lovable aspects to strangers. "Your grave, calm, kind, old Philadelphia," wrote Thackeray. "The happy, the peaceful, the elegant, the hospitable, and polite city of Philadelphia," wrote John Adams.

Among the most astonishing things in regard to this old feudal city is that its greatest citizen was not a rich or highly-descended man, but the Great Commoner, Benjamin Franklin; such a plain, sensible, unaristocratic old patron saint for an aristocratic old city!

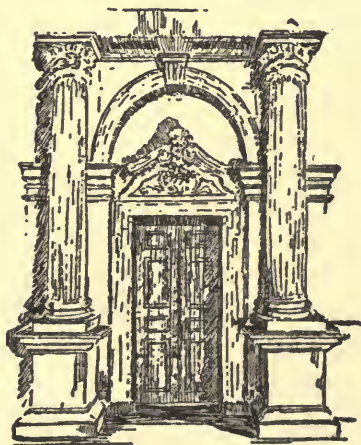
And what a stir that Great Commoner made in the world! After being honored in Europe as probably no other man without the power and title of royalty was ever honored, after being honored and loved by philosophers and dukes, and by the rich and the learned, and by the representatives of great nations; after being a welcome guest in the homes of the proudest in England and in France; after leaving France for his final journey home, with the honors of a princely progress, met and welcomed along the road to the sea by the scholars and the lofty-titled, and carried, he being troubled with the gout, in the Queen of France's own litter, through the Queen's own thoughtfulness; he crosses the Channel and holds a levee of a few days at Southampton, meeting his friends, who hurry there from London and other places for a last farewell.

And there was a touching happening. Bishop

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Shipley of St. Asaph's, with his wife and one of his daughters, Franklin's dearest friends in England, came down to Southampton to be with him to the last. The day arrived when sailing was expected in the morning. The Shipleys were to stay on board all night so that they might say a last farewell as the vessel departed. And so Franklin went to bed; and then—doubtless it was because the Bishop deemed a final parting too emotionally dangerous: "July 28th. When I waked in the morning, found the company gone, and the ship under full sail"; just those few grieved words.

After a voyage of six weeks the ship entered Delaware Bay, anchored in the twilight above Newcastle, and next morning sailed on and brought Franklin, as he could still phrase it, after all his European triumphs, "In full view of dear Philadelphia."



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